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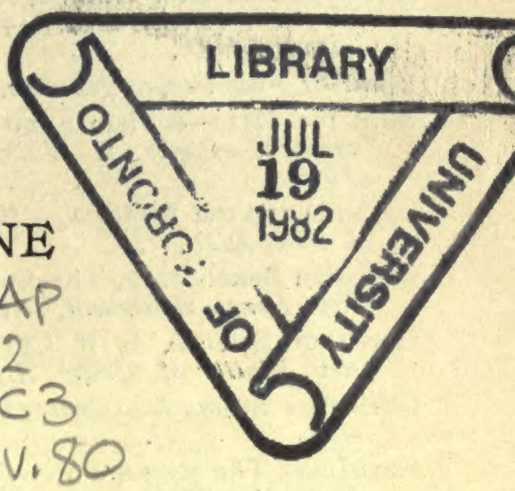

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MR. MALLOCK AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM.

BY REVEREND JOHN T. DRISCOLL.

IN a recent volume, *The Veil of the Temple*, Mr. Mallock again returns to a discussion of the Theistic problem. The publication of this work, following so close on the series in the *Fortnightly Review*, which appeared in book form under the title of *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, is at least a sign that the writer is impressed by the general verdict that his entrance into the field of Theistic Apologetics was not crowned by a brilliant success.

In form *The Veil of the Temple* is a novel of romance. In fact, it is an account of discussions concerning religion, philosophy, and science carried on by a select party of visitors at the summer retreat of Mr. Glanville, the principal character of the book, on the west coast of Ireland. The different personages, the introduction of the conversational dialogue, with frequent interruptions for dinner and tea, give a variety and a sustained interest to the story. For many reasons the volume can with justice be considered an improvement on the previous work, *Religion as a Credible Doctrine;* nevertheless, apart from the author's express declaration, the form of the work restrains the critic from viewing the different characters as counterparts of persons in real life. The purpose of the present article, therefore, is not to take issue with the opinions expressed by any individual speaker, but to view the work on the whole as an object-lesson in which certain phases of current thought are presented to the reader in a concrete and tangible form.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1904.

The volume naturally resolves itself into two parts. The first is an examination of the evidences for the Christian Religion in the light of the scientific discoveries concerning the antiquity of man and of the results obtained by the study of Comparative Religion, especially of Buddhism. The second part is an investigation into the grounds of Natural Religion. To this part I shall for the present confine my remarks because it is a continuation of the discussion set forth in *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, and because of the new light which this later presentation throws on the problem of Theistic Philosophy.

I.

MODERN IDEALISM PRESENTS NO STRONG CONSTRUCTIVE SYSTEM AGAINST THE CRITICISM OF THE SCIENCE-PHILOSOPHY.

Modern Idealism is a modification of the systems of Idealistic Philosophy originally elaborated and set forth by Kant and Hegel. It is, therefore, called the Neo-Kantian or Neo-Hegelian school. With English writers these terms are used synonymously, but closer examination shows that the Neo-Hegelian school is characterized by the element of evolution. This system is accepted to-day by non-Catholic writers as the philosophical justification of Christian faith.

The history of English philosophical thought during the nineteenth century presents an interesting subject for study. Especially is this true when we investigate the bearing of philosophy on revealed truth. The one luminous fact presented is that throughout these years English non-Catholic apologetics suffered from an alliance with philosophical systems which were fundamentally erroneous and false. The Scotch school, which had so strongly withstood the spread of materialism in the eighteenth century, reached its culmination in Sir William Hamilton. Fifty years ago the writings of Hamilton were the orthodox text-books in philosophy outside the Catholic Church. But Mr. Huxley declares that his own agnosticism was the legitimate development of Hamilton's teaching, and on the other hand Dean Mansel, in the Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought, tried to effect a close union between Hamilton's philosophy and the teaching of faith. When the keen analytic mind of John Stuart Mill tore into shreds the loosely

constructed system of Hamilton, the non-Catholic apologist presented a sorry sight. Left without a sound philosophical justification of faith, he could only admit Christian truth by doing violence to the accepted principles of reason, or if he were gifted with a philosophic mind, the teachings of Christian faith went by the board. The doctrines of John Stuart Mill blended with the rise of the Science-Philosophy, of which Herbert Spencer was the leading exponent. Then is presented the strange sight of sporadic attempts by devout thinkers to Christianize the Synthetic Philosophy of Spencer.

With the rise of the Neo-Hegelian movement a new phase of philosophic thought is had. Under the leadership of Professor Thomas Green, the new Idealism rapidly spread and gained brilliant and able exponents. The long-felt need of a philosophic basis for Christian truth was thought to have been supplied at last. Hence, in the hands of English non-Catholic apologists, Neo-Hegelianism was welcomed as the ally of Christianity in the effort to stem and break the rapid advance of scepticism and was put forth as a well-ordered system of thought concerning the universe and man.

That these hopes are sadly disappointing is clearly shown by Mr. Mallock in his latest work. Mr. Alistair Seaton is the exponent of Modern Idealism. Mr. Seaton accepts John Stuart Mill's definition of matter as "the permanent possibility of sensation." Starting thus from the Phenomenal Idealism of Sensism, he proceeds to destroy the notion of matter, and, by explaining away the material universe, remove at a stroke the difficulties encountered by the advance of modern scientific investigation. In his view "the essence of things" is not unknowable. On the contrary, "it's precisely this that a true philosophy reveals to us with perfect clearness." For "the essence of things is simply the Divine mind, as apprehended by the human mind that is kindled to it" (*The Veil of the Temple*, p. 255). The relation of the individual mind to the Divine mind is explained by a Pantheistic merging of one into the other (*ib.*, p. 313).

Against the criticism of the Science-Philosophy such teaching cannot be sustained. Mr. Mallock has shown this very clearly. I am far from taking exception to Mr. Mallock's position as the critic of Modern Idealism. Without entering into a detailed criticism of his strictures on Neo-Hegelianism,

I welcome the object-lesson which he has presented. Fifty years ago the reaction from the extravagant assumptions of Hegel's system gave the great impetus to the rise and spread of the Science-Philosophy. No modification of this system can ever hope to have a permanent abiding place in the human mind. In accepting this teaching the Christian thinker voluntarily abandons his position, and instead of a Theism embraces an intellectual Pantheism. Mr. Mallock has put the readers of his volume under indebtedness to him, and has done a real service to Christian apologetics, by showing what I maintain and which must be recognized, the sooner the better, viz., that modern Idealism is utterly unable to maintain a strong constructive position against the criticism of the Science-Philosophy.

II.

THE BARRENNESS OF THE SCIENCE-PHILOSOPHY.

In showing the weakness of Modern Idealism the Science-Philosophy has also revealed its own insufficiency in the purpose and value ascribed to human life and conduct.

In the philosophical history of the nineteenth century the strange spectacle is presented of a philosophical system based upon the observation of the senses, and confined within the narrow limits of sense experimentation, developing into an Ethical Idealism. Yet such is the history of the Science-Philosophy.

The term Science-Philosophy is used to designate a philosophical school which arose about the middle of the nineteenth century, and exerted a powerful influence upon human thought. Its aim was to explain the universe and man by an appeal to the principles of physical science. The doctrine was a philosophy of physical science, and the contradiction involved in the attempt is best expressed by the above title. With a show of knowledge put forth in an attractive style, the adherents of this school tried to convince readers that religious truth was beyond the sphere of exact thought, that science alone could verify its assertions, that what was not within the limits of scientific methods could not be known. Thus, science became the ally of unbelief, and no man of disciplined mind was pre-

sumed to know anything whatsoever about the great truths pertaining to God or to the soul.

But the voice of human nature was too strong to be stifled. In doing away with the God of Christianity, Comte was compelled to invent an Ideal God as the supreme end and purpose of human life. In the idea of Humanity we find expressed the kernel of Ethical Idealism. How vague and barren and powerless is this Religion of Humanity, Mr. Mallock clearly sets forth in its doctrine as expressed by Mr. Brock and Mr. Brompton, and in the merciless criticism of their views.

"So far," we read, "as the office of religion is to guide men, by restraining them, the Religion of Humanity is become useless, in proportion as we require to use it. It shows itself to be a mere toy. But perhaps I may as well make it plain to you that it really fails completely to justify the virtues we are inclined to, as it does to restrain us from our sins" (*ib.*, p. 381). And the final verdict given is that "The Religion of Humanity is only worth considering because it illuminates the desperate straits which the human mind is put to when it tries to find a religion within the prison of science" (*ib.*, p. 386).

The effect of the Science-Philosophy on the value of the individual life is a subject of peculiar interest. Here we have the most striking and eloquent passages of the book. The levity and cynicism of the speakers pass away, and the passionate eloquence of the style betrays a warmth and depth of feeling that strikes a responsive chord in our own breasts. "When we take into account our nature and our feelings as a whole," then we realize, in the words of Mr. Glanville, that "the philosophy of science reduces all life to an absurdity," that "it deprives the word morality of one-half of its meaning" (*ib.*, p. 388). "We have moral efficiencies, but no moral elevations" (*ib.*, p. 389). "The entire character of all life's pleasures would alter—their range would contract and their finest flavor evaporate" (*ib.*, p. 392). The Science-Philosopher, "instead of rejoicing in his freedom to seize on everything, would be far more apt to lament that nothing was worth seizing" (*ib.*, p. 392). "Our husk of facts would thus far remain unaltered, but the living kernel, which they now contain, would be gone" (*ib.*, p. 396). "Everything would be gone that could invite either love or hate" (*ib.*) "All the great dramas of the world would lose their meaning—and indeed could never have been writ-

ten—apart from the assumption that they must have some element of freedom in them that could not possibly emanate from the order of things known to science" (*ib.*, p. 404). "In all great effort, whatever we may accomplish, we see something beyond" (*ib.*, p. 409). "Whatever this Something is, it is a Something which is beyond ourselves, and which yet responds to us with a promise of future union" (*ib.*, p. 408). "If it is an illusion, it is an illusion of such efficiency that it forms the most vivifying element in the civilized life of man, and all human morality which is more than the morality of an ant-hill, is radio-active with its recognized or secret presence" (*ib.*, p. 410). The immortality of the soul "is absolutely necessary to give magnitude to life; otherwise, let men choose and aspire, succeed or fail as they will, they will seem to us little better than choosing and aspiring toys, whose success or failure will mean nothing when the day's game is over, and they are broken or put back in the toy-box" (*ib.*, p. 411). We are told that "Science strips us of everything which gives worth to us in our own eyes—that it will not let us go till it has extracted the last farthing—that it not only desolates the religious man but the worldly man also; and finally, that it takes the vital force out of civilization at large, just as much as it does out of the mind or soul of the individual" (*ib.*, p. 426).

Science-Philosophy, therefore, cannot account for the dignity and value of human life. On the contrary, it deprives us of what makes life most dear. We are left bereft and desolate. What a wretched substitute for Neo-Hegelian philosophy! The object-lesson is not that one system is superior to the other, but that both are false.

III.

THE METHOD TO BE EMPLOYED IN ATTACKING THE SCIENCE-PHILOSOPHY.

In spite of the barrenness of the Science-Philosophy and the disastrous effect a strict application of its teaching would have upon human life and conduct, nevertheless the impression left on the reader of Mr. Mallock's book is that this system holds an impregnable position. The question therefore

arises, how shall it be attacked? Hence we come to the problem of method. Mr. Granville is somewhat facetious in his reference to "the methods which are most popular with the champions of religion to-day" (*ib.*, p. 426), and suggests that "we must abandon the method of direct attack altogether" (*ib.*, p. 427). I cannot concur in the suggestion; in fact I have, when treating the subject, adopted a method of attack which is direct and scientific, inasmuch as it strikes at the very foundation of the system.

The Science-Philosophy has been variously termed Monism, Naturalism, Positivism, or Agnosticism. Its essence consists not so much in a set of doctrines as in a method. The essence of this method, in the words of Mr. Huxley, lies in the rigorous application of a single principle: in matters of intellect follow the reason as far as it will guide you, and not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. Unfortunately this principle, simple in itself, has been pushed too far by an erroneous interpretation. The result was the formation of a frame of mind, the generation of a peculiar atmosphere which permeates modern thought. Men to-day grow up under the subtle influence of this atmosphere and unconsciously are led to think or to view things in certain narrow and restricted ways. Struggle though they may, some find it impossible to free themselves from this peculiar frame of mind. By repeated acts, influenced by the very environment in which they live, deep-set habits have been formed by which they are constrained to regard objects from a special point of view. Like men standing close to the wall of a large building, they live too close to modern thought and are unable to obtain a true perspective by which they could view passing events with discrimination and a sense of relative values. In my work on the Philosophy of Theism (*Christian Philosophy*, God, chap. i., Agnosticism) I have appealed to the historical method as the only way out of the difficulty. If the essence of the Science-Philosophy consists in a certain habit of thought, assuredly the only method that can properly be termed scientific is to analyze this habit of thought with the view to find the various elements which compose it, their sources, and the influences which tend to its formation and permanence. Instead of a direct attack on a particular theory or principle, we shall trace the principle or theory to its

source and observe the process of its development. Thus the mind is enabled to compare the various stages of the process, acquires the idea of perspective, and is gradually freed from the slavery of a narrow and restricted range of vision. It would thus be seen that the sources of the Science-Philosophy, as shown by the method of historical analysis, are two-fold: the one is scientific, the other is philosophical and religious. The former shows whence the positive elements of the system are derived; the latter explains its negative and destructive character.

The positive factor in the development of the modern philosophy of science is found in the rise and progress of physical science. By observation and experimentation every department of nature, day by day, has been compelled to disclose its treasures and its laws. Other sources of knowledge were rejected as of no value, and physical science was considered the only means by which the mind could acquire the possession of truth.

The influence of the religious element on the spread of the Science-Philosophy is had in the false presentations of religious truth. With the rise of religious dissent in the sixteenth century the great problems of discussion were the freedom of the will, the doctrine of grace, *i. e.*, of divine supernatural help and of predestination. They assumed a most malignant and repulsive form in the creed of Calvinism. The history of religious thought shows how bitter was the strife. God was described as a being of infinite power who created and destined men to eternal damnation without giving any means to enable them to reach eternal blessedness. The human mind revolted from a religion so terrible. Hence we can understand the indignant protest of John Stuart Mill, although we can hardly reconcile it with his gospel of Utilitarianism (*Examination of Sir William Hamilton*, vol. i. p. 131). The result was a reaction to an opposite extreme. In England and in this country the effect is seen in the Unitarian revival of some years ago. To a great extent the movement spent itself with the death of its leaders and was merged into the swelling tide of the Science-Philosophy.

Of far greater importance are the philosophical sources, viz., Locke and Kant. Their writings, broached at different times and under different circumstances, were swelled in the process

of time with accretions from Hamilton, Comte, and the English school of Associationism. The nucleus of the philosophical teaching was that the essence of things is unknown and unknowable, that the mind can deal only with ideal or real appearances. This explains the Agnostic tone of thought which has so widely prevailed in recent years.

A philosophical system or a tone of thought, which results from influences such as these, breaks up before the light of historical criticism, and reveals its inherent insufficiency. The student is thus enabled to detect the fundamental error and prescribe the remedy. We are thus led to the conclusion that *the solution of the philosophical difficulties so keenly felt by the modern mind is to be had in a true and sound Theory of Knowledge.*

IV.

In the final chapter of the book under discussion Mr. Glanville finds for his hearers a way out of the mental confusion by recourse to Epistemology. I have repeatedly maintained that a correct Theory of Knowledge was the only solution, and I rejoice that Mr. Mallock's mind has grasped this truth at last. I regret, however, to say that whereas he has seen the truth, it has been as in a glass darkly, and he has utterly failed to point out the sure and true way to the sadly confused characters in the book. The Epistemology he proposes is the blind acceptance of truths, *e. g.*, of science and of religion, which he holds to be contradictory. Now, I maintain that the trouble is not with the things themselves, but with our views of things and our ways of knowing them. To a near-sighted person objects run together and intermix. The effective remedy is to clear the eye, to strengthen and perfect its vision. Again, if we stand too close to a group of things, the idea of perspective is lost, or rather, is impossible to be had. But by withdrawing a little and taking a higher elevation, the lines of the great plan are revealed, and the varying distances as well as the relative values of particular objects are laid bare to the mind. What was confusing and hard to understand becomes clear and intelligible. The mind is not forced by an act of faith to do violence to itself by accepting, with Mr. Mallock, as orderly what it clearly sees to be a jumble. But

by a change of position and a correct view the seeming disorder and conflict disappear.

The illustration serves in the present case. To the characters in Mr. Mallock's volume religious and scientific truths are in hopeless contradiction, and the solution of the difficulty is to be found, Mr. Glanville says, in our view of things. If this be so, why did he not suggest a change in the point of view? A truth of physical science brought out more clearly day by day is that this universe is a universe of order and harmony. If, therefore, confusion exists to our limited vision, is there not at least an antecedent probability warranted by physical science that the fault is in us, not in the things themselves?

Furthermore a most suggestive idea is expressed by one of the speakers when, in rejecting the Science-Philosophy, he gives as a reason that it recognizes only two dimensions, viz., length and breadth, and neglects the third dimension, which he designates by the term "moral elevations." Now, elevations can only be rightly observed by one who stands at proper distance, and considers the various objects from a higher point of view. Thus we are led to the conviction that beings in the universe about us differ one from another, and that this difference is grounded in the nature of the beings themselves. There are mental and moral as well as physical objects within the range of the mind's vision. They do not merge one into the other, but stand forth clear and distinct. There is a mental and a moral as well as a physical science. They do not blend one into the other, nor is there any confusion, for they set forth and explain objects which differ by reason of "moral elevations."

Thus, a sound Epistemology does not constrain the mind to accept contradictions, which is the solution offered by the present volume. The contradictions are not real but apparent; they disappear when the objects are considered from a true viewpoint, which recognizes physical, mental, and moral science; and when, in viewing the particular objects in one or another department of knowledge, the true nature of the mind's activity is known and a true explanation is given of the way in which the mind conceives things.

A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW GUINEA.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

AFTER the interesting researches of Mr. Bates in the Valley of the Amazon and of Wallace in the Malay Archipelago, we know no naturalist whose scientific journey has been so instructive as that of Professor Richard Semon, who, in June, 1891, set out from the German University of Jena to pass two years in studying the animal life of Australia and New Guinea. The great island of Australia, which to the zoölogist is worth as much as all the rest of the earth, has been aptly termed the fossil continent, for here we find animals of a most primitive type which have been long extinct in other parts of the globe; animals which may be called living fossils, for they connect the present life with the life of a past geological epoch. Here let the reader bear in mind that the class of mammals is divided into two sub-classes, namely, Placentals, or true mammals, and non-Placentals, or reptilian mammals. The placentals bring forth their young in a maturer state, the mother nourishing them before birth by means of an internal organ called the placenta, and many facts revealed by anatomy and by embryology indicate that placental mammals have developed from non-placental forms. We must also remember that the non-placentals or reptilian mammals are again sub-divided into marsupials, which are semi-oviparous, and monotremes, which are oviparous—that is to say, egg-layers. It is certainly a noteworthy fact that in Australia (and the same is largely true of New Guinea) all the higher mammals are absent; we find only marsupials and monotremes.* And when the young marsupial is born, being in an undeveloped state—semi transparent and almost shapeless—the mother instantly hides it in her pouch (marsupium). But even lower in the scale of organization than the marsupials are the monotremes, which are represented by only two

*The Dingo, or Australian wild dog, is not reckoned among the indigenous Australian animals.

THE KANGAROO.

types—the ornithorhynchus, or Duck mole, and the Echidna, or native hedgehog. The monotremes, as we have said, instead of bringing forth their half-developed little ones alive, lay eggs, like reptiles. Moreover, their intestinal, generative, and urinary organs open into one and the same cavity, after the manner of reptiles, and their bodies are comparatively cold; and naturalists consider it highly probable that they are a link between reptiles and mammals, mammals having been developed from some reptilian branch.

It was chiefly in order to study the embryological development of these primitive mammals, marsupials and monotremes, that Professor Semon undertook his long journey; and he also

THE DUCK-MOLE.

wished to see a very curious fish, the Ceratodus, which is found only in two rivers of Australia, the Burnett and the

Mary. The ceratodus not only has gills like other fish, but it has also one lung, and even as monotremes are considered to be a link between reptiles and mammals, so is the ceratodus believed to be a connecting link between fishes and amphibians.

Professor Semon tells us that a solemn feeling came over him when, on the 24th of August, he began his wanderings in the Australian woods. He had for companions a native and his three sons, whom he looked upon, although they were partially clad in civilized costume, as good representatives of the Australian race. The father, who was known as Old Tom, had black, wavy hair, broad cheek bones, flat nose, and a huge mouth, which was partly hidden by a long, unkempt beard, and what-

THE NATIVE HEDGEHOG.

ever we may think of him, the professor did not consider Old Tom homely.

Although it was the month of August it was the beginning of spring in Australia, and the forest which they entered looked like a boundless park. Nearly all the trees belonged to the Eucalyptus family, and as they stood far apart, the eye took in a vast expanse of green grass streaked here and there with glorious sunshine. But what impressed one most was the great height of the trees, many of them towering up for 300 feet, while the top of one giant eucalyptus, which Professor Semon measured, stood 480 feet from the ground, and this is higher than the highest *Sequoia gigantea* in the Yosemite Valley, California. And their roots, in order to get moisture, sink very deep in the earth; many of them go down

OLD TOM.

to a depth of 120 feet, for the climate of Australia is extremely dry, not a drop of rain falling sometimes in two or three years, and then the country is changed into a perfect desert.

As we have remarked, the forest which Professor Semon entered looked like a beautiful, sunshiny park; but the moment the sun went down there was a marked change in the temperature, and the professor tells us that he felt chilly; and when by-and-by he lay down to rest on the bed which Old Tom made for him, and which consisted of a broad bag stuffed with grass, he was glad to find himself under a thick blanket. Nor did he sleep any too well the first two or three nights, and when he did close his eyes it was to dream of marsupials and egg-laying monotremes.

The first marsupial which he met with was what is known among the settlers as a pouched bear (*Phascolarctus Cinereus*). But despite its name this animal has no anatomical relationship with the bear family. It is a true marsupial like the kangaroo, and it is a clumsy, slow-moving beast about as big as a racoon, with a stunted tail, long, sharp claws, and makes its home among the branches of the eucalyptus trees. Nor was it easy for the professor to get it even after it was badly wounded, for it dropped down very slowly from one limb to

the other, and on one limb it hung so long that it was necessary to fire another shot before it fell to the ground.

On the fifth day the party camped on the summit of a pretty high hill, and here Professor Semon caught his first view of the Burnett River, where he meant to settle down awhile and try to solve certain problems in zoölogy and embryology.

THE POUCHED BEAR.

The next morning as they were descending the hill they disturbed a herd of kangaroos, which made off with astonishing leaps; but before they disappeared the professor was able to shoot a female, in whose pouch he discovered a half-developed young one. While he was examining this tiny marsupial they heard the barking of dogs, and at once Old Tom clapped his hands and said: "Come on, come on!" and on they went, and after proceeding a short distance further they came to a camp composed of seven or eight families of aborigines. But only two of them had tents, and these looked very old and tattered. The other families had made for themselves huts of sticks and bark.

A CAMP OF NATIVES.

The back of these primitive abodes was turned to face the wind, while in front, by each entrance, a fire was burning; and we must admit that these rude dwellings had one marked advantage over more solid, pretentious houses, for should the wind suddenly shift to another quarter and drive the smoke into the hut, it took only a few minutes to pull the hut apart and then rebuild it anew and fronting in another direction.

As soon as the boisterous greeting was over Professor Semon was introduced to Old Tom's sister and her husband, who were the owners of one of the two tents, and we regret to say that this worthy couple had brought from the nearest white settlement a number of bottles, the contents of which boded no good to the peace and prosperity of the camp.

The following morning before sunrise the professor hastened to the river, which here was half a mile broad, for he was anxious to catch a ceratodus, or, as it is called by the whites, a burnett salmon, from the reddish color of its flesh. But its scientific name is *ceratodus Forsteri*, from the name of its discoverer, William Forster. And here let us say that this Australian lung-fish, which remains always in fresh water, well above the influence of the tide, and which in a former geological age had a world-wide distribution, is only one of three closely allied genera, and two of these genera (Lepidosiren

OLD TOM AND HIS SISTER.

and Protopterus), each represented by a single species, inhabit the Amazon River, in South America, and two or three rivers in West Africa. The ceratodus is uncommonly sluggish; you may actually plunge your arm into the water and touch it without causing it to move away; nor does it seem in ordinary seasons and under favorable conditions to make much use of its lung. It may, however, be seen occasionally to rise to the surface in order to empty the old air and to inhale fresh air, thus showing that it has, for awhile at least, been breathing with its lung. And Professor Semon tells us that when it comes up it lifts the tip of its snout above the surface and makes a grunting, groaning sound; but he was not certain if this sound was caused by the expiration of the foul air or the inspiration of pure air. But although the ceratodus does make use of its one lung now and again, Professor Semon assures us that it cannot live without its gills, for if a ceratodus be left on the bank, its gills soon dry up and it dies. Now, here it may be asked, of what special use to this fish is its one

lung? Well, it is of vital use during periods of prolonged drought. The water in the Barnett and Mary rivers then falls exceedingly low, so low that there may be only one or two water-holes left where the fish may congregate, and these holes soon become filled with other kinds of fishes—perch, mullets, etc., which being purely gill-breathers, are unable to survive in such unsanitary conditions; the many fishes in this very confined space become closely crowded together, there may be scarcely room to float them all, and dead mullets and perches soon render the water putrid. When this happens the lung of the ceratodus comes into play; it enables the ceratodus to survive, for it has only to lift its snout above the surface in order to get a fresh supply of air. Here let us observe that nearly all fish absorb oxygen from special appendages called gills. The gills seem specially adapted to absorb more air from a given body of water than the skin can absorb, and thus they transmit the air to the blood circulating in the gills; and the gills, as we know, are placed on the sides of the head, where they lie hidden under a fold of skin called the gill-covering. It is an interesting fact, however, that animals may absorb oxygen (that is to say, may breathe) through different parts of the body.

Human beings obtain oxygen from the air which passes through the mucous membrane of the lungs into the blood, but many invertebrates and water insects absorb oxygen from a stream of water which constantly flows in at one end of their bodies and passes out at the other end. This is the simplest condition of respiration. Here oxygen is taken in by the mucous membrane of the intestines.

But now to come back to the ceratodus. Professor Semon tells us that its eggs are outwardly very like the eggs of amphibians. Moreover, a study of the various stages of the embryo of the ceratodus shows that its development is more like the development of amphibians than it is of any other fish. Hence many naturalists conclude that in this lung-fish we do indeed possess a missing link between fishes and amphibians, and that from some of the extinct representatives of the modern ceratodus have been developed the amphibians, just as from amphibians have been developed the higher vertebrates. But besides this lung-fish Professor Semon, as we have already observed, was especially interested in the very

ANOTHER NATIVE.

restricted order of the monotremes—egg-laying mammals—which are represented, as we know, by only two types—the ornithorhynchus and the echidna, and which are even lower in the mammalian scale than the marsupials. The ornithorhynchus is an aquatic animal like the beaver, and it procures its food in the water, generally in the early morning and after sundown. It is also able to stay a good while under water, although its lungs are not fitted for water-breathing, and it is forced at length to rise to the surface for a fresh supply of air. During the day it sleeps in its burrow on the river bank, and the burrow has two entrances, one above water, the other below, and the passage-way between them is sometimes fifty feet long. This curious animal has a flat, duck-like beak, with which it digs into the mud on the river bottom for mussels and worms. But instead of immediately swallowing its food, the ornithorhynchus stuffs it into its baggy cheeks; then when its cheeks can hold no more it rises to the surface, where it quietly floats and swallows the food it has gathered. And while it is thus engaged it looks very like a flat piece of wood one or two feet long drifting on top of the water. Like the echidna, the ornithorhynchus is without teeth, but there is evidence that it descends from animals with teeth, for the young ones do possess them (they soon, however, drop out), and they are very like the teeth of certain primitive fossil mammals. And let us add that the two eggs which the female lays at a time, instead of being carried about in the pouch, are deposited in an underground burrow.

Professor Semon tells us that he would often steal up to the river bank and watch these primitive mammals playing with one another, and he says that while they play they make a squeaking noise; but so keen is their hearing that if he made the slightest noise himself they would instantly disappear under water and not be seen again for hours. And he also tells us that he more than once cooked an ornithorhynchus, but did not relish it, for it has a fishy smell; nor do the natives eat it, while of the echidna, on the contrary, they are exceedingly fond. Quite as interesting as the duck-mole to our professor was the echidna, or spiny ant-eater (sometimes called the native hedgehog). As we have already remarked, this other egg-laying mammal was in a former geological epoch to be found in many parts of the globe, and, like the ornithorhynchus, it bears not a little resemblance to reptiles. Nor is it an easy animal to find in the open, for its home is in the wildest parts of the forest; its habits, too, are nocturnal, and it is only after nightfall that it sallies forth in quest of food, which is insects, especially ants; and it catches these by thrusting its long, worm-like tongue deep into an ant-hill, where the tongue is soon covered with ants, and then, drawing back its tongue, it swallows hundreds at a time. On the male echidna (as well as on the ornithorhynchus) there is a strong spur attached to the hind foot, while on the inner side of the foot is a gland which during June secretes poison, and Professor Semon believes that this spur and the related poison gland may be used by the males when fighting for the possession of a female. As soon as the female lays her one egg—which is leathery and like a turtle's egg—she puts it into her pouch, and it is interesting to know that her pouch is only developed at certain seasons; then, shortly after the egg is in the pouch, the young one, half an inch long, breaks out of the shell by means of a horny, beak-like point at the end of its snout, and as soon as it is free the mother removes the broken egg-shell, so that the little one may be quite comfortable. But its eyes are not yet open, and it feeds itself not by sucking but by licking up the milk which is exuded from the female.

And even when the young echidna is ten weeks old and able to catch insects it will often crawl back into the pouch to lick up the milk. It is not yet, however, old enough to accompany its mother on her nightly wanderings, and before the

latter sets out after ants at sundown she digs a hole in the ground into which she rolls her baby for safe-keeping until her return.

Let us now speak of the natives of Australia; but before we do, it may be well to say again that on this fossil continent, as it has been termed, both the fossil as well as the indigenous living mammals reveal only marsupials and monotremes. Hence naturalists hold it to be very probable that ever since the higher mammals, namely, the placentals, were developed from marsupial or non-placental forms, Australia must have been separated from the mainland. This immense island did not possess the conditions which led to the change from the marsupials to the higher mammals.*

But now to speak of the Australian aborigines, let us observe that they represent one of the lowest types of the human race, and for this very reason they are a most interesting people to study. Their bodies are conspicuous for extreme thinness, and this is believed to be owing to their living mainly on animal food, which is so devoid of saccharine matter; and they eat chiefly snakes, lizards, birds, and shell-fish. It is true that the women gather fruits and roots; but the wild fruits and plants of Australia contain little nourishment, and the natives have no gardens like the African negroes. The climate fortunately is very healthy; the air, owing to its dryness, is almost free from disease-breeding organisms; wounds heal more rapidly than anywhere else; and lung trouble and malaria are unknown. Light brown individuals among the natives are found occasionally, but the prevailing color of the skin is blackish brown; and both men and women have exceedingly prominent eyebrows, very thick and very black hair, while the bodies of the men are markedly hairy. The Australian skull is of small brain capacity, the forehead is somewhat low and retreating, and the nose, while not perfectly flat, has in it something that reminds you of the anthropoid ape.

No doubt the marked uniformity in bodily structure which we find among these people is due to long isolation and an uncommon sameness in the conditions of life; and the same may be said of their intellectual qualities. They would seem

*See Professor Gaudry's interesting work, *Les Ancêtres de nos Animaux dans les temps Géologiques.*

to be to-day in what is called the Stone Age. They know nothing of the use of metals; all their implements and weapons are of wood, shell, or stone, and in these weapons and implements they show an inferior workmanship as compared with the Papuans, or natives of the near-by island of New Guinea, who are likewise in the Stone Age. But while they possess no bows and arrows, they do have one weapon which is peculiar to them, namely, the boomerang; it is an original invention of this very inferior race and is used by no other nation on earth. It is a flat, crooked piece of wood, whose flatness makes it float on the air, as it were, and after rising very high, it returns by a gradual descent to the thrower. "The main advantage of the boomerang is not, however, its returning to the starting point, but its flying farther and higher than any other hand weapon." *

The Australian has not yet arrived at the art of perforating stone, nor does he show any artistic qualities, and the scrawls which he makes to represent men and animals are exceedingly uncouth. On festive occasions, when dancing is kept up all night long, they often stick feathers in their hair, generally feathers of the white cockatoo, and they may smear their bodies with chalk or charcoal, but they never gracefully tattoo their skins like the natives of New Guinea.

Thanks to the abundance of game the Australian can easily procure all the meat he needs; no effort is required, nor does he ever think of the morrow. But if this mode of life makes him very independent, it also bars the way to all advancement; and not having discovered the art of shaping earthern pots in which to hold boiling water, he must bake his food in hot ashes. Nor, as we have already remarked, does he make any vegetable gardens; he is par excellence a wandering hunter, his only domestic animal being the dog, or dingo, as it is called. And as the Australian does not look to the future he lays up no property of any kind; indeed he seems incapable of any complicated mental process, and he is so devoid of imagination that he cannot even construct a well-made lie. Like their intellect the language of these savages, or rather their dialects (for although closely related, every tribe has a little speech of its own), are not much developed. They use words with many syllables, and most persons might call it an ugly

* *In the Australian Bush.* By Professor Richard Semon, p. 215.

language. They have only one name for all kinds of snakes, and they have only three words to express the different colors, and these three words are "white," "black," and "colored," and this last word is used equally for red, green, blue, and yellow. In ability to count they are also very deficient; they cannot go beyond 5, and even to express 5 they must combine 2 and 3; while anything exceeding 5 is expressed by a word signifying a great quantity. But if a native wishes to tell you he has killed 10 birds, and if he has a knife, he cuts 10 notches in a stick, for he cannot otherwise indicate the number of birds.

According to Professor Semon, there is no form of idolatry among these aborigines, no kind of prayer. But they do believe in ghosts, in witchcraft, in good and bad spirits, and through fear of ghosts they will never go hunting at night. Some tribes dry the bodies of their dead by smoke, and then carry them about several months before putting them in the ground or in hollow trees; while in many places, horrible to relate, the kinsmen of the dead person actually eat certain parts of the corpse.

Although fond of dancing and singing, their songs are silly and monotonous, and the drum—the most primitive of musical instruments—is found among very few tribes, and while they dance they clap their hands and beat their shields with their boomerangs. Their improvised dwellings are little huts made of bark and birchwood, and they often move from place to place, nor do we find, properly speaking, any villages among them. They settle down for a brief space where game is most abundant, and then move away; and the only rule they follow in regard to where they shall go, is not to wander into another tribe's hunting ground. And here let us say that the number of persons wandering about together is generally from forty to sixty, and this aggregation of families constitutes a horde, and the horde may be called the unit of the population; while a number of hordes, all speaking the same dialect, constitute a tribe. Every horde takes a certain name, either from the region where its tribe generally hunts, or from some plant or animal, and in most tribes a child assumes the name or totem of its father's horde. Disagreements and fights are very rare among the natives, and this is mainly owing to the absence of property. There are, of course, no rich and no poor, and as long as every individual has his belly full of meat and roots he is happy and

contented. Nor can it be said that they have any government. The best hunter is chosen as the head of a horde, but obedience to him is voluntary. But primitive as these people are, it is a very interesting fact that they have discovered the evil results of intermarriage, and in order to lessen this evil the different hordes occasionally hold talks with each other on this vitally important subject.

In many tribes no two persons whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers were brothers and sisters are allowed to marry, and it is generally forbidden to marry in the same horde as one's father and mother. The children, moreover, belong to the horde of the male parent, so that when a boy grows up he can hunt only on his father's hunting ground; and lest there should be too many hunters and too many fishermen, over-population is prevented by certain artificial means, one of which is the killing of new-born infants.

Interesting ceremonies take place when a youth or a maiden reaches the age to marry. The youth now has deep cuts made in his body and two front teeth are knocked out. No woman can be present on this occasion, and it all ends in what is known as a "corroboree," or night revelry. The initiation of a maiden into the marriageable set is likewise accompanied by certain ceremonies which no man is allowed to witness; and as the number of females is not great enough for a man to have more than one wife, polygamy does not exist. The wife is bought of her father, and the husband is given great rights over her. He may and often does turn her into a beast of burden, and may beat her cruelly.

To conclude our brief account of the Australian native, let us say that we have here a human being of a most primitive type. His civilization, if we may use such a word, is about on a par with the Patagonians at the extreme end of South America. Nor is there any evidence that he has degenerated from a higher state; nothing in his speech, nothing in his traditions, nothing in any work done by his hands points to a higher condition in the past.

Let us now pass to the near-by beautiful island of New Guinea, which, as we know, is the home of the bird of paradise. This big island, which is almost 1,400 miles long, was no doubt at one time connected with Australia by a ridge of

land which to-day lies buried beneath a very shallow sea, and in the little islands in Torres Straits we discover a remnant of this land bridge, whose length was about eighty miles. That these two immense islands, Australia and New Guinea, in a former geological epoch did form only one island, is proved by comparing the animals which inhabit them. While the fauna of New Guinea has a type of its own, all its mammals, excepting the bats and wild pigs (these last having been doubtless introduced by man), are marsupials; and the difference between its marsupials and the marsupials of Australia is only what a naturalist might expect from a very long separation, a separation which probably dates from the middle of the Tertiary age, or let us say about a million years ago. The Papuans, or natives of New Guinea, are, in the opinion of the late Professor Huxley, more closely related to the negroes of Africa than to any other race; and Wallace was also struck by their resemblance to the negroes. But he tells us in his interesting work, *The Malay Archipelago*, that despite this resemblance, he found a difficulty in accepting Huxley's view, and that if the New Guinea and African races ever did have a common origin, it must have been at a period far more remote than any period that has yet been assigned to the antiquity of man.

It was early in April when Professor Semon pointed his little lugger toward Cape Possession, in New Guinea; and let us say that his crew were natives of the Philippine Islands. While he was sailing through Torres Straits he passed a great quantity of driftwood and large trees uprooted by floods, and he remarked—as Darwin had remarked years before—how such floating trees, carried far away by currents and winds, may be the means of conveying the seeds of plants to distant countries, and how oceanic islands never connected with any continent may thus receive not only new plant life, but even some of their animal inhabitants. In Torres Straits he met a number of the aborigines of the little islets which form stepping-stones, as it were, between the two large islands; they were fishing for tortoises in long canoes, and he tells us that outwardly these fishermen were distinctly different from the natives of Australia; but on closer examination he considered them to be a mixture, a mongrel type between the inhabitants of New Guinea and Australia.

After two days' sail the professor came in sight of Mount Owen Stanley, whose topmost peak rises 12,000 feet above the sea. But high as it is, it is never capped with snow, for it is only eight degrees south of the equator. Hardly had he put foot on the beach when he was surrounded by a number of merry, laughing people brilliantly adorned; their skin was chocolate-colored, and he found them altogether unlike the natives of the neighboring island of Australia, who are utterly wanting in the artistic sense. The men were beardless, for they take pains to pull out by the roots the first sign of a beard; but their hair was elaborately dressed, and trimmed with feathers and kangaroo tails, and it fell down over the shoulders of many of them like a ruffled mane. The women, who wore petticoats made of grass, differed from the men in having short hair, while some had even shaved their hair entirely off. The professor was interested to see the women of the first village he visited manufacturing cups and dishes, for close by was an inexhaustible store of good clay, which they dry, then pound, mix with sand and knead with water, so as to make a soft dough, and afterwards burn it in a good fire.

But although the natives of New Guinea are of a higher culture than the Australians and know how to make bows and arrows, they are still in the Stone Age and do not know how to treat iron or any other metal.

Here let us observe that these first Papuans whom Professor Semon met when he landed were Catholics, and were served by missionaries of Le Sacré Cœur de Jésus. After resting among them a couple of days, one of the lay brothers of the mission, Brother Joseph, took the professor in a dug-out a long distance up a creek, whose banks were overhung by a luxuriant vegetation. But that night sleep was impossible, owing to the myriads of mosquitoes. And Brother Joseph said that they were sometimes so thick at the mission that even while the priest was celebrating Mass he was obliged to pause now and again, and to kick and slap right and left with arms and legs, in order to get rid of these horrible pests that were attacking his ears and nose and mouth.

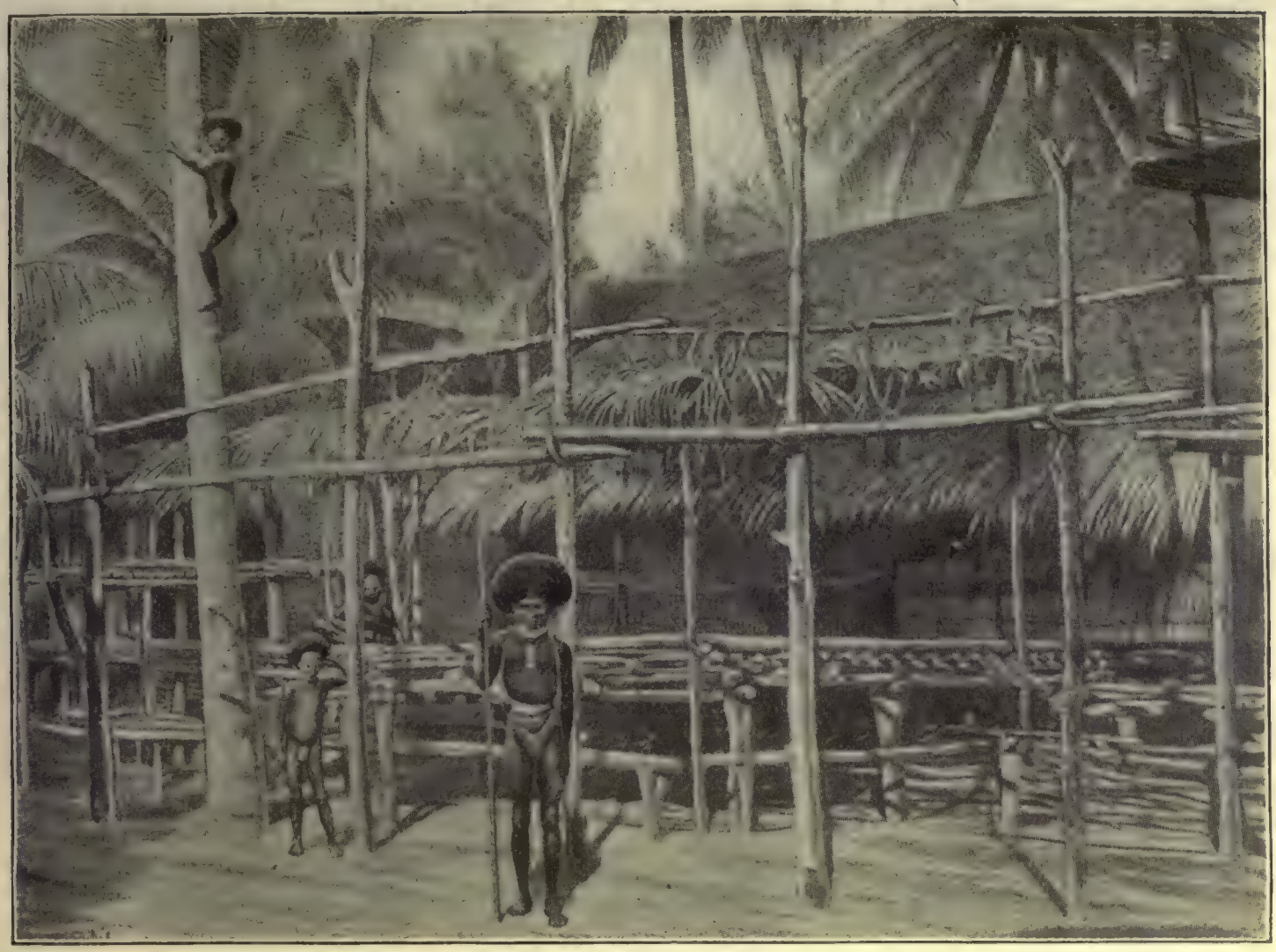
The object of this excursion up the creek was to visit a village whose inhabitants made very pretty spoons out of cocoanut shells, as well as fine stone axes and painted shields;

NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA.

and the professor found these natives, like all the other Papuans whom he met, light-hearted and merry, and also of a very domestic turn. Man and wife, or rather man and wives—for the men have several wives—are exceedingly fond of each other, and the women are kindly treated. The men hunt and fish, while the women manufacture pottery and take care of the gardens. But of one unwholesome custom Brother Joseph said it had thus far been impossible to break them, namely, the custom of burying their dead under their houses; and this is done in order still to keep near to their beloved ones. Before returning to the mission Professor Semon visited a large settlement where the dwellings were built on piles not far from the shore, and this gave him an idea of how the pre-

historic Swiss lake-dwellings must have appeared. Most of the houses were built on strong trunks of the mangrove-tree; and this mode of living is adopted for protection's sake, for the tribes of the interior are often extremely savage. But Professor Semon was told by Brother Joseph that some of the natives, besides their usual abodes, make other little dwellings high up among the branches of the trees, and that these roosting places, as they might be called, look like so many crows' nests; and in these nests they keep a good supply of stones and darts all ready for use if an enemy tried to cut the trees down. In none of the Papuan villages did Professor Semon find any hereditary ruler, properly speaking, nor any person invested with real responsibility, and the only law seemed to be the public opinion of the community freely expressed. Nevertheless he often found natives who did possess a marked influence over the other villagers, and these were men who were naturally daring, of quick intelligence, and who were also believed to be wizards. Where the Papuans differed most from the natives of Australia was in their possessing landed property—gardens and houses—and they had not only dogs but pigs. But as every one had enough to live comfortably, there were no rich and no poor, and the community was strongly democratic. They were also fond of ornaments and bright objects; many of the women had their noses and foreheads tattoed with dots and streaks, and the professor met one girl who had a big red flower sticking in her ear, and this girl he wanted to photograph. But her mother refused to let him do it until the following day. Lo! on the morrow at the appointed time the girl appeared; in her hair were a number of parrot feathers, around her neck was a necklace of mother-of-pearl, while in each ear was thrust a beautiful scarlet orchid, and the professor tells us that she looked like a perfect New Guinea angel.

What he strongly objected to at first was their mode of welcoming him. The moment he entered a village a crowd of laughing natives gathered round him and proceeded to salute him by rubbing noses. But he says that he soon grew accustomed to this. He tells us too that they care little for animal food, having an abundance of yams, cocoanuts, and bananas. But when they do eat meat it usually consists of pig and dog, kangaroo and turtle, while in some parts of the island they



A VILLAGE OF NEW GUINEA.

eat human flesh. But it is an interesting fact that the cannibals of New Guinea do not esteem the flesh of a white man, and when they kill a European he is never eaten. The most highly relished meat is a roasted Chinaman. The Catholic missionaries told Professor Semon that although the natives are of a happy temperament and that one tribe may easily live in peace with another tribe, yet they are given to sudden secret attacks and differ from other savage races in killing women as well as men; for they look on the women as the mothers of future avengers, and once a fight begins there is no rest until one of the tribes is utterly destroyed, so as to prevent all chance of retaliation.

The professor found the intellectual standard of the Papuans by no means low, and while they are decidedly inferior to the African negro, they are much above the Australian. They take little interest in religion; but in many parts of New Guinea may be seen wooden images, which represent the images of ancestors, and these images receive a kind of worship. The Papuans, too, believe in magic; every sick person is thought to be bewitched, and they do their utmost to keep

on good terms with the wizards of their tribe. They have no complex marriage laws, as among the natives of Australia; polygamy is universal, and while a husband may often send away one of his wives, he will at the same time remain a very good friend to her.

And now as to the question, Who are the natives of New Guinea? Where do they come from? No certain answer can be given. We may say, however, without fear of contradiction, that they are in nowise related to Australians, nor are they any kin to the Malays. The Papuans, in the light of our present knowledge, would seem to be an isolated race, unless we accept Huxley's hypothesis, namely, that they are related to the negroes of Africa, although between the Papuan and the negro language there is not a vestige of similarity. We believe that the answer to this question must be left to the future student of anthropology.

A CRAFT OF NEW GUINEA.

A PICTURE AND AN ANNIVERSARY.—BONIFACE VIII.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

FOR the casual sightseer, at least, there is no more striking picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Central Park, New York City, than the one in the north-west corner of one of the western galleries which bears the curiosity-arousing title "L'Attentat d'Anagni" (The Outrage of Anagni), a photographic reproduction of which will be found as the frontispiece of the present number.

For the amateur in art the picture is sure to be interesting because it represents an especially fine example of the modern French school of historical painting. The artist, M. Charles Maignan, has received practically all the honors that are possible at the hands of his compatriots: medals of all three classes, a membership in the Legion of Honor, a gold medal in 1889, a grand medal in 1892, and finally the distinction of officer in the League of Honor in 1895. His picture in the Louvre of Napoleon and Josephine seldom fails to attract the attention of visitors. The Luxembourg has his noteworthy "Departure of the Norman Fleet," which from its subject, without the distinctive rendition which he has given it, would be certain to interest English-speaking visitors to the gallery. His picture in the Metropolitan Museum presents the figure of a prelate dressed all in white, whose garments as well as his triple crown proclaim him a pope, who stands in magnificent dignity and noble defiance before an inimical soldiery gathered around the steps of the pontifical throne. The hostile purpose of the soldiers is only too clear. They have evidently invaded the church to kill the pontiff or to carry him off as their prisoner. There is a wonderful appeal to human sympathy in the face of the principal figure, and few visitors pass without a second look and a wish to know what its story is. The French title conveys very little information. The story represents one of the great moments of history, and as in this month, October, 1904, we are just completing the sixth centenary year of its occurrence, it seems worth retelling.

The pope in the case is the famous Boniface VIII. He has, if possible, been the subject of more slander than any other pope that ever sat on the Papal throne. By many people he has been looked upon almost as a monster of cruelty, a veritable type of the meanest political trickery. Most of this bitter feeling in his regard is due to Dante. The Florentine poet was, on principle, politically opposed to him. In 1299 Dante was sent by the Florentines on a mission to Boniface which failed, and this further embittered his feelings. Besides, Dante was an ardent Imperialist.

When our modern English poet sang of "the poet" as "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," surely Dante above all was in his mind. Boniface has suffered from the full burden of Dante's hate, though not his scorn. That he reserved for smaller men. He does not hesitate to put Boniface in hell, and that, too, by anticipation, the foresight of the damned recognizing him as a companion already in the nineteenth canto, though the pope was still among "those who ate and drank and put on clothes" on earth, his soul was, as it were, by foretaste of its doom with the damned who were to be his eternal companions.

How thoroughly it was realized even in the Middle Ages that Dante's position with regard to Boniface was a personal matter, the result of political prejudice rather than honest persuasion, can be judged from the fact that while Dante's treatise "De Monarchia" (On Government) was condemned by the church authorities because of the false political tenets it contained, Dante's *Divine Comedy* never shared this fate, in spite of its unsparing condemnation of Boniface and certain other popes, even to the extent of placing them in hell. Bowden, the distinguished German theologian, in his introduction to Hettinger's Commentary on Dante's *Divine Comedy*, says that in this Dante was treated by the church somewhat as a fond mother treats a spoilt child, correcting when absolutely necessary, but permitting many things to go unnoticed because they are really not the expression of malice but of pettishness.

We shall see that Dante in the "Purgatorio," while not taking back his condemnation of the "Inferno," has a wonderful note of admiration for the dignity with which Boniface suffered his adverses, and recognizes the insults put upon him as so many indignities to the headship of the church, which, for

the moment at least, he represented. It would be unfortunate, then, to take the picture that Dante gives without taking into account how much of slander, of misrepresentation, of misconstruction of motives, of failure to recognize great qualities of mind and heart, there are in the usual historical pictures given us of Boniface VIII.

A very fair example of the slanders against the character of Boniface is to be found in most of the histories of medicine that have appeared in English. I may say at once that it was the forcible bringing of this to my attention that first interested me in Boniface's character and made me realize something of the significance of Maignan's "Outrage at Anagni," which expresses in a very striking way the dignity with which the old pope (he was about eighty years of age) is pictured as meeting his enemies, the personal elements that make the historical slanders of him most improbable.

Boniface VIII., who, before his election to the Papacy, had been Benedict Cajetan, was one of the most distinguished scholars of his time. He was a descendant of a Catalonian—that is, a native of the district around Barcelona in Spain—who had settled in Gaeta. The surname sprang from that town. The family had afterwards moved to Anagni, and it was here that the future Boniface VIII. was born about 1220. His townspeople learned to like him very much, and later on showed their affection for him by coming to his rescue when he was imprisoned by order of the French king. Young Cajetan made his studies first at Todi and later at Paris. At Paris he studied canon and civil law, and was graduated as doctor of both. Later he was to be recognized as one of the most distinguished of living authorities especially in canon law.

There have been few periods in the history of the world when a more distinguished body of men was gathered at a university than was to be found at the University of Paris about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Cajetan was there. Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Vincent of Beauvais, Arnold of Villanova, Hermondaville, the famous surgeon and anatomist, Roger Bacon, are only a few of the great names of those who were students or professors in Paris at the time. Under the illustrious patronage and enlightened encouragement of Louis IX. the university prospered marvellously, and Robert of Sorbonne's foundation—which still exists under

its founder's name—made with the generous appreciation of his friend and rival in generosity, St. Louis, constituted an additional source of attraction for students, men of genius, and professors of every kind from all over the world to spend some time in Paris.

After leaving Paris, Benedict became attached to the papal court, and accompanied Cardinal Ottoboni as secretary when that prelate went as papal legate to England to act as a mediator between the English barons and their sovereign, Henry III. This mission proved so successful, and the secretary showed himself so capable of transacting difficult diplomatic affairs, that he was frequently sent as a representative of the papal court during the next twenty years. When he was about sixty years of age he was created a cardinal. Though on his mother's side he was a relative of Gregory IX. and Alexander IV., there was no question of family influence in his appointment, since it is evident that he owed his elevation entirely to his own distinguished abilities and to the successful accomplishment of the important diplomatic duties which had been entrusted to him. As a member of the College of Cardinals he was frequently consulted by the Holy See with regard to its relations to foreign powers. In a way he came to occupy the position now known as Papal Secretary of State, and while he possessed evident force of character, he recognized at the same time the advantage of diplomacy when the occasion demanded.

While occupying this confidential position with regard to Pope Celestin V., the latter, weary of the burden which had been laid upon him and wishing to retire to the solitude from which he had been forced to come, consulted him with regard to the possibility of laying down his sacred office. Cajetan, who recognized the necessity for a firmer hand as the ruler of the church, and who knew very well the pope's earnest desire to retire from his dignity, advised him to make ecclesiastical regulations sanctioning such a resignation. After Celestin's retirement Cajetan was elected pope under the name of Boniface VIII. His coronation took place in Rome, and was accompanied by the enthusiastic plaudits of the citizens, who recognized in him a great man. Two kings, Charles II. of Naples and his son Charles Martel, a pretender to the throne of Hungary, held his stirrups while he mounted his horse to go to his palace.

Wearing their crowns, they served him with the first dishes at the coronation banquet, and then retired to their humbler seats among the cardinals.

These circumstances have been very much emphasized by modern historical critics of Boniface as serving to show the ambitious character of the man. They really have no such significance, however, and at the time must have been considered as no more than usual. Robert and Charles were at that time, because of the relation of Naples to the popes, actual feudatories of the Holy See, and were only fulfilling the ordinary duties of mediæval homage usual under the conditions.

Another feature of the early part of his reign supposed to indicate Boniface's ambition for worldly power is his addition of the second circlet to the papal crown, symbolic of the temporal sovereignty of the popes. This was, however, only the canonist insisting on the formal expression of what was and had been a fact for many years. It is an index of Boniface's character in another way, for it shows his unwillingness to allow no right of the Holy See to go without formal expression. Other popes had been content to exercise their rights without demanding the open recognition that seemed so necessary to him.

Boniface's reign fell in troublous times, and it was not long before he felt all the weight of his position. Philip the Handsome, of France, was trying to enlarge the boundaries of his kingdom and was constantly at war with his neighbors. England was at war with Scotland, and England and France had become embroiled in war that was not only costly in men and money but threatened to interfere with the progress of the church, the proper development of educational institutions, and the progress of civilization.

Boniface's idea was to put an end to war between Christian nations, and if possible to secure peace and prosperity to the people. He was many, many centuries ahead of his times in this respect, for now, after more than six hundred years, we are only beginning perhaps to have some assurance that the peaceful settlement of quarrels between nations is in sight. Endeavoring to accomplish this object of securing peace, Boniface soon found himself embroiled with the monarchs of Europe, and especially with the French king.

Wars were costly proceedings. Very few of the king's subjects had ready money. His vassals among the nobility were bound to furnish the sinews of war in the shape of their own vassals and men-at-arms, fully equipped, and consequently could not be asked for large contributions to the war fund necessary for the support of troops in the field. When the king wanted money he had to levy taxes on church property, and contributions on church and monastery treasuries, and this had become a very serious abuse. Consequently Boniface VIII. thought he saw an opportunity to prevent an abuse of ecclesiastical rights, and at the same time put an end to the constant wars, by issuing a bull forbidding the levying of taxation on church property. Philip answered this by a proclamation requiring foreigners to have his permission to stay in his kingdom, thus aiming a blow at all foreign clergymen, even papal legates and other officials, and forbidding the export of anything out of his kingdom without royal permission, thus preventing the sending of the papal revenues usually contributed to the support of the pope from France.

After many vicissitudes in the war of words and deeds between the Pope and the King of France, Nogaret, vice-chancellor of Philip the Fair, and Sciarra Colonna, with their followers, in August, 1303, surprised the pope in his palace at Anagni, whither he had fled after suffering defeat at Rome. Forcing their way into his presence chamber, they found the old man seated upon a throne in his pontifical vestments, his head bent over a golden crucifix which, together with the keys, he held in his trembling hands. According to a note in Hettinger's Dante, "for a moment his venerable age and majestic silence disarmed his foes. Then they broke out into violent invectives, which he bore with calm dignity."

It is this feature of the scene especially that the French painter has expressed so well. It constitutes the redeeming element in the sad affair, and even Dante was won by it to an expression of supremest sympathy for Boniface in one of the most famous passages of the "Purgatory." Meantime the poet himself had ascended far up the mountain of purgation, amid the sufferings of his exile since he wrote the "Inferno," and his spirit of hatred had softened into a more sympathetic mood.

He had placed Boniface in hell for political reasons in that

earlier period; now he can scarce find words too strong to condemn the insult offered to the Vicar of Christ in the person of the pope by the outrage at Anagni. The old name of the town is Alagna. He compares in these famous lines of the twentieth canto of the "Purgatory" the treatment inflicted by Philip the Fair upon Boniface to that of the Jews upon Christ, and places it in the same category with the crimes committed later by Philip upon the Templars:

> "I in Alagna see the fleur-de-lys,
> Christ, in His Vicar, captive to the foe.
> Him once again as mocked and scorned I see;
> I see once more the vinegar and gall,
> And slain between new robbers hangeth He;
> I see the Pilate new in such rage fall,
> This sates him not, but, all law put aside,
> With pirate sails he sacks the Templars' hall.
>
> —*Purg.*, *xx.* 81.

Dante even adds a hope that he will yet see the vengeance of the Lord for the insult to His Vicar upon earth:

> "O Sovran Master! when shall I rejoice
> To see the vengeance which Thy wrath, well pleased,
> In secret silence broods. —*Purg.*, *xx.* 84.

The traditions still preserved among the people of Latium, and especially of Carpineto and Anagni, with regard to the outrage upon Boniface at the latter city are stated in a note upon this canto of the "Purgatorio" in Moore's lectures upon Dante, one of the recent valuable contributions to Dante literature in English:

"The present inhabitants of this ancient stronghold of the Hernici are a people still antique in appearance and manners. They wear sandals like their ancestors, and cloaks that make one think of the ancient toga. They are poor, strong, moral, and religious, devoted to their country as the home of the ancient Latins who once ruled the world; but even more they point with pride to the Latium as the home of so many popes. There were St. Hormisdas, Popes Silverius, Vitalian, Innocent III., Gregory IX., Alexander IV., Boniface VIII., all brilliant names, who were among the strongest and most worthy of the wearers

of the tiara, and who suffered in turn for the defence of the church and her rights imprisonment, exile, and even death.

The name of the last mentioned especially is beloved in the land, for not far from Carpineto is Anagni. It is the capital and the see city of the province, and it was here that the vigorous, energetic Boniface VIII. was born. It was here as pope that he came, and waited for his enemies among the people who had known and loved him all his life, and it was here that Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna and their brutal followers put upon him those unspeakable insults which have gone down in history as one of the most wanton outrages upon the Papacy. The words of Dante are still repeated to the children here:

> "And in his Vicar, Christ a captive led!
> I see him mocked a second time."

The most recent historian of the subject, William Barry, D.D., in his *Papal Monarchy* echoes these feelings, which any one who knows the circumstances well can scarcely fail to share.

Dr. Barry's description of the scene which the French painter has depicted so well, emphasizes, as might be expected, Boniface's manly maintenance of dignity under extremely trying circumstances:

"In this hour the sense of his sacred office did not desert him. Arraying himself in stole and crown, bearing the cross-keys, he sat in the papal chair to await these French ambassadors. They approached and did no homage. With insult they told him he must abdicate. 'Here is my neck,' said the dauntless old man. Nogaret threatened him with the Council; Boniface cast in his teeth the name of Paterine. But Sciarra, like the ruffian he was, would have killed the Pope with his own hands had not the less brutal Frenchman interposed. It is said that he struck Boniface on the cheek with his iron gauntlet. Then they put him on a restive horse, paraded him about the streets, and plundered his treasures. At length, after a passion which lasted three days, the people of Anagni came to his relief, when the soldiers were gone. 'Good people,' he said, 'give me a morsel of bread and a cup of wine; I am dying of hunger.' He had yielded nothing; but in his desolate palace, which was stripped bare of all it contained—infinite

riches, as the tale went—he found no one except the crowd of peasants on whom to bestow absolution."

There was a very curious bit of criticism written on Dr. Barry's *Papal Monarchy* in *The Independent* (New York) of November 12, 1903. The reviewer says that Dr. Barry "scores" Boniface VIII. as "the most miserable of popes." This would seem to indicate that Dr. Barry found no possible defence for Boniface's character. As a matter of fact, the word miserable as used by Dr. Barry refers to Boniface's misfortunes, and not at all to his guilt. He says "most miserable of popes"—not, therefore, most guilty! "His remembrance will never fade; long, long he will be blamed and scarcely at all find apologists in the opposition which his pretensions, even more than his acts, cannot cease to provoke." It is a sample of the unfair reviewing which takes passages out of their proper context, thus perverting their meaning until, while presumably giving an author's opinion, it is really misstated and at times even contradicted.

Dr. Barry's chapter is really an excellent defence of Boniface's character.

Even the famous bull "Clericis Laicos" is not difficult to understand when one considers the circumstances under which it was issued and the conditions that called it forth. It was evidently an attempt on the part of a peace-loving man to take the only means he saw in order to prevent the forcing of revenues from the church to be used for carrying on war. With regard to this famous bull "Clericis Laicos," "thrice unhappy in name and fortunes," Rev. Dr. Barry, whose story of the *Papal Monarchy* in the "Stories of the Nations Series" has given us the latest discussion of this difficult subject, has this to say: "As far as regards the condition of affairs that developed in England after the promulgation of the bull, our general familiarity with English history will enable us to understand the situation better than in other countries, and will make clear the reasons for and the actual effect produced by the bull."

He then goes on to show that far from being a tyrannical measure subversive of popular liberty or civil rights, it has proved the basis of most of the modern declarations of rights as against the claims of tyranny:

"Imprudent, headlong, but in its main contention founded

on history, this extraordinary state-paper declared that the laity had always been hostile to the clergy, and were so now as much as ever. But they possessed no jurisdiction over the persons, no claims on the property, of the church, though they had dared to exact a tenth, nay, even a half, of its income for secular objects, and time-serving prelates had not resisted. Now, on no title whatsoever from henceforth should such taxes be levied without permission of the Holy See. Every layman, though king or emperor, receiving these moneys fell by that very act under anathema; every churchman paying them was deposed from his office; universities guilty of the like offence were struck with interdict.

"Robert of Winchelsea, Langton's successor as primate, shared Langton's views. He was at this moment in Rome, and had doubtless urged Boniface to come to the rescue of a frightened, down-trodden clergy, whom Edward I. would not otherwise regard. In the Parliament at Bury, this very year, the clerics refused to make a grant. Edward sealed up their barns. The archbishop ordered that in every cathedral the pope's interdiction should be read. Hereupon the chief-justice declared the whole clergy outlawed; they might be robbed or murdered without redress. Naturally, not a few gave way; a fifth, and then a fourth, of their revenue was yielded up. But Archbishop Robert alone, with all the prelates except Lincoln against him, and the Dominicans preaching at Paul's cross on behalf of the king, stood out, lost his lands, was banished to a country parsonage. War broke out in Flanders. It was the saving of the archbishop. At Westminster Edward relented and apologized. He confirmed the two great charters; he did away with illegal judgments that infringed them. Next year the primate excommunicated those royal officers who had seized goods or persons belonging to the clergy, and all who had violated Magna Charta. The church came out of this conflict exempt, or, more truly, a self-governing Estate of the Realm. It must be considered as having greatly concurred towards the establishment of that fundamental law, invoked long after by the thirteen American Colonies, 'No taxation without representation,' which is the corner-stone of British freedom."

What a curious juxtaposition is this placing of the much maligned bull, "Clericis Laicos"—the supposed apotheosis of

priestly power and denial of true freedom—as the very foundation stone of the principle upon which what we Americans, at least, are accustomed to think as the freest government in the world's history has been so successfully built up. Verily, in measuring historical influences it is necessary to "look before and after" for the causes and effects of events.

On the other hand, if we consider for a moment the chief opponent of the pope in the great politico-religious quarrel in which Boniface was engaged, we shall be sure on general principles that the pope has been too harshly blamed by historians only too ready to curry favor with secular rulers for selfish motives. Philip the Fair, of France, is one of the most unworthy monarchs that ever sat on the French throne, and, needless to say, this gives a large latitude in possibilities of evil. Those who would attribute much to heredity, and who are constantly seeing traits of the father in his son, and other immediate descendants, have a good opportunity provided in this period to explain how Philip the Fair, the grandson, and Philip the Rash, the son of St. Louis, ever possibly came to have the lamentable characteristics so constantly exhibited during their long reigns.

Money was Philip's crying need, and the modern governmental apparatus for taxation not having yet been invented, Philip used every possible means, just and unjust, to increase his revenues. In summing up his character the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "Philip seized what he could, wronged the Jews, confiscated the wealth of the Templars, turned everything into hard cash, sold privileges to towns, tampered with the coin of the realm, and by sumptuary laws succeeded in taxing even his nobles." With regard to his differences with Boniface the same authority says: "It is no wonder that Philip's methods of levying taxation acquired a bad name. The phrase *matote*, old French for 'levying,' was invented for them by the popular voice, and has secured a place in history as the best possible record of the feeling of his subjects towards his impositions. It was a many-sided struggle, that of the temporal and the spiritual, that of the civil against the canon law, that of the lawyers against the clergy, and that of France against Italy."

Boniface's place as one of the first formal peacemakers who hoped to secure for the people freedom from the evils and exactions of war should redeem his character, in our generation

of serious attempts at arbitration, as a means of settlement for international differences of opinion. Our experience at the peace congresses, however, shows that the motives of the peace-maker are almost sure to be aspersed and he may easily be led into regrettable recourse to arms in spite of good-will and desire for justice rather than national satisfaction.

As a matter of fact Boniface's mediation secured a truce for a time between England and France. After Boniface's death, however, and the transfer of the Papal See to Avignon, the power of the popes was broken, and there was no longer any tribunal to interest itself in the conservation of peace between nations. As a consequence there came the long years of war between England and France which entailed so much suffering on both nations, deprived several generations of all proper opportunity for culture, interfered with the intellectual development which had become so prominent during the thirteenth century, and eventually led to that lack of great literature which characterizes the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, as compared with the periods just before and after the thirteenth, the end of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

Boniface's career as one of the grand old men of the Middle Ages in his capacity for work, the breadth of his accomplishments and the lasting character of his influence, should not be without its effect upon a generation that prides itself on strenuousness. It is to Boniface's interest in canon law that we owe the sixth book of Papal decretals (Liber Sextus Decretalium), which contains all the constitutions issued by the popes from 1234–1298. This is a very valuable collection of papal documents, for it must not be forgotten that the thirteenth century, with its magnificent Gothic cathedrals as monuments of the intense piety of the people, with its great universities as an index of the intense desire of the century for learning, and with the many original discoveries in art, science, and letters which it represents, is one of the most important periods in history, and that the popes of the century were worthy of their times. It is to his practical piety that we owe the establishment of the feasts of the evangelists and of the doctors of the Latin Church as Festa Duplicia. To his personal devotion we owe two of the most popular prayers in the liturgy of the church since his time, the *Ave Virgo*

Gloriosa and the *Deus Qui Redemptione Mundi*—the "Hail, Glorious Virgin," and the "God who by the Redemption of the world"—which have always been considered masterpieces in this form of literature. Finally, it is to him that we owe the establishment of the custom of celebrating the Jubilee. How well he understood the temper of his times can be understood from the popularity this celebration achieved at once. Rome was so crowded that people could pass in the streets only by keeping to their own side of the way.

When Boniface VIII. ascended the papal throne he was over seventy years of age. His personal greatness may very well be measured by the amount of work that he accomplished, and the influence he had over his generation in every important political question during this less than a decade of papal sovereignty. Any one who reads his life, apart from the prejudices so likely to be engendered by a knowledge of the fact that Dante condemned so bitterly, will surely find much more in his career to commend than has usually been the case on the part of historians. We are beginning now at the opening of the twentieth century to have some slight hopes of a possibility of continued peace between Christian nations. Boniface, six centuries ago, faced, as the Vicar of Christ, this problem of universal peace among Christian nations, and tried to enforce its solution by what seemed to him the only practical method, subjection of the nations to the spiritual supremacy of the pope, even in matters political. He failed in his great purpose, and his name has been a byword in history ever since. But surely our generation will sympathize with his efforts, even though it does not always approve of the methods he attempted to employ. Not even those who condemn the pope, however, can fail to admire the brave old man who in the midst of defeat and in the presence of victorious threatening and unscrupulous enemies maintained the dignity of his high office, nor derogated in the slightest way from what he considered its lofty privileges. It is this that the painting in the Metropolitan Museum brings home to visitors more than anything else, and in this it is a great representation of one of the very great and most worthily human events in history.

OUR LADY'S PARTY.

BY VIOLET BULLOCK WEBSTER.

I.

"THERE *is* something I should like you to do for me," said the dearest and best old lady I have ever known, when I went to see her on her death-bed. "And although I should hardly have ventured to mention it, if you had not first made the suggestion," she continued diffidently, "I must confess that I have been troubling a good deal about it lately—wondering if any one would take my place when I am gone. How foolish it is of one ever to worry! I ought to have felt confident that Our Lady would provide a substitute, since after all it is her party."

"Our Lady's Party!" exclaimed I in surprise.

She smiled and blushed. "That is what I have always called it to myself, as an encouragement," she explained. "You see there are so many parties on Sunday afternoons, nearly all one's friends elect to be 'at home' that day, and sometimes it was a little difficult to adhere to one's resolution of only going to the workhouse; so I fortified myself with the thought that Our Lady gave her party there, and the poor, lonely women whom I went to visit were her honored guests."

"How perfectly sweet of you!" I thought, but I did not dare to say it, because her humility was such that my outspoken admiration would have caused her pain. I had known her ever since I was a child, and every time I saw her the beauty of her mind and the sweetness of her disposition presented themselves to me in some new light. But she was very reserved, and not until her last illness did she talk to me about herself. People who only knew her slightly supposed her to be frivolous and pleasure-loving. She was seen driving in the Park each afternoon, going to the theatre nearly every evening, and reading all the latest novels from Mudie's library; but those with whom she was more intimately acquainted could not fail to notice that if she read the latest novels she also

read the *Office of Our Blessed Lady* every day, and if she never missed a popular play, neither did she ever miss her morning Mass. Also, and this was perhaps the most remarkable feature of her character, although she mixed so much in society and was so fond of conversation, she was never heard to give utterance to an uncharitable remark.

Her own estimate of her character was not a high one. "I am naturally very worldly," she said, "and I have led an idle, useless life; partly because my husband left me a comfortable annuity, and partly because my health was never equal to any real work, even had I been clever enough to do anything. During the first years of my widowhood I felt very dissatisfied with myself, and my one dread was of becoming selfish. I never seemed to be able to do anything for any one."

"Dear lady, think of all that you have done for me," I could not help interpolating.

"That was a pleasure," she answered quickly; "what I mean is, I wanted to do some good act that would cost me a little effort for our Lord's sake, and I used to beseech Him to send me some poor person to whom I might be really kind. When I asked at several of the London churches, they told me they had their regular visiting ladies, and there was no spare work which could be given to me; and when I asked the sisters at various convents in my neighborhood, they promised to let me know if they ever heard of anything—but they never did; and I began to fear that our Lord did not consider me worthy to minister to Him in that particular way. Of course I was able to subscribe to charities, but I longed to get nearer to the poor, to be more in touch with those that suffer, like St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose life by Montalembert has always been my favorite book."

(Her casual acquaintances, seeing her exquisitely dressed in her victoria in the Park, would never have guessed that this was the wish nearest her heart!)

"Well, at last, one bleak March day, as I was getting out of the carriage and going up the steps into the house, with a prospect of fire and tea awaiting me in the drawing-room, a poor, thin, cold, miserable woman stretched out her hand, and begged me to take pity on her for the love of God. 'Deo gratias!' I cried. I had never been so grateful in my life. She not only wanted money, as so many other people had

done before, but she wanted food, and clothing, and sympathy as well. We went up to my room together. Her skirt was in rags, she possessed no petticoat, and her feet were only shod in torn felt slippers. Fortunately, however, she was about my height and size, and I was able to make her feel quite comfortable before we settled down to tea. I could hardly help being *glad* that she was hungry—really hungry—it was such a pleasure to watch her devouring all the toast, and thin bread and butter, and little buns that usually went downstairs again untouched. I kept expecting to wake up and find that it had only been a dream, and when in telling me her story she mentioned that she was a Catholic my joy reached such a pitch that I threw my arms around her neck and kissed her on both cheeks—such pale, worn cheeks! If she had not been an exceedingly nice, right-minded woman she must have thought me perfectly insane; but from the very beginning we understood each other—both realizing that our introduction came from God. She had been praying all day that He would send her a friend before it was too late, and I had been pleading for years for somebody to whom I might be kind."

"Dearest and sweetest!" said I, stroking her hand. It seemed incredible that she should fail to see the lovableness of her own nature.

"It was her intention to go into the workhouse, after taking one last look at her child's grave; and when I learned that outsiders were allowed in on Sundays I promised to visit her regularly, and have done so ever since. Her name is Clara Withington, and one has to ask if one may see her, at the porter's lodge as one goes in. You will find all the directions in my note-book, and there are still blank pages for more entries. I used to take it with me, and jot down the little things that they would like, or what they wanted one to find out for them."

(I took possession of the manuscript book, which has since become one of my greatest treasures.)

"So it began, and one thing led to another; before very long I got to know everybody in Clara's ward, and God blessed my old age by giving me many opportunities of doing acts of kindness. It was remarkable how, after I had once found my way into the workhouse, I always seemed to be hearing of some poor person going in, and I made an agree-

ment with Our Lady that the mere mention of a case should be equivalent to an introduction. 'My old nurse has had to go into the infirmary,' some one would say, 'and I really ought to look her up sometimes; it seems so sad for a respectable servant like Harriet to have to end her days in that way; but Sunday is my busiest time, and somehow I can never manage to get away.' If one begins to listen with this intention there seems no limit to the sad cases which are brought before one's notice. And one need not feel at all anxious as to how to get to know them, or what to talk about—they are all so ready to be friends, and so thankful for a little interest and sympathy."

I gladly undertook to do my best, and she leaned about amongst her pillows with a happy sigh. After a few moments I took my leave, gazing for the last time upon that beautiful, contented face. Never in the days of her girlhood—and she was said to have been a noted beauty in the years gone by—could I believe that she had looked more lovely than now in the immediate expectation of meeting her Redeemer face to face!—that Redeemer whom she had never failed to recognize under the extremest garb of poverty.

As I bent down and kissed her forehead I felt she could not need my prayers; so loving a soul must have gone straight to God.

Her death left a void in my life which no one else could fill. She had done so much for me, both in the way of material kindness and in the example of her gentleness, and I felt so glad that there was one little thing that I could go on doing for her after she had passed away. Though at first it did seem a very little thing—just to accept her invitation to "Our Lady's Party."

II.

I wonder if I may extend the invitation? Not that it will be necessary to tell you exactly where this workhouse is, for I fancy that in whatever town you live, and whatever the building may be called, the way to Our Lady's Party is always and everywhere the same. "You must enter through the gates of Humiliation, walk along the Courts of Sympathy, climb up the Stairs of Perseverance, and sit beside the beds

of human kindness"; at least so my dear old friend wrote at the commencement of her note-book, and I believe that she was right.

As a preliminary mortification you find that the regulations at the porter's lodge annoy you very much. You tell him distinctly who you are, and whom it is that you have come to visit, and on the occasion of your first appearance the old man who keeps guard over the outer gate will be sent to conduct you to your destination. You will take careful notes of the intricacies of that long, winding way, expecting on future occasions to be allowed to pass unchallenged; but not so: the porter always requires to be told who you are when you enter, and to assure himself that you are not a patient attempting to escape before you may pass out. "Whom do you want to see?" he will ask you Sunday after Sunday, looking suspiciously through the window of his office, till you begin to feel for that little girl in Kensington Gardens who wearied of the old gentleman who, for the sake of making conversation, continually asked her name. "You know who I am, and I know who I am," she replied at last, with an air of great finality, "so there is no use in my going on telling you." But it would serve no purpose for you to lose your patience with the porter, and your entrée to the Party soon becomes firmly based on this preparatory humiliation. When he has looked up Clara Withington's name in his book, and satisfied himself that such an inmate has been correctly described as occupying Block C, Ward 4, you may pass on: first through the men's court, dotted here and there with half a dozen solitary, despondent creatures, who glance in your direction wonderingly; and if your time will allow of a little lingering, and if you have had the forethought to provide yourself with a few ounces of strong black tobacco, they will receive it gladly. Then on you go through the women's court, deserted save by that cheerful young person who wears no hat but an extraordinary smile, as she paces up and down in all weathers with a determination worthy of a better cause. She never speaks, and never seems to feel the cold, nor rain, nor glaring sunshine, and you cannot find out anything definite about her; but you imagine that she must have had some fearful mental trouble in her early youth, and that her friends assured her if she kept her spirits up and took plenty

of exercise she would soon be all right. She is incurably insane, but you feel glad that they have not sent her to a lunatic asylum. A holy picture, or a bunch of violets, or a few acid drops will please her very much, though if you only smile and say "Good afternoon," she will beam upon you with the same delight.

After leaving her you go up a few steps, and find your way round several sudden angles, startling the timid creatures who endeavor to efface themselves in shadowy recesses, until you come upon the draughty corridor where the more hopeful of the inmates sit patiently awaiting the arrival of their friends. Usually five old women, and always one blind girl, are waiting there—waiting for the friends who never come; and Sunday after Sunday you tax your vocabulary to its utmost limit, seeking new words in which to say you trust they may not be again disappointed. They say they trust so too—without a suspicion of sarcasm. And you commend them silently to St. Catherine of Siena. How she, who so admired "the Queen Patience," must sympathize with them!

After this you pass the Board-room door, which acts as a landmark, and from there your way lies up hill. Stair after stair, flight after flight—but you need not count; you go on till you come to the girl with the weak heart, who gazes intently out of the passage window at the blank wall opposite. You wonder if she knows every brick by heart? She is too shy to look at you, and would rather not be spoken to, if you do not mind. The only way in which you can comfort her is to drop a flower, by accident, as you pass, and though she appears to take no notice at the time, it gratifies you to observe, on coming away, that she has pinned it to her shawl, and is bending towards it lovingly.

They do not like her in the ward, and she does not care for them. The only one with whom she tried to fraternize was the blind girl, being about her own age; but she realizes now that it was a mistake to offer to do her shopping. The temptation to deceive over the value of small coins was irresistible, and when the other inmates discovered it all chance of popularity was gone.

The half paralyzed little dressmaker, who presses her face to the glass panels of the door in the hope of seeing some one come up the stairs, appeals to you more readily. She

admits, quite frankly, that she never had a friend in all the world, and she is so grateful for being shaken hands with and spoken to. You need only say, "I knew I should find *you* to welcome me; how do you feel to-day?" and she will do the rest of the talking for as long as you like. It will take you at least ten minutes to listen to her answer, but the satisfaction she experiences in the recital of her ailments is so enormous that you cannot feel you are throwing time away. With a few lumps of sugar and a packet of tea you give her the impression that the world is not such a hard place after all, and in reality her well-to do fellow-mortals are very generous. But it may bring tears into your eyes the first time she tells you so, and you had better hurry on to Clara Withington's corner by the fire before the compunction of your heart becomes too obvious.

III.

On entering the ward one is immediately struck by the cheerful aspect of the room: the green distempered walls, red table-cloths, faded blue counterpanes and dresses, red and brown shawls, and the white frilled caps which all the inmates wear. Clara is the most precious gem in this treasure-house; but though perhaps that was already guessed, one was not prepared to find her such a sufferer and helpless cripple. She can only move about by leaning on her chair and pushing it along before her, and even this feat is accomplished with great difficulty and fatigue. However, she feels very thankful for being able to get about at all, and thinks the improvement she has made during the last five years quite marvellous. It used to take her two hours and three-quarters to get round from her corner to the farther side of the room, and now she is able to cover the same distance in less than two! But if one is shocked at discovering her to be so great a cripple, the excessive beauty of her face comes as a compensating surprise.

She speaks in a soft, sweet voice, begging one to draw a chair up close to her in the two foot space between the curtain and the bed, to which she merrily refers as "my sitting-room."

"It is the coziest corner in the ward," she says, "and I feel very selfish monopolizing it. I'd gladly give it up to poor Miss Crawford, opposite, who complains very much of the draught

from the window, only the regulations are very strict, and we must not change places."

"There is not much furniture in your little sitting-room," one says, by way of making conversation and entering into the joke.

Clara points triumphantly to the bed-post, where hang three print bags made of the same material as the inmates' clothes.

"What more does one need?" says she; "one for needle-work, one for books, and one for letters."

The letter-bag seems burstingly full.

"Then you have a great many friends!" one exclaims, hastily jumping to conclusions.

"A great many letters, but only one friend," replies she; "they are all from the same dear lady."

Selecting one, she presses it to her lips, and offers it to be read. Such a wonderful, beautiful letter, concerning the glory of God, the interests of Jesus, and the salvation of souls, interspersed with many tender, sympathetic passages about little Margaret, who died. "Little Margaret," one gathers, was Mrs. Withington's only child, buried in Willesden Cemetery more than twenty years ago. This explains one of the entries in the note-book: "April 27, anniversary of Margaret's First Communion; put madonna lilies on her grave." There are many entries respecting Margaret. All her anniversaries seem to have been remembered and marked by special visits to the cemetery with flowers. Her birthday, her Confirmation, her Patron Saint, the day of the last Sacraments, and then the day she died.

Clara never speaks about her daughter, but from those letters, which she lets one read, one learns all about her past life and her overwhelming sorrow at the loss of her only child. That dear old lady, who had never had any children of her own, entered intuitively into the depths of maternal affection which clung round the memories of the long-dead little girl. What those letters must have meant to the poor lonely mother, and how all the tender, sympathetic advice contained in them must have helped her over the darkest days of her life, one can only imagine. She was on the verge of despair when she first met that dear lady, she admits, not having even the courage to go into the workhouse in her ill-clad, broken-hearted state. Losing faith, hope, almost losing reason, God saved her from a fearful crime by giving her *a friend*.

One finds it hard to realize her description of herself a score of years ago. As one sees her now, the broad white brow, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, and sweet, firm mouth prove singularly attractive.

"It does one good to look at Mrs. Withington, let alone the things she says," remarks her next-door neighbor.

Such perfect resignation to the will of God is certainly remarkable. She never cares to talk about her illness, and when the pain is very bad she tells one she can always bear it by offering her sufferings to heal the wounds of Christ. If she would complain to the nurse in charge they would have her moved to the infirmary, where perhaps some remedy might be found to give her relief.

"But, really, it is too absurd not to catch at every little cross one can during this short life," she says.

My friend had taught her that one act of patience was as a jewel beyond all price, and she loves to dwell upon the kindness and advice which she received ever since that first meeting, when from the brink of suicide she was brought back to thoughts of God and hopes of heaven by the affectionate sympathy of that beautiful old lady who treated her as a long-lost sister whom she was welcoming home. She had offered to rent a cottage for her, and give her a little pension; but this Clara would not allow.

"I do not want luxury; all I ask for is a friend," said she, "a few good books, and a skein or two of wool to knit."

She takes great interest in her fellow-sufferers, especially in the old lady two beds away, who was a doctor's daughter and a solicitor's widow, and whose early education has unfitted her mind for the conversation of her ward-mates. This explains the notes: "Find out if Lord Byron was an atheist." "Who founded Babylon? Is it in Africa or Egypt?" "What was the state of Poland during the Middle Ages?" "Did Millais or Holman Hunt paint the 'Shadow of the Cross'?" "What were 'the hairy ones who danced'? (Isaias xxxiv.)"

Her thoughts run in unexpected channels, and one is seldom able, on the spur of the moment, to find an answer to her questions. She had been at a first-rate school, "a school where there were only officers' daughters, *who never wore anything that had been mended*," she tells one, and the contrast which

the workhouse presents to Mrs. Heath's former associations in this particular alone is very marked.

She came of a good family, but she and her father were supposed to have been drowned on the way out to India, and her people lost sight of her in consequence. She has tried to write several times to an aunt whose address is somewhere in Winchester, but her joints are swollen, getting worse all the time, and when she does manage to scratch a line she feels ashamed to send it—to any one but Father Kelly, who is just like a son to her, and whose sermons afford her reflection for a week.

Having travelled about the world so much when she was young she is very appreciative of picture postcards.

The old lady shivering by the window next claims one's attention. She says she finds the fresh air very trying, having made it a rule in her own house all her life to keep the window shut. When her bronchitis gets a little worse she hopes they will send her back to the infirmary. She fears she is a wicked old woman, far too fond of the gaieties of this life, and she prefers the infirmary because there is always something going on: patients are brought in during the dead of night, screens are put round their beds, and the doctor's lamp sheds a mysterious light. Frequently there is a death in the small hours of the morning. There is never any excitement in the Blocks, and she finds it too quiet for her taste up here.

Mrs. Cuchullen, on the contrary, finds it peaceful and pleasant. She reads her *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* through a powerful magnifying glass until her eyes feel strained, and then she says her rosary. At her time of life she thinks that is all a poor old woman needs. She always prayed the dear Lord to let her end her days within hearing of Mass, that was all she ever asked—and He has granted it. When He calls her she will be ready to go to Him.

Near her sits an old blind woman, who, although she has lost all sense of smell, is devotedly attached to flowers; she thinks them "tender little things," and likes to feel the petals between her finger and thumb. One finds her repeating verses very softly to herself, verses that her brother cut out of some paper, and which she committed to memory half a century ago. They sound pathetic coming from her now under her

altered circumstances, and one lays the lesson of her poem to heart:

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently to the erring one;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?

"Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart."

If she had been able to use her needle, and had not been so childish, the neighbors say her daughter-in-law would never have turned her out. She lived with her son till he got married, and he was very good to her; but afterwards, when the baby came, they found her in the way.

Then there is "the Country Woman." This is her own description of herself, after more than two-thirds of a long life spent in London—her thoughts still playing round the meadows of her Devonshire home. She never so much as knew there *was* a workhouse, she says, until she came to marry; but her husband was a poor afflicted creature, who brought her to poverty and died. And when her savings were all gone the guardians ordered her in here. She does not like the atmosphere of London, and finds the grayness ugly and depressing. Vainly may one point out the exquisite background which it affords for almond blossom! What does she care for almond blossom? She is thinking of the sunshine on the apple orchards down at home. She fancies that she hears the voices of those who were very dear to her crying round the Blocks at night, and she wonders whether the souls of her brothers and sisters have passed into the wind? One is able to comfort her a little on this point; but her faith is even less than elementary, and at the advanced age of ninety-five it is not easy to acquire

new ideas. To the Giver of the sunshine, and the Creator of the apple orchards, one commends her ignorance.

The frequent entry "apples for the Country Woman," in the note-book, conveys the impression that my dear old friend thought more of her material than spiritual necessities.

Also one gathers from the constant "ask Clara and Harriet to pray for So-and So's conversion," that it was her habit to rely more on prayer than argument. "There is nothing," she used to say, "which is in accordance with God's will, that may not be obtained through the prayers of the poor."

The ringing of the great bell of the house warns one that it is nearly time for visitors to take their leave; only between the hours of two and four are they allowed in the building; and one prepares to say a general farewell; not having had time to speak to all of them, not having said one-half the things one came prepared to say, nor half the things that one will wish one had said on thinking the "Party" over afterwards; but although one is obliged to depart with a keen sense of personal inefficiency one carries away a distinct impression of the merits of the honored guests. Having once known them one can never forget that sufferings may be nobly borne and virtues excellently practised. Perhaps what strikes one most is their resignation to the will of God, their patience under terrible afflictions, and their marvellous charity towards those whose selfishness and pride deserve no excuse.

It is the exception, one finds, and not the rule for the inmates of the workhouse to be destitute of near relations; there is always some one whose duty it is, and whose happiness it ought to be, to brighten the last days of the aged and poor.

"I've got a daughter, but she's married well, and she feels ashamed for her husband's family to know her mother's in the House."

"I had a son, but whether he's alive or not I'm sure I cannot rightly say."

The difficulty of communicating with the outside world is increased by swollen joints, a scarcity of writing paper, and the uncertainty of the correct address.

In their helplessness and loneliness those famished hearts turn back to God, and how far the health and happiness, and ultimate conversion of their dear ones, depend upon their prayers only He can know.

The clock strikes four!

With newly awakened understanding one glances up at all those dreary windows as one passes out, wondering about the lives which go on day after day behind the unopened doors. How many places there are, in that huge building, which one does not see! Where are the younger women? the children? the babies? Shall one also ever receive an invitation to their quarters?

On reaching the draughty corridor one finds that the five old women have departed, but the blind girl still sits on.

"Are you not perished, dear child?" one says, chafing her thin, cold hand, and pinning her shawl more closely at the neck. "Why do you wait down here so long? Your friend cannot come to-day."

"Yes, my friend always comes," she says, turning towards one beautifully. "*You* are the friend I wait for now. *You* never fail me."

Perhaps a tear, which is not hers, falls on the hand one holds.

Again the great bell rings for the closing of the outer gate. One must not stay. Into Our Lady's keeping one commends her guests; and going home one fully realizes that it was an honor, and a special privilege, to have been invited to her Party.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

BY REVEREND W. J. MADDEN.

IT would be too much to expect that every incident of the long and full life of Mr. Gladstone should have been included even in the three bulky volumes in which Mr. Morley has with willing and laborious hands built up, I venture to say, a monument *ære perennius* to his friend and hero.

I confess, however, to a feeling of surprise, on closing the third volume, that no room was found for one of the most touching and significant tributes paid to Mr. Gladstone by grateful hearts in Ireland at a moment when both he and they were keenly suffering from the defeat of their most cherished hopes.

When in the summer of 1886 the first Home Rule Bill of the great Prime Minister was thrown out in the Commons, a multitude in Ireland, forgetful of their own indignant sorrow, felt that it might bring balm to the feelings of their defeated champion to express to him in some special way their deep and grateful acknowledgment of his immense labors in behalf of their forlorn cause.

Out of this came the Irish Pilgrimage to Hawarden, which Mr. Morley entirely omits, and *cujus minima pars fui.*

Mr. Morley was not present, and I suppose Mr. Gladstone, who travelled abroad a good deal after his resignation, forgot to jot it down in the "Journal of Seventy Years." But it was a most interesting occasion. Many cities in Ireland voted Mr. Gladstone the "freedom" of their ancient burghs, and a tentative wish was expressed that he should come to receive the grateful compliment in person. But there were obvious reasons against such a journey. He had just finished one of the most arduous campaigns of his arduous political life. At that time it might well be said of him, as Wolsey said of himself, "he was weary and old with service"—he was nearing his eightieth year—and the journey meant for him a triumphant progress. It meant addresses and speeches, banquets and toasts galore. Mr. Disraeli dreaded for him "inebriation from the exuberances of his own verbosity." It was nothing

to his danger, in Ireland, of being drowned in hospitable "punch." It was not to be thought of. Besides, the dire days of drastic Tory coercion had set in, and if a glance of Mr. Gladstone's "eagle eye" happened to fall on the commonest Irish policeman, said policeman could bring him before the nearest "stipendiary," swear "intimidation" against him, and get him six months of bread and water and a plank bed in one of Mr. Balfour's jails—as many a good man got afterwards for just as little.

No, it would never do to bring the good old man to such a country as that. So, as Mohammed could not go to the mountain, the mountain must go to him. Five Irish cities ordered their mayors and municipal officers to pack up, brave the autumnal waters of the Irish Channel, betake themselves to Mr. Gladstone's home—his "Temple of Peace"—and lay at his feet the grateful tribute of a million brimming Irish hearts. Thousands were eager and ready to go, but by previous negotiations with Hawarden the numbers were rather strictly limited. I got included by a legal or illegal fiction. My brother, Alderman Paul Madden, was in his second term as mayor of Cork. I suggested that he get his secretary to look up the musty records of that old Danish stronghold for a precedent of a mayor employing a chaplain to attend him at public functions. Whether it was found or not I cannot say. But as no one was ever known to do anything illegal in Ireland—you could not if you tried, there are so many laws—I took my commission "to come along as mayor's chaplain" as perfectly proper, and so I joined the Cork deputation. When I was subsequently presented to Mr. Gladstone as "my brother, sir, and *my chaplain*," I thought I saw the old war-horse of "legality" rear a bit—but that may have been fancy. At any rate, as they say here in my new country, "I got there," and I was very glad. I was the only priest in the whole expedition.

I regret that now this super-subtle distinction between the priest and the man or citizen must be dragged in here. But it must needs be. The days of anonymous writing seem to have gone by, and I cannot be insincere enough to allow it to be thought that it was as a Catholic priest I coveted presentation to Mr. Gladstone. I fully shared the shock and the hurt he did us all when he bitterly and (many said) venomously attacked the central and venerated seat of our church authority in his Vatican pamphlets. I was in a position to

know that the great majority, if not all, the Irish priesthood resented his dabbling in a theology in which he was very poorly equipped. This was clearly shown by his woful deficit of technical knowledge in the Neapolitan marriage case which he paraded with such a flourish against "Roman teaching." As a priest, then, I differed, *toto cælo*, from Mr. Gladstone's whole religious position, and could not as such have moved one step to show a regard for him I did not feel. Charity binds us to kindness and forgiveness, but does not order approval or condoning of what we think to be utter wrong-doing, no matter how mistaken.

But as a native of the "distressful country" where fortune cast my lot, I felt impelled to do all possible honor to the eminent statesman who had lived laborious days, only as he could live them, to bring his countrymen to do tardy justice to the luckless land they had despised so long and ruled so badly. For the man who had the splendid candor to tell Englishmen, steeped in age-crusted prejudice and misinformation on the subject of Ireland, that "the most disgraceful and dishonoring page in their history" would be England's dealings with that country, I had a great admiration. For the man who gave the highest proof a politician could give of disinterestedness by suffering the wreck of brilliant and assured political prospects and pre-eminence for himself, rather than drop the cause of Ireland, I felt, as an Irishman, the profoundest and sincerest gratitude. His overthrow and fall from power were due solely to what he tried to do for us, and the very stones would cry out were we voiceless to thank, to cheer, and to console him if we could. Therefore I was glad to go on this veritable pilgrimage of grateful devotion.

Our rendezvous was at Chester. When forgathered, I must say we made a very presentable and respectable appearance. My Lord Mayor of Dublin and the four provincial mayors looked brave in their shining hats and frocks. They wore flowers in their coats, except the man from Cashel, who I was told carried a shillelagh—not to break heads with but as a gift for the Grand Old Man and a fitting symbol of his head-breaking oratory. Their municipal functionaries might have come from Bond Street. There were some ladies there—not many—friends and wives, smuggled in like the chaplain by some fiction of the law. Among them was one weird personage from "the West," an American "newspaper woman" with

short, loose hair, dowdy dress, square, squat figure, and masculine features, to report for the great Republic. The British press was also largely represented. In fact, we looked so respectable that the quiet denizens of that dull old Roman relic did not know what to make of us. Some thought we came from Birmingham, some said Manchester, others Liverpool, on business of Free Trade. A few took us for Scotchmen on kirk matters; but no one dreamed of Ireland and Home Rule. The Chester folk missed the tattered hats, with dirty pipes stuck in them; the brass-buttoned swallow-tails, the knee-breeches, and short sticks in our hands. No such genteel people—"real swells"—could come from that land of semi-savages—poor Ireland! So off we went in brakes and drags and carriages along the road through that rich and lovely country towards the Welsh border in the bright sunshine of an early autumn day. Oh! the freedom and the joy of it as we thought of the coercion-ridden land we had just left behind. There was not the shadow of a Castle detective or a "peeler" with his note-book of "intimidation," and Lord Salisbury had the grace not to disturb Scotland Yard. When Mr Gladstone, surrounded by his family, received us on the green sward in front of his fine mansion and he bared his head, his venerable white hair was to us like a flag of truce unfurled, drawing us under the ægis of that redoubted champion of rational and legal liberty.

Now, if anybody looks for a description of any rude haste, or vulgar rushing or "mobbing" of any kind, from that crowd of forty or fifty Irish people, he will be very much disappointed. They displayed, on the contrary, the well-bred, easy demeanor of people moving about a drawing-room. If there was any enthusiasm it was on the part of our kind host, who greeted each of us with a courtly warmth and then presented us to his gentle, gracious wife, to his daughters, to his sons and sons-in-law.

"Now," he said, "for the business of the day you will please come to the library." Then followed an impressive scene that, for me at any rate, nor distance nor life's lengthening shadow has made less clear. When we had taken our places in that large and fine apartment, where the lore of many tongues and ages lined the walls, the ranking lord mayor read a single address in the name of the Irish people. Short, direct, and earnest it was: telling how they valued at the full

and to the highest his unsparing labors in the cause so dear to them; that defeat did not lessen their gratitude to him—only added thereto a sympathy with him in "love's labor lost"; how on that account they thought it little to have left their homes and entered upon this long journey to present to him in person the best and highest honor, poor as it was, left in their power to bestow—the "freedom" of their cities.

Then five officials advanced and laid on the long table, behind which Mr. Gladstone was standing, five handsomely-wrought, silver-mounted bog-oak caskets, all of Irish workmanship, containing the parchments. As he bent over them in momentary scrutiny a mingled look of pride and tenderness overspread his face, as if he heard within the beatings of many grateful Irish hearts. Then he drew himself up for the reply. What a lesson indeed was there for the young amongst us.

There was a man of seventy-eight, whose labors in public life for fifty years were the marvel of friend and foe, as erect and alert in body and in mind as the youngest there. He had no need in that room to call to any extent on the powers of the fine voice that so often charmed a listening senate and stilled an outdoor multitude; but in the calm, full, distinct tone we heard the softened echo of its grandeur. It was one of those speeches that cost the hearer no trouble to listen to, because it seems to cost the speaker so little to speak. It was a speech whose easy, unbroken flow came in upon the mind as a pleasing melody fills a delighted ear. It was the music of a perfect rhetoric. The kind gratitude of his Irish friends was very welcome and very soothing to him, for he confessed that of late he had had much to ruffle and to try him. It was more than that; it would be a stimulus to him in future action. Let them not part with hope; he did not regard his labor, though it fell short of success, as all lost; he had driven the idea of righteous justice to Ireland an inch or two deeper into the English mind, and it was there to stay until, if the Almighty spared him, he could wield his hammer again. He had to drag his countrymen like the boy unwilling to take his physic; he had hopes to drag them again, and for a fuller dose. He then took for his text a recent magazine article by Mr. Goldwin Smith condemnatory of himself and his Irish policy; and when he had done with that library-statesman, amid flashes of his old fire, there were very few frag-

ments of that gentleman left to be gathered up. Then, with a few graceful words of hearty welcome to his roof-tree, he wound up a speech of nearly an hour as fresh as when he began—a great treat!

"Now, gentlemen," said our youthful host of seventy-eight, "let us adjourn for luncheon." I noticed he ignored the women and the chaplain—they were plainly *illegal*. In the dining-room we found a bounteous repast set out. But what was this? Where were the trim waiters and liveried butlers one naturally looked for in this baronial hall? Not a flunky in sight. Who were those quiet people who glided about attending to our wants? Why, they were Mr. Gladstone's parson son, and his parson son-in-law, and his son Herbert, M.P., and Miss Gladstone his daughter! They were serving their guests. The American woman said the Gladstones put her in mind of those Puritan families we read of in the eighteenth century—she felt transplanted by her visit into an older and simpler time. Pure phantasy! No Puritans would have given us haunch of venison and the best champagne. Our banquet, too, would have been enlivened with little speeches and songs had it not been intimated to the guests that a member of the family (Mrs. Drew) lay critically ill upstairs. But, perhaps, the lady from Chicago did not quite understand the incident of waiting on table. To most of us it seemed the most delicate and tactful compliment that Mr. Gladstone could pay his guests. It admitted them to membership with his family, thus thoughtfully reciprocating his own admission to the freedom of their cities. Our kind attendants, after our wants had been cared for, sat down and ate with us.

Lunch over, our host made us free of all the lower apartments and grounds to stroll about as we pleased. I, for one, was attracted at once to his smaller library, where he did all his reading and work. It was a room fit to fill a student's dream. The long, low windows looked upon a neatly-trimmed lawn, rich in parterres of beautiful flowers. Beyond was the deepening shade of the wooded park. The soft carpet, the easy chairs, the books on swivel stands—accessible without reaching high or stooping low, a great desideratum in a library—the walls hung, not crowdedly, with some good paintings—landscapes and scenes of foreign lands—a few *objets d'art* here and there,—all invited to the student's calm. At one end

of the room, carefully set out in a stand of polished wood, was a collection of axes, all of the finest workmanship, gifts from Mr. Gladstone's mechanic admirers—mindful of his foible for tree-felling. On the writing-table was the latest copy, just opened, of the member for Louth's weekly paper, the *Irish Nation*.

I had just finished this rapid survey when Mr. Gladstone came in. "I am glad," he said, "to find you interested in this room. It is my favorite room. It cost me a good deal of work, though. For instance, you see here between five and six thousand volumes. I placed them all with my own hand, arranged in departments: here is history; here the classics—Greek and Latin; here, works in modern languages; here, biography; here, miscellaneous and light literature; here, politics and finance; and here (with a bow) is your department—Theology." One could be in no better place than that one room to understand the "infinite variety" of this wonderful man.

"Now," he said, "I have asked the guests to accompany me on a walk to the old Castle—it is not far; it stands right in the grounds, but there is an ascent of some four to five hundred feet to the top; if not too much, I should like you to come." Then I took a small liberty. "Mr. Gladstone," I said, "we have all heard of your feats in cutting down trees; if not asking more than I ought, would you mind showing me a specimen of what you have done." "Come," he said. And away we went through the garden out into the park a few hundred paces. "There," said the kind and simple hearted old man, "I cut that down last week." It was an ash or elm cut to almost a foot to the ground—clean and nearly even. It measured three to four feet in diameter! When eight years later he carried his second Home Rule Bill through its third reading in the House of Commons, to the wonder of every one, I thought of that day in Hawarden when he stood by that old tree-trunk and said to me so simply, "And you know I did it all by myself." It taught me to understand why he had been able to do so many more difficult things of a different sort "all by himself."

We rejoined the waiting crowd and set off for the Castle. It is a dismantled relic of the old feudal fighting times, and stands on the borders of Wales, wrapped all round in its mourning vesture of creeping weeds and ivy. Peace to the cruel times when a man's home was also his fortress!—may

they never wake again; and I was glad to think that he who was now walking at my side was the man of all others in his time who contributed most to deepen their slumbers and chant above them the gospel of brotherhood and peace.

Mr. Gladstone led the way up the old winding stone stairway with an easy, buoyant tread. Half way up he said to me: "Come this way first. I have discovered a chamber that must have been the chapel of this old stronghold—very interesting; they practised religion with all their fighting." "Here," he said as he entered it, "was the place where the altar must have stood, those two small windows indicate it; and this niche or recess was for some kind of a statue or emblem." "Pardon me," I said, "that is what, in liturgical phrase, is called a *credence table*, where the requisites for Mass are laid until the end of the *Credo*—hence its name." That was the only word at all approaching controversy that we had. It had large possibilities in it touching the old Catholic times on his own estate in the days before the Reformation fever raged. But whether it was he felt a little nettled at this slight correction, not at all rudely offered—it was well within my province to make it—or that he simply did not believe me, he said, rather abruptly, "Let us now go up higher and view the country!" So we went to the highest parapet. It was a glorious day and there was certainly a glorious view. The Welsh mountains rose on the right, and all around lay the garden land of England.

"There," said Mr. Gladstone, pointing eastward, "is the fine seat of my neighbor and one time friend, the Duke of Westminster—Eaton Hall." "Yes," he continued with a sigh, "Home Rule for you cost me that friendship among many lost—and I valued him more than all the rest!" "But," he added cheerily, "I regret nothing, and am prepared to sacrifice more than that for what I deem to be the right and only upright course." We thanked him warmly and began to descend. Our carriages were now waiting, and when we took our places, on the same green sward as in the morning stood Mr. Gladstone and his family to bid us a kind farewell. Our men waved their hats and the women their flags of distress, and we were borne on our different ways.

A memorable day!

Oakland, Cal.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH": A STORY.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"NOW, mother, it is not necessary for you to do a thing but get strong; my salary is large enough to take care of you too, and if it were not I would manage in some other way."

Kate Rollan said this proudly, standing before the elder lady on the veranda of the little white cottage, and shaking her finger emphatically, as she shook it at the boys and girls in the frame school-house when she desired to impress them with her authority.

Mrs. Rollan, half reclining among the gay-colored pillows of the hammock, sighed that her days could not be as filled with work as her daughter's; yet the next moment she smiled as though a burden were lifted from her shoulders.

"After awhile, dear, perhaps I shall not be so useless," she replied.

"Useless!" echoed Kate, darting over to her with an embrace—"you will never be that, mother, for you are home and love to me. You must remember, too, that you are not so very old—only forty-five—and when our fine Texas air brings the roses back to your cheeks you will be handsomer than ever."

"Flatterer!" laughed Mrs. Rollan; but the faint blush of pleasure that stole over her usually pallid face told that her daughter was right—a glow of color made it beautiful.

A year before the selectmen of the town of D——, being wide awake in educational matters, had sent to Boston for a teacher, and Kate, having graduated with honor from "the Normal," was so fortunate as to obtain the position.

Yet it parted her from the one being to whom she fain would have clung—her mother. The months of separation had been very long to both of them, but now that weary trial was past. "How happily Providence arranged it all," Kate said. For, when the widow broke down in trying to do reporting for the newspapers, the doctors declared Texas would be the

best place for her to go to recuperate, and almost at the same time Kate's salary was raised, so that she was able to take the cottage and engage black Azalia as general factotum.

Mrs. Rollan had been in her new home only a week; it was now an afternoon of October, Kate had come home from school, and there was yet an hour left of the bright day.

"Mother," she said, drawing a wicker chair up beside the hammock, "I want you to tell me the story of this keepsake that you brought me. See, I am wearing it for the first time; it gives quite an aristocratic air to my plain frock. But who is this, dear?"

As she spoke she touched the spring of a locket that hung from her neck by a fine gold chain, and revealed a treasure that evidently had once been far more precious to some one than the jewelled ornament.

Mrs. Rollan unmistakably started.

Kate unclasped the chain and held the trinket in her hand. The other woman took it from her and said hesitatingly, as she bent an eager gaze upon it, "I—I intended to take out the picture."

The exquisitely painted bit of ivory represented a good-looking young man of twenty-five or six, smooth-shaven and with fairly regular features. The eyes were frank and kind, the mouth was smiling yet firm, the hair was worn a trifle long, in the fashion that is now returning, and the dress was of the style of a generation ago. The face bore no resemblance to the "counterfeit presentment" of the late Edward Rollan, which, large as life and framed in heavy gilt, hung within doors in the little drawing-room; nor yet was it like the old photograph of her mother's brother enshrined in the family album. Obviously, it was some one of whom the girl had never heard.

As Mrs. Rollan looked at the miniature her eyes grew misty. Kate's attention was apparently fixed upon the beauty of the sunset sky, but she more than suspected that her companion not only caressed the locket but furtively kissed it.

"Mother gave it to me in its small velvet case, without looking at it, and she said it was the only bit of jewelry left from the wreck of her fortunes. I know only too well that the rest was pawned, piece by piece, in the years before I was able to help replenish our finances," reflected the daughter bitterly.

The ruin she deplored had been wrought by the dissipation and extravagance of the husband and father.

After a moment Mrs. Rollan became self-possessed once more; yet she said nothing as she returned the trinket.

Not only was Kate's curiosity aroused, but her woman's heart was touched. Sliding down upon her knees beside the hammock, she wound her arms around her mother affectionately.

"Dearest, was this young man in the picture some one who loved you, some one whom you might have loved had you chosen differently?" she asked with half-teasing earnestness.

The mother patted the encircling arms, and then with a sudden resoluteness disengaged herself from them.

"Nonsense, Kate," she answered in her accustomed tone of prosaic cheerfulness. "It is a portrait of Arthur Terriss, your father's step-brother. You know your grandmother married, for the second time, a widower with one son."

"But Arthur Terriss gave it to you," persisted Kate, loath to relinquish the idea of a romance.

"You are mistaken. I found it among the things your grandmother left by will to me as Edward's wife."

Kate was puzzled and, consequently, by no means satisfied. She slipped back into her chair again, and for a few minutes the two women sat silent. Then the younger hazarded softly: "Mother, where is Arthur Terriss now?"

Mrs. Rollan brought back her thoughts to the present with a difficulty which betrayed that they had been far afield.

"Child, he went away long ago," she rejoined with a shade of impatience. "He has not been heard of for years, and I doubt if he is still living."

Rising from the hammock, she picked up the red and yellow cushions, and making some excuse about smoothing her hair before supper, went into the house.

"Mother has a secret, and I am sure the miniature is associated with it," soliloquized Kate, as she again fastened the chain about her neck and disposed the locket so that its three tiny diamonds would show best against her white throat.

Time seems to fly doubly fast in the enterprising State of Texas, and the young school-teacher had her hands full of duties. Not only was she occupied with her scholars during

the week, but she taught in the Sunday-school of the growing Catholic church of the town and was interested in all its societies. Moreover, if no one among her friends was more light-hearted than she, perhaps it was because, regularly before the altar of this humble church, she prayed for strength and courage, and literally for the "daily bread" necessary to keep her mother and herself from want.

Yet, life was not all a dull gray monotone. There were holidays filled with sunshine when, by forgetting yesterday and taking no thought of to-morrow, she might be as care-free as her youth sometimes demanded. Kate was a favorite in the society of D——, and the winter passed pleasantly. Where young people are gathered together there Cupid is alert and active, and some authorities declare that down in Texas he uses a lassoo instead of arrows. However that may be, he managed to entangle a manly stranger and led him captive to Kate. David Cranston had come to D—— to visit his chum of the years spent at the Jesuit University at Galveston. He had since studied mining engineering and was on his way to his home in the Republic of Mexico, where his father had interests in certain mines.

David soon showed that he was in earnest, and Mrs. Rollan contemplated his courtship rather sadly. He was a suitor against whom she could offer no valid objection, yet she wished he would go away. This only daughter and she had been everything to each other for so long that she could not welcome any one who might take Kate from her.

The girl reassured her.

"Do not worry, mother," she said; "David has asked me to marry him, but of course I said 'No.' I have my work and you, and what more do I need to make me happy!"

Thereupon, mentally reproaching herself for her selfishness, Mrs. Rollan became as unwilling that Kate should banish David as before she had been eager for his exile.

When the visit to his chum drew to a close he called to take leave of his sweetheart.

"I am going down to Mexico, but I shall be back here before long," he said as he glanced around the little drawing-room, and then once more at the girl, who had never seemed to him prettier.

"Your people will be glad to see you again," stammered Kate.

"Yes, and there are many friends whom I shall be glad to see also," he rejoined; "especially one who has always made much of me—our neighbor Señor Teressano. Have I never spoken to you of him?"

"No, I think not," she said.

"He is a typical gentleman of the Spanish school, yet by birth he is an American," continued David with boyish enthusiasm; "his name was originally Terence, or something like that."

A wildly improbable thought leaped into Kate's fertile mind.

"Could it possibly have been Terriss?" she suggested, half idly.

"Terriss? That is it, by Jove!" he ejaculated. "How the deu—pardon me, Miss Rollan, but how in the world did you know?"

"It was only a hazard," she replied evasively. "What is the Christian name of your friend?"

"Arturo. He is the Señor Arturo Teressano," David answered.

Kate's brain grew confused. She shivered with nervousness, and straightway felt a hot flush steal over her, as she tore the locket from her neck, and, opening it, held out the miniature to her lover.

"Does your señor look anything like this?" she inquired with tense interest.

David regarded her in speechless surprise as, taking the locket, he scrutinized the portrait.

"There is a faint likeness certainly," he admitted; "only Señor Teressano is over fifty years of age. But"—and the young man's voice was not altogether steady, for, being a lover, he was jealous to the point of absurdity—"may I ask why you wear this picture?"

Great as was the tension of her nerves, Kate smiled; and, having no wish to torment him, she told him as much of the story of the locket as she had been able to gather from her mother.

"Miss Rollan, I indeed believe the señor is the same Arthur Terriss whom you call your uncle," exclaimed Cranston; "because the first time I met you I had an impression that I had seen your face before, and now I know where. It was

your portrait that I saw, a large painting in oils, which hangs in Señor Teressano's house."

"Ah, it cannot be; he went away before my mother was married; he does not know of my existence," she sighed, fearing she had been too confident.

"Well, perhaps it was your *mother's* portrait? At your age she must have looked very much as you do now?"

"So I have been told," Kate responded, her spirits again in the ascendant.

"Mr. Cranston—David, is the Señor Teressano married?"

"No, he is a bachelor, but one of the gentle, kindly sort."

"And is he, uh—well off?"

The young man hesitated. Then, with some unwillingness, as if he regretted to demolish the air-castle he had helped her to build, he answered:

"Oh! you know one can live on so little in that tropical country that what would be a small income here is comparative wealth in Mexico."

The girl's face absolutely brightened.

"Since he is poor, he is not so far removed from us," she said contentedly.

"I dare not inform my mother of our discovery until I have positive proof. But you will speak to the Señor Teressano of us? You will write and tell me what he says? We have no near relatives; and, although he is not really related to us, I think it would make mother happier to see, or even communicate with him. I am almost sure he is connected with some romance of her girlhood."

"Miss Kate, I will make it my first duty to tell him, and you shall hear from me promptly," promised David, only too glad of the opportunity for correspondence thus offered to himself.

A few days of waiting followed the departure of Cranston. Then came a letter from him that set Kate's heart aglow with exultation.

He had seen and talked with the Señor Teressano, who was indeed no other than Arthur Terriss. The señor was overjoyed to hear that his stepbrother's widow was living in the great Gulf State, and that she had a daughter who was so charming, energetic, and independent.

David enclosed the address and advised Kate to write to

the señor. Still, she dared not reveal, to the one most interested, what she had done. She wanted first to guard against any possible disappointment. So she wrote Arthur Terriss a long letter out of the impetuosity of her warm young heart, and asked him to come to D—— to renew the early friendship with her mother and make her own acquaintance.

The missive ended with a little sentence, framed with much care and delicacy, lest she should hurt the feelings of an old man, and saying that if he felt he could not afford to make the journey she would be only too glad to send a post-office order to defray part of the expense; her salary had been raised a second time, and she would not miss the amount of the little present.

Poor Kate! This idea was a wild extravagance, but she was willing to offer the sacrifice at the shrine of family affection.

Terriss—or, as he was now known, the Señor Teressano—did not keep her long in suspense. His reply was an odd combination of stilted Spanish courtliness and American sincerity.

"He had heard years ago that Mrs. Rollan was not living," he said, "but he was rejoiced to learn from Kate that, gracias Dios, the climate of Texas was fast restoring that most esteemed lady to health. He would come north to visit them very soon, probably in a few weeks; he thanked his dear niece—so he asked to be permitted to call her—for the offer of the post-office order, but he thought he could manage to pay for the trip. He would gladly give his last 'piastre' for the happiness of seeing her mother again."

Now that Kate had time for reflection she hoped she had not been rash in inveigling a man who was well on toward sixty years to make an inroad upon his small savings for the sake of a memory of his early manhood.

"But no," she soliloquized, "if he spends his money I will try to make it up to him. Mother is lonely sometimes out here in Texas, and it will be a joy for them to talk over the days of their youth."

It was late in the summer.

Mrs. Rollan still loved to linger at the corner of the veranda, but now she was always engaged with her embroidery; a New York firm bought all of her beautiful needlework that she could send them.

Kate sought her in her favorite retreat and, with true feminine diplomacy, led up to the great surprise by talking of David Cranston. Perhaps she revealed more of her heart than she intended, for her dark lashes glistened suspiciously as, breaking off abruptly, she said with tender artfulness: "Now, mother, I have given you my confidence, won't you give me yours? Tell me about the portrait in the locket!"

Mrs. Rollan dropped her work and buried her face in her hands. How could she refuse to unburden her memory to the daughter who was so devoted to her?

"It is a simple story, my dear," she said at last, raising her head, and gazing absently before her.

"When I was a girl my home was in New York. My mother's friend, Mrs. Terriss (who had been Mrs. Rollan, you know), was very fond of me, and often had me with her. Thus I became acquainted with her son Edward Rollan and her stepson Arthur Terriss. Edward was soon my lover, but I liked Arthur better; and it seemed as if he loved me. He and Edward, although not related, were brothers in affection, and his stepmother had been kind to the lonely boy. Edward, however, soon became madly jealous of Arthur; Mrs. Terriss also grew cold to him, for she wished me to marry her son; and the end of it was that Arthur disappeared, leaving a letter in which he said he had accepted a position in the Central American branch of a New York business house that deals in tropical products. There was not a word of farewell to me. My pride was hurt that I had given my love to one who thus cast it from him. Edward wooed with redoubled ardor. He was very prepossessing, and the future promised him much. I grew to care for him in a milder way, and after awhile we were married."

Mrs. Rollan passed over the ensuing years in silence; but Kate understood. The two women always refrained from speaking of the faults of Edward Rollan, the one from wifely, the other from filial, loyalty.

"After old Mrs. Terriss died," the older lady continued, "I found the locket among her belongings. I kept it, but did not trust myself to look at the miniature. One trinket I did not find—another locket containing my portrait, painted when I was a very young girl, which my mother had given her.

"As a faithful wife I banished the image of Arthur from my

mind, and even when death broke the bond that bound me I would not suffer my thoughts to dwell upon the first love of my youth. But since I have been here in this southern country, since I looked at the miniature and have seen you wearing the locket, I have been haunted by recollections of the days when I was a girl. And yet for years I have believed Arthur Terriss dead."

"No, no, mother, he is alive!" Kate broke out eagerly, unable longer to keep back her story. "You have thought of him so much, perhaps, because he has been nearer to you than for years before. Mother, he is in Mexico. David knows him."

Mrs. Rollan started to her feet.

"Arthur is living?" she repeated in a dazed way.

"Yes, I have written to him and have received a reply. He is coming to visit us. Dearest! what have I done?"

Springing forward the girl stretched forth her arms just in time to prevent her mother from falling. Mrs. Rollan had fainted.

"Of course mother and Arthur Terriss are past the age of romance now," Kate said to herself with the positiveness of her twenty years.

Nevertheless, anxious that he should see that her mother had not altogether lost her comeliness, she persuaded the gentle lady to smarten up her frocks and to turn her wavy hair back from her face in a soft roll, as she had worn it long ago. The result was that she did not look a day over forty.

At last the expected guest arrived, and with him came David Cranston. On the surface everything was absolutely commonplace. From behind the vines of the veranda Kate saw them nonchalantly walking from the station. As they approached the house, however, and the señor caught sight of the ladies on the porch, he quickened his pace and sprang up the steps as agilely as David.

Mrs. Rollan, hospitable, gracious, but self-possessed, hastened forward to greet him.

"Margaret," he cried, and his voice had the softness of the Mexican accent as, taking both her hands in his, he raised them to his lips. Was the impulse but a Spanish courtesy or something more?

With a stately formality he led her back to her chair, and

then turned to Kate, who was ready to forgive his tardy notice of her, since she in turn had been engrossed in welcoming David.

The Señor Teressano did not appear nearly so elderly as she had supposed him to be. He was tall and of fine physique, with blue eyes, and although his hair was gray, his clean-shaven face and slightly sunbrowned complexion showed him to be a well preserved man; "good for twenty years yet," as he laughingly said of himself. His clothes were of fine cloth, if not perhaps quite up to date, and he had not only an air of distinction but of the perfect neatness that bespeaks refinement. The girl decided that he was one who, under all circumstances, would prove a gentleman.

The hotel of the town was the headquarters of the visitors, but every evening saw them at the little house of the Rollans; and often during the day the señor was there too, for he loved to chat with Kate's mother while she worked at her embroidery.

A month had passed, when one evening Kate, who was waiting for David in the drawing-room, caught a few words that were wafted in from the corner of the veranda by the September breeze.

"But, Arthur, why did you go away?" queried the sweet voice of Mrs. Rollan.

The tender earnestness of the señor's answer surprised the girl, and made her forget that she was playing the part of eavesdropper.

"*Señora mia,*" he said, "it was because I loved you, yet Edward had wooed you first. I thought you were indifferent to me. Had my rival been any one but my stepbrother, I would have remained and striven manfully to win you; but I could not try to wrest from him the treasure I believed he was on the point of gaining. Sometimes, however, I have wondered if my going was a mistake."

He paused, but Mrs. Rollan did not answer.

Yet Kate, as she held her breath, felt intuitively that her mother would fain have cried out with passionate directness, that he might well doubt. Had he done right or wrong to go? Was his idea of honor the true one? He had sacrificed his own happiness in the name of friendship; but had he been just to the woman he loved?

And yet Margaret had acknowledged to her daughter that it was of her own free will she had married Edward Rollan. Why did she marry at all? At the cross-roads of life, when she found herself separated from Arthur, she had voluntarily chosen her path; how then could she blame him for the sorrows of her way?

"If I had stayed would you have loved me?" he urged.

Still she did not speak. Even though she had been long a widow, the memory of the years when she was a wife prevented her from admitting that her young heart had at first been given to Arthur. The past, from the first day she had seriously listened to Edward's wooing until his death, belonged to the man who had been her husband. Since then life had been the succession of gray days that sometimes follow a storm.

The señor sighed with disappointment but persisted.

"It is needless to tell you of my varying fortunes, except that I came northward from Peru. Your portrait, painted from the miniature I took away with me, has been the only woman's face I cared to see in my home. Well, we will not speak of the past but of the present and the future; your future and mine, at least, are in your hands. I love you still, I can keep you from want. Margaret, will you love me now and henceforth; will you be my wife?"

Kate heard the woman who had been the love of his life tremulously answer "Yes."

Then she stole out of the house and walked down the road to meet David. Neither the señor nor her mother seemed as elderly to her as they had half an hour earlier. For love is the true fountain of perpetual youth, and he who quaffs of its waters grows young again in all that makes the joy of living.

The announcement of the approaching marriage of the Señor Teressano and Mrs. Rollan was received with pleasure by all save one of the friends whom Kate and her mother had made in D——. To their astonishment, David Cranston was unmistakably gloomy over the news. He avoided the Rollans for days, and when he finally called to offer his congratulations the elder lady good-naturedly gave him a chance to "make up" what she supposed to be a lover's quarrel.

The few minutes alone with Kate which he usually so prized now threatened, however, to be an awkward quarter of

an hour for both. The girl chatted gaily of the coming wedding.

"The señor will take his bride beyond the Rio Grande, and they have made me promise to go with them," she volunteered. "Of course my mother's marriage will make quite a difference to me."

She was half-ashamed at venturing to hint to him thus that now, with her mother provided for, she herself was free.

But to David her words were as a match to a fuse, and an explosion succeeded.

"That is just it," he cried, jumping up and pacing the floor in excitement. "In bringing about the reunion of my friend and your mother, I have defeated my own hopes. I love you, I want you for my wife, but they will take you away."

"And will it be too far for you to follow?" inquired Kate with a touch of scorn.

"Miss Rollan, is it possible that you do not understand?" he exclaimed, facing her. "The Señor Teressano is one of the wealthiest mine-owners in the southern republic. Can it be that your mother is not yet aware of this?"

"Mother thinks he has only a little property," she exclaimed aghast. "Why you, yourself, told—or at least let me suppose —that he was poor."

"I only wanted to test you," he admitted.

"Well, at any rate, David, what has his position to do with us?"

"Don't you see, dear," he said, melting as she uttered the little word that seemed to link them together, "the señor will be able to make a brilliant marriage for you? Your mother will naturally want to see you well settled; you yourself—why, every woman likes luxury, and I am only a mining engineer, with good prospects, it is true, but a small income."

"Yet you love me?" Kate repeated in a voice that thrilled him. "You still wish to marry me?"

"I love you, and will marry you to-morrow if you are willing," he answered, forgetting everything else.

"Then, David," said the little school-teacher bravely, "your love is more to me than all the wealth of Mexico, because I have prayed, not for riches but for happiness."

Ontario

HILDESHEIM, THE CAPITAL OF THE PRINCE-BISHOPS.

BY C. T. MASON.

ALTHOUGH Hildesheim, the capital of the Prince-Bishops, has increased in size on the north-west side, in the vicinity of the railroad station, in the new portion where the houses are all of brick; although it has acquired a certain industrial importance, yet the interior of the town has remained precisely as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Speaking generally, only the churches and the public monuments are of a date more ancient, or else more modern, and in a different style. In all the streets of the centre are houses with pointed gables, roofs curving inward or bulging upward, stories overlapping each other, buildings with their casements, rafters, and panels all richly carved. The reliefs recall scenes taken from the Old and New Testaments, or scenes from life, mythological episodes, symbolic compositions, and allegorical figures, such as Justice, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, and the like; or portraits of the prophets, kings, and emperors. The best preserved of these carvings are painted and gilded, and are covered with inscriptions taken from the Bible, with sentences and dates. Some of these belong to the sixteenth century, but the majority are of the seventeenth.

It is a peculiar charm that the visitor experiences in strolling through these quiet, winding streets, refractory every one of them to the laws of modern alignment, deciphering the inscriptions and the reliefs on the façades. He goes from one surprise to another, admiring everywhere the ingenuity and the patience of these "artists of the chisel," who knew so well how to decorate their structures with so original a taste. Later generations have respected the venerable work of their forefathers to such an extent that, in the interior of the town, they have erected but few houses of stone and very few modern structures. The sensation of the past which the visitor experiences is not even disturbed by the passing of a

tramway, for Hildesheim is one of those rare towns in Germany where tramways are unknown.

The most characteristic feature of the town is the Market Place. In the centre, in front of the Rathhaus, is a fountain of the sixteenth century, surmounted by a statue of Roland in armor. The façade of the town hall (the Rathhaus), with its statues, its little tower, its pointed doors, and sharp gables surrounding the belfry, forms the groundwork of the picture; the sides of the square are the frame, to the right being the high, severe façade of the Templarhaus (house of the Templars), separated by a lane from the Wedekindhaus, a wooden structure with three gables. On the west side, above a passageway, flanked on either side by two small shops, its five stories overlapping each other, is one of the most picturesque houses in Hildesheim, the Boucherhaus, or house of the Butchers. In the Osterstrasse, behind the town hall, there stands a corner house perhaps even more noticeable as a feature of ornamentation.

Interesting to art-lovers as is this collection of houses, respected by time and the hand of man, this merit is not peculiar to Hildesheim alone; for its neighbor, Brunswick, is of as characteristic an aspect, and, indeed, the same may be said of many other towns in Germany whose churches and convents bear tangible witness to a past devoted to the Catholic Faith. Even the founding of Hildesheim has a religious origin. The story goes that the Emperor Charlemagne, after his defeat by the Saxons in 815 A. D., proposed to erect an archbishopric in the country adjoining his residence at Elze, as he had done on previous occasions in other parts of Saxony. He died, however, without fulfilling this intention. His son, Louis the Debonnaire, an ardent lover of the chase, found himself one day on a hunting expedition in this part of the country, in company with his chaplain. The latter, having said Mass in the open air, forgot on his departure to take the relics of the Virgin from the altar. Returning in haste, he found them on the trunk of the tree on which he had placed them; but, in spite of his efforts, he was unable to remove them. In the face of all this it was taken as being the will of God that a sanctuary should be erected on the spot, and accordingly a chapel to the Virgin was built upon the site now occupied by the present cathedral. Bishop Altfried, the first

incumbent of the diocese established at Hildesheim, built the choir of the new church on the ancient chapel, which then became the crypt. This church, consecrated in 872 A. D., was in existence for one hundred and sixty-six years. In 1032, under Bishop Ditmar, it was destroyed by fire, along with a portion of the town.

Dating from the eleventh century, the history of the cathedral and of the other sanctuaries of Hildesheim is the same as that of the bishops, and especially of St. Bernward. This bishopric was given to him in 898 A. D., under the reign of Otto III., whose preceptor he had been. The Empress Theophanie, wife of Otto II., had brought with her from Byzance, her native country, a number of workers in metals (gold and silver), as well as artists in mosaics and oils. Introduced to the court of this sovereign, Bernward was able to develop his natural taste for the arts and to initiate himself in the matter of technique. The models which he saw increased his disposition in this direction, so that later he established an art school at Hildesheim. Several of the subjects from his chisel are still preserved, some in the treasury of the cathedral, others in the church of St. Madeline. Notable among these are, a silver cross ornamented with 250 pearls and precious stones, a crucifix of somewhat primitive design, two silver chandeliers, some reliquaries, and a chalice, the interior of which represents the scene of the Supper, the foot being adorned with subjects enriched with gems, among these subjects being the Three Graces, nude, inserted "without malice" by the saintly bishop among the religious subjects. He had probably acquired this chalice at Rome, during the visit which he made there in 1001 with the Emperor Otto III. The sight of the Trajan Column inspired him, doubtless, with the idea of erecting at Hildesheim a similar column in bronze to the glory of Christ. This column, recovered in 1810, was at first erected in the cathedral close, but later it was removed to the sacristy to make room for a statue of St. Bernward.

Twelve feet in height, formed by a band of metal rolled eight times from right to left, and representing twenty-eight scenes from the life of Christ, from his birth to his entry into Jerusalem, this column is of a sculpture superior to that of the famous doors of bronze with which St. Bernward decorated the cathedral. These doors are sixteen feet in height and seven in

width, and are divided into sixteen panels, containing as many episodes from the Bible. Those of the left leaf are taken from Genesis, while those of the right are borrowed from the Gospels. These bas-reliefs are of a clumsy and yet ingenious workmanship, sadly lacking in perspective but revealing qualities as natural and true to life as possible. To St. Bernward is also attributed the conception of the large bronze lustre, in the form of a crown, which hangs in the cathedral, although the execution of it is posterior to his time. In a series of metallic niches the apostles and prophets are here represented as supports of the spiritual life.

St. Bernward also encouraged works of construction. The most beautiful monument built under his episcopate was the church of St. Michael, with its crypt. The original plan of this church, the greater portion of which has been destroyed, is still in possession of the town. It shows the church to have been a basilica with three naves, double transepts, choirs facing east and west, and six belfries, four of which were surmounted by towers symmetrical in form. These towers are no longer in existence, the church, since the eleventh century, having been several times modified and restored. Of the primitive construction there remains to-day no more than the pulpit above the altar, this pulpit having a balustrade ornamented with figures. In the following century the wainscoting of the platform was decorated by a monk of the name of Rathmann, an abbé of the cloister of St. Michael adjoining the church, and built by St. Bernward. The paintings represent the Tree of Jesse, the prophets, and Jesus, the Saviour of the world. In the crypt of the church is the tomb of St. Bernward.

It was also St. Bernward who had the lower town adjacent to the river surrounded by a wall. The upper town, comprising the cathedral, the palace of the bishop, and the adjoining houses, were already protected by an enclosure. At this period the diocese was very important; bounded by those of Hildesheim on the east, by Minden on the west, by Verden on the north, and by Mayence on the south, it comprised no less than two hundred and seventy-one villages.

The successor of St. Bernward, Bishop Godehard, an abbot of a Bavarian monastery, called by the Emperor Henry to the see of Hildesheim, built the churches of St. Bartholomew and St. André (the second of which alone remains), added an

entrance to the cathedral, and built there a gallery with colonnade and high towers. Dying in 1037, he was buried in the crypt. The cathedral was rebuilt under Bishop Hezilo (1054–1079), who bequeathed a new nave to the ancient choir of the church contemporary with Altfried, and covered the roof with copper. Barring the modifications which were introduced in the sixteenth century, and especially in the eighteenth century, in the style and interior decoration, the church is the same to-day as it was originally planned. In the twelfth century a cloister was added to the cathedral with a double row of arcades, enclosing the cemetery of St. Ann contiguous to the arch and transept, and which contains two chapels of a posterior date. While this cloister is overgrown with ivy, the exterior wall of the arch is invaded by a thick growth of vegetation, a foot in depth, from a rosebush. Growing out of the ground in the midst of the tombs of the bishops, its branches reach to the roof, thirty-five feet above. A legend makes it contemporary with Louis the Debonnaire, and asserts that the tree on which his chaplain had forgotten the relics was changed into a rosebush, although the ancient manuscripts all speak of an ash. The question has often been gravely discussed, as has also the antiquity of the rosebush at Hildesheim. A congress of botanists has lately decided that the tree cannot be more than three hundred years old.

The cathedral contains other objects of curiosity; first, a little column placed in front of the entrance to the choir and often mistaken for the pedestal of Irminsul, an idol of the ancient Saxons; a magnificent stone gallery of the sixteenth century, representing the scenes of the Passion, and, at the entrance to the church, fonts of the twelfth century and panels of sculptured wood—all very remarkable. The treasury, besides the souvenirs of St. Bernward, also contains some specimens of the goldsmith's art; among others a bishop's crosier of the fifteenth century, very finely executed.

At the end of the town, near the fortifications, now converted into promenades, is the church of St. Godehard, built in the twelfth century, in the Romish style, by Bishop Bernward, and finished by his successor, Adelog.

Not far from here stands the ancient church of St. Paul, now transformed into a restaurant, and, further to the west, the ancient convent of the Carmelites, St. Martin's, now a

museum. A portion of the church of St. André has also been similarly desecrated. It contains some sculptured woods, mouldings of ancient sculpture, and plans and sketches of old houses. The other portion is assigned to Protestant worship, the austerity of which must contrast oddly with the rococo ornamentation of this Gothic pile.

The dozen or more churches which still exist, the numerous convents whose battlements are still preserved, all attest that Hildesheim, under the government of the prince-bishops, must have been essentially an ecclesiastical city. So well has she preserved this character that, even at this distant date, she seems to know no other sound than that of her bells!

As the visitor strolls through the quiet and deserted streets of Hildesheim, down the shady walks that have replaced the fortifications, from the Gagen Thor to the Goschen-Thor, as he looks around him on the smiling landscape, to the distant and verdant horizon, where the red-tiled roofs of houses appear like dabs of paint upon the trees; as he saunters by the ancient dikes that have now become ornamental pieces of water in the public gardens, in which the swans swim; as he passes along the banks of the Innerste, a river whose waters seem to know no other duty than that of turning mills, between the arms of which an islet, formed from a morsel of meadow land, serves for a cemetery where the dead lie under the grass, he might easily imagine that this little town of Hildesheim has always enjoyed the peace of a provincial calm, the serenity of religious contentment. But, alas! few towns, even in Germany, have had destinies as agitated and as tumultuous as Hildesheim.

Strifes of the communal council against the authority of the prince-bishops; quarrels between these and their neighbors; and, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, religious divisions on the introduction of the Reformation—this has been in part the story of Hildesheim. The history of the latter period (that of the Reformation) bears witness to the ardor with which the evangelical worship was promulgated in Germany.

The new religion endeavored by degrees (from 1526 to 1530) to insinuate itself at Hildesheim. Its emissaries were driven away. Eleven years went by before evangelical preaching could establish itself there. During these years a portion of the inhabitants, won over to the doctrines of Luther, overthrew the ancient council; its successor permitted the preach-

ing of the new faith by the teachers sent from the neighboring towns; the churches were closed, the use of the bells prohibited. In 1543 Hildesheim even entered into the League of Smalcald, formed by the Reformed princes and by the cities adherent to their cause, to resist the authority of the Emperor Charles V. The Landgrave Philippe of Hesse was proclaimed protector of the town.

And now, from being the oppressed, the ministers of the new religion became the oppressors. In 1542 the convents for men were closed, the ornaments taken from the altars, the monks required to abjure the Catholic Faith, to lay aside their religious vestments, and to recognize the authority of the council. The cloisters were sequestered; that of the Dominicans (St. Paul) was closed by municipal authority, and a printing establishment installed therein. It was the same with the cloister of the Carmelites, where a mill worked by an ass was installed. In 1546 even the convent of the Chartreux was demolished, with the exception of the brasiery. The convents for women were also menaced, the council desiring to appropriate the rights of the monks to manage their own affairs.

The churches, in their turn, underwent the same outrages at the hands of the "converted." At St. Godehard the ornaments and the stalls of the choir were broken; at St. Michael's, the shrine of St. Bernward (a piece of workmanship in gold and silver, executed in the fourteenth century by a goldsmith named Galle) was forced, the relics placed on the altar, the gold, the silver, and the precious stones taken to the Rathhaus. It was the same with the church of St. John. The cathedral was further maltreated; the council tolerated the destruction and the degradation of the altars, the dispersion of the relics. Despoiled of its ornaments, St. George, St. James, and St. Lambert's were assigned to Protestant worship. The cathedral itself was closed.

Bishop Valentine had tried to resist the introduction of the Reformed faith in his see. Sterile efforts, vain appeals to the emperor, vain injunctions to the city to obey the episcopal authority! For some years longer the affairs of the empire prevented Charles V. from taking more personally under his own care the cause of the Catholics. When, having resolved to subdue by force the league of the Reformed princes, he

defeated their troops at the battle of Mühlberg, on April 14, 1547, executed their leader, the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, and took prisoner the Landgrave Philippe of Hesse, the citizens of Hildesheim, secretly exulting in the defeat of their co-religionists, pretended to be constrained by force. The council believed it wiser to enter into negotiations with the victor, and emissaries were accordingly despatched to the emperor. Charles V. received them with favor; a capitulation was signed, by which the town agreed to pay a war indemnity of 26,000 florins, and to restore to the bishop and clergy the possession of their ancient authority. The cathedral was reopened to Catholic worship, the goods and chattels of the convents were returned to their owners. Some years later freedom of worship, accorded by the treaty of Augsburg, put an end to confessional divisions.

During the last century Hildesheim has had destinies no less changeful. Secularized, the capital of the prince-bishops was ceded to Prussia, 1802. After the disasters of 1806 it became, on account of its geographical position, a province of France. Count Daru, in the name of the emperor, took possession of the principalities of Hildesheim and Halberstadt. On August 29, 1807, after the battle of Tilsit, the king of Prussia released the inhabitants from their oath of fidelity, and the town was incorporated into the kingdom of Westphalia, created for the benefit of Jerome, brother of Napoleon. Following the reverses to France, succeeding the battle of Leipzig, October 30, 1813, the allies quarrelled over it in their turn. The Congress of Vienna awarded it to Hanover. The absorption of this kingdom by Prussia in 1866 made it once more a Prussian town—this time, doubtless, definitely.

AN EGYPTIAN CONVENT.

BY E. M. D.

THERE exists among the Copts an ancient tradition, found also in certain early writers,* stating that during the period of Our Lady's residence in Egypt a number of Jewish maidens, attracted doubtless by the Divine Mother's winning modesty and virtue, quitted their homes in order to dwell within the neighborhood of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. The tradition furthermore asserts that when the Holy Family departed out of Egypt these pious women formed themselves into a community and retired to dwell at Babylon, an ancient city built 625 years before Christ, and which, according to John of Nikius, a writer of the seventh century, was built by Nabuchodonosor, who, having entered Egypt by reason of a revolt on the part of the Jews against him, conquered the country and called the fortress and the city by the name of his own town, Babylon.

About the year 117 A. D. Trajan erected a new fortress close to the site of the one just mentioned. The wall of this later building still exists, and encloses the remains of the Christian and Jewish town which is all that is left of Babylon now.

There is no doubt that long before the birth of our Saviour a Jewish colony existed in this neighborhood, and the greater number having become Christians at an early date, their synagogue, which is said to contain the tomb of the prophet Jeremias, was turned into a Coptic church. Later on the Jews had an opportunity of buying back this place, which they have ever held in extreme veneration. Visitors to Old Cairo are still shown, in the body of the modern synagogue, a curious old tomb wherein are said to rest the bones of the great Jewish prophet.

On reaching Old Cairo our guide led us through a labyrinth

* *Quaresimus Elucidatio Terræ Sanctæ*, vol. i. page 48, quoting Tostat of Avila.

of obscure and ruinous narrow streets until we reached the entrance to a small court, where were seated on the ground a number of women dressed in black and occupied in sewing and grinding coffee in large bronze mortars such as are used by the Arabs.

The superioress at once advanced to greet us, covering her mouth in Mussulman fashion on seeing our guide in the background. She made no difficulty as to our admittance. We were invited to sit down, offered cigarettes, and all our questions answered with amiable readiness to impart information. "Our convent," said the superioress, "exists fifteen centuries. It was built by a certain Constantine for his daughter Alexandra, who wished to retire from the world. Our number is at present only twenty. Virgins and widows are admitted whatever be their age. It is the patriarch who receives subjects, and it is he who appoints the superioress. We sleep in cells; at midnight the bell awakens us, and we make three hundred and fifty or five hundred prostrations according to the day of the week. Each religious says morning prayers in the solitude of her cell. Three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, we hear Mass in our chapel. Evening prayer is also always recited there, and we allow poor invalids who live near to assist thereat. The meals take place in common. We are allowed to eat meat twice a day except on fast days. The rule permits smoking, but the convent does not provide tobacco. A postulant is not required to bring a dowry to the convent, the revenues of the community suffice for our support. We are not bound to wear a religious habit, but merely dress like poor working-women in memory of Our Lady, who once dwelt as a humble daughter of the people in our country."

We thanked the superioress for her kindness in receiving us, and asked leave to visit the chapel. It was clean and sufficiently furnished with carpets, hangings, and old pictures. Here, as in all the Coptic churches we visited during our stay in Egypt, we were impressed by the total absence of all ghastly pictures of martyrdom and torture, which in our opinion disfigure the walls of so many churches in Europe. No country suffered more terrible persecution than Egypt, but it is not consistent with the traditional gentle nature of the Egyptians to dwell on scenes of suffering and bloodshed. A

Coptic priest to whom I once made the remark that the scenes which took place in the days of early persecution in Egypt are never displayed on the canvas of painters, replied to me as follows: "The sacrifice of our God on the Cross was so tremendous, we adore and recognize it with such sacred fear and astonishment, that any martyrdom and sacrifice offered by the creature seem but feeble in comparison to the infinite sufferings of Christ."

Before taking leave of the superioress we asked permission to photograph her, together with her two principal companions. The result afforded a rather ludicrous picture of these poor women as they stood, half curious, half abashed, in front of the kodak.

We pressed an alms into the hand of the superioress, willingly given for the sake of all she represents in the history of the world. It is impossible to look at these Copts without profound interest. There is something pathetic in the way they still speak of their church as "the Nation." The nuns we visited appear to live together in peace in their humble dwelling; the neighbors take no interest in their doings, and many are even unaware of their existence. The life they lead can be termed neither active nor contemplative. There is a total absence of all the works of zeal and charity to which so many orders and religious congregations devote themselves in the Catholic Church. It would even be difficult to say how the nuns spend the long hours. An Oriental woman does not feel the need of constant occupation; her little household duties done, she sits placidly in the sun with idle hands. As to contemplative life in a Coptic convent, how can it flourish in a community deprived of frequent Communion and the presence of the Blessed Sacrament? These nuns never hear a sermon nor read a spiritual book. Their priests would not know how to preach, and Coptic women can rarely read. Moreover, by schism they are a branch severed from the trunk which alone gives health and vigor.

A number of most interesting Coptic churches are situated in the vicinity of the convent we have described. A few priests, their families and servants, are to be seen wandering like ghosts among these once venerable sanctuaries where now reigns the silence of death. Here we behold the Rome of the

Coptic schismatics; but a Rome solitary and sad like a deserted battlefield; Christian Rome devastated, ruined; her master the Patriarch without power to save. Her children abandon her, strangers for the most part ignore her existence, but the Hand of God arrests the spoilers who are ready to complete the work of destruction. Let us hope and pray fervently that ere long our Divine Lord will grant his grace to the Coptic race, and, by renewing their life, enable them to rejoice once more in him. *Deus, Tu conversus vivificabis nos, et plebs tua lætabitur in Te (Ps. lxxxiv. 7).*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF INFANTS.

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

WHEN some great wonder meets an infant's eyes
Ere yet his growing powers are unbound
From slowly loosening fetters, then full round
Open his eyelids in alarmed surprise;
And struggling with his feebleness he tries
To give this wondrous truth thus newly found
Full utterance in one word, one crowded sound,
Scarce different from his first unmeaning cries.
We struggle, too, O God, with thoughts of Thee
To give them tongue, to bring within our reach
The few, faint rays flashed from Thy mystery,
In helpless volumes darkly mirroring each.
Our infant minds of Thy infinity
Can only babble in weak human speech.

BOND OR FREE?

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

HALF way up the bare, sandy road that ran in a straight line across the plain, and then was lost to view in the distant hills, stood a stone farm-house, the only one in sight for many miles. The afternoon sun had just emerged from behind a bank of clouds when a young girl came to the door of the house and, shading her face with one hand, looked out across the broad plain below. The elevation on which the house and surrounding land stood was crossed by a small stream which flowed down from the mountains, and which in the spring, after the melting of the winter snows, became three times its usual size. It furnished irrigation for the farm lands, and made the task of cultivating them comparatively easy.

There were men at work in the fields, but the young girl who stood so motionless in the doorway had been for five years sole owner of the farm, or ranch, as it was usually called, her only companion an elderly woman who had come out to Colorado with her mother many years ago, and who, although bent with age, still worked as well as any man on the farm, milking, churning, and attending to the dairy.

The rough ranchmen and cowboys of that region knew and respected Maggie's ability, and her sturdy, fearless independence. The farm had prospered since her father's death had left Maggie, at nineteen, in sole possession, and the young girl was even well to do.

As she stood in the doorway this June evening, the red light of the setting sun shining on her dark hair, and tinting her shapely arms and hands, she was a striking figure.

"Sam is late this afternoon," she said, half aloud, scanning the plain in vain for one of her men, who that morning had started to drive some fifteen miles to the nearest town.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and the girl came down the steps of the veranda. Could it be Sam coming from the direction of the stables?

A figure emerged from around the corner of some bushes, and stood in the sunlight in front of the open farm-house door.

"Jim!"

"Maggie!"

For a second neither moved; then the woman dropped the arm that had been shading her eyes, and at the same time the man advanced, their hands met, and a pair of careless blue eyes looked into the girl's startled dark ones. To Maggie it seemed as if the past six years had been blotted out, and she was a young girl again standing on that very spot, saying farewell to Jim. She had loved him, poor Maggie; but at that time her father was very ill, the farm was paying badly, and to leave home under such conditions was impossible. Jim had been impatient of delay, and finding he could not move her, had departed for Utah, where he had a brother who had married and settled near Salt Lake City. And now Jim stood before her with the same straight, handsome figure, and the same sunny head that Maggie had known and loved of yore.

Older now, perhaps, more compactly built; but the same laughing, light-hearted Jim. Had he come back for her?

"Tell me of yourself, Jim," said Maggie, after the first surprised greetings were over. Her eyes were shining like stars; and nothing loath the man followed her up to the broad, comfortable veranda, and seating himself, poured forth an account of the last six years: his work with his brother, his success, all the homely little details a woman loves to hear. On one subject he was silent; he said nothing of their past relations to each other, or whether he had come back now to claim her, and she, brave soul, put the thought aside for the time being.

Jim explained he was camping a few miles away with some friends who would expect him back at night; but he would come over as often as possible to see Maggie. They were prospecting, he said, and might have to stay in that neighborhood two or three months.

"Bring them here," said Maggie hospitably; but although Jim himself came constantly, it was always alone, and by and by Maggie ceased to wish or care for the sight of any one with him. It was enough that Jim came nearly every day, bringing with him his sunny smile, his gay manner, and the

love that it was soon plain he felt for her—Maggie. The men on the ranch saw and heeded. There would be a master there soon, they thought.

It was two months later, and nearing harvest-time. The work in the fields was so absorbing that Maggie and Jim had joined the hands, and worked with a will. The man seemed possessed of a tireless energy, and Maggie was too happy and too absorbed in her work to notice that now and then a cloud overshadowed her lover's usually sunny, careless face.

It was one morning when they had paused in their work to sit down in the shade of a large corn-stack that Jim asked her if she would marry him. Maggie was prepared for that; but not for her lover's request that she should sell the farm and go somewhere in the vicinity of Salt Lake City with him.

"Can't we stay here, Jim?" she said. "The farm is paying well, and will make a living for us both."

"Impossible," he answered. "I have had work in Salt Lake City for five years, and Will depends on me. It was only because he sent me prospecting in this region that I was able to come, and in another month I must go back."

"Suppose," said Maggie, "that instead of my selling out, you sell out. This has been home to me, Jim, since I was born. I know nothing of cities or their ways; but it seems to me we could never have such a place of our own there as this would be."

She arose as she spoke and looked around—passionate love in her eyes. Love for the man near her, love for the wide sweep of country, the distant mountains, the air and sun and sky, that seemed all her own.

"I wish I could do as you want, Maggie," he said; "but I cannot, my girl, I cannot. I am bound hand and foot, and only in Salt Lake, or nearer to it than here, can we live together."

His tone was strange, the glance he gave her one of longing and yet regret. Her love for him was too pure, her thought of evil too remote, for her to suspect anything. She saw that one of them must yield; and that that one must be she.

"I will go with you, Jim," she said simply; "but I will not sell the farm. Tom Knight, my overseer, can run it for me, and some day we may want to come back."

He smiled, recognizing the feminine ingenuity of her decision. She would go with him—yes; but she could not altogether give up her own way.

"Knight will do well enough," he answered. "He seems trusty and true, and can report to us once or twice a year."

"He has been with us since before I was born," she said. "He is silent and taciturn, but with a heart of gold, poor Tom; and he is absolutely honest and fair in his dealings. I will have a talk with him to-night"; which she did. Rugged Tom, tanned and lined by years of hard work, though he was only a little over forty, listened to her in silence, at the end only asking, in a voice that seemed even and quiet, how soon she was to leave them.

"In a month," answered Maggie. "I trust everything to you, Tom, and perhaps before long we can come back and live here."

"Silent Knight," as the men called him, answered nothing; but once outside in the darkness he uttered a groan that seemed wrung from him.

"God forgive me for what I suspect," he said; "but that camp down by the canyon, and the children! Would she go with him if she knew?—and I promised her father to protect her—his little Maggie."

The man struck his hands together, and shook his fist in the direction of the plains.

"At least he cannot take her without first telling her all," he said; "and then God Almighty help her!"

Two days later, and Maggie was sitting early one afternoon alone on her veranda. Jim had told her not to expect him until the following day, as he must attend to some prospecting in the interior of the canyon that was about five miles from the ranch.

The sky overhead was blue, the air was clear and bell-like; but Maggie seemed restless and out of harmony with her surroundings.

"What ails me?" she said, giving herself a little shake.

"I will saddle Skyrocket," she thought, "and ride down to the canyon, where I may find Jim. It will be a surprise for him, and we can have a little talk before nightfall."

She went to the barn and led out Skyrocket, her own par-

ticular horse and special pride. Quickly she placed the saddle on his back, fastening the straps, the while the horse arched his beautiful black head. His glossy coat shone smooth as satin, bearing witness to the care the girl bestowed on him. Ten minutes later she mounted on his back after telling Rebecca, her aged companion, where she was going.

"Don't expect me home till nearly dark, Becky," she said, "and have supper ready. I know I'll be hungry."

Maggie was a superb horse-woman, and Skyrocket's name was not a misfit, so they cantered rapidly over the plains, and presently the stupendous rocks of the canyon, visible from her ranch, loomed near them, and the five miles were nearly traversed.

Maggie turned the corner of a high, moss-covered boulder surmounted by some scraggy fir-trees, and as she did so Skyrocket swerved violently, almost unseating her.

Reining in the horse, and patting his neck to quiet him, the young girl looked ahead, and saw, standing in the middle of the road, waving a flag, a very little boy, happily indifferent to the danger he had escaped.

Who could the child belong to? There was no farm or settlement near by, not even a plainsman's hut. Maggie was lost in wonder; but with her, uncertainty meant action. Springing from her horse she tied him to a tree, and advancing, knelt down by the child.

"What is your name, dear?" she said, "and where do you come from?"

He was a practical person, this boy of three years; and he answered straight.

"My name ith Jim," he said, "and I tum from Thalt Lake."

"Jim!" said Maggie in innocent wonder; "but what are you doing here—where's your mother?"

As if in answer to her question, the bushes that grew between the rocks parted, and a woman stepped forth carrying a baby, the while a chubby girl of five clung to her skirts. Something seemed to strike Maggie's heart with a cold chill. If the child had been comedy, this woman was tragedy. Dark, sombre eyes looked out from a small white face; the mouth was drawn and thin, while the slight, worn frame, in a dark calico gown, spoke better than words could do of care and toil.

The woman advanced. "You are Miss Owen?" she said.

"Yes," answered Maggie. That she was recognized and called by her name caused her no surprise. She was known to every one within twenty miles of her ranch. But who could the woman herself be?

The dark eyes before her, with their haunted, appealing look, took on an almost agonized expression. She glanced half fearfully over her shoulder, then laid a hand on Maggie's arm, and with gentle insistence drew the young girl after her until they were sheltered under a heavy growth of trees and shrubs. The two elder children had run away, and, placing her sleeping infant on the ground, the woman extended her hands in front of her as if she would cast off every burden before she could speak.

"What is the matter?" said Maggie, who had divined that here was trouble. "You are in sorrow; cannot I help you?"

The frank sweetness of her face, its glowing health and beauty, seemed to nerve the sad-eyed woman; but all the light went out of Maggie's face as, bending forward and laying an almost appealing hand on her arm, the woman said:

"Miss Owen, I am Jim Sutliffe's wife!"

"Yes," she continued, as Maggie did not speak, "I have been his wife six years. These are his children, and he is a Mormon. He has kept us down here in the canyon while he has been courting you. But it is only the position of second wife that he can offer you."

"And you are a Mormon, too?" said Maggie. Pride had come to her aid and she had found her voice.

"Oh! my God, no," said the woman passionately. "It was not as a Mormon that Jim married me. I am his only lawful wife, and if he marries other wives I shall take my children and leave him."

In her voice was all the intensity of outraged womanhood, sure of its God-given rights.

The dark eyes that Maggie turned on the woman were drawn and strained, and she looked years older than when she rode away from her ranch only two short hours ago.

"Do not be afraid," she said, and there was a quiver in her proud, sweet voice. "Do not be afraid. I will never marry Jim now. You and your children are safe as far as I am concerned."

"May God bless you, Miss Owen!" the other said. "I was sure you did not know."

Maggie mounted her horse and turned its face homeward. She scarcely noticed the children who stood watching the handsome lady in childish awe. Afterward she dimly recalled that the girl was like Jim; but the boy was his mother all over, with the same haunting eyes. Quickly she cantered northward. If Skyrocket felt that his mistress sat her horse more heavily than usual, he gave no sign. Twilight descended and deepened; but still the girl rode on. She scarcely guided her horse, and took no heed of the magnificent sunset that ordinarily would have called forth her passionate admiration. Her hands lay loose on the bridle; and her dark head, that had never yet bent for fear, was now bowed with shame. Oh, the ignominy of it! And it was Jim, sunny, careless Jim, whom she had loved so faithfully and truly, who had offered this outrage to her purity and honor!

"I could not help it, Maggie; I loved you."

The girl threw back her head in superb scorn.

"What is love of your kind?" she cried. "It is unworthy of the name. To have married, Jim, that was as it pleased you. You were not bound to me after you left here six years ago. But to come here as a Mormon, to deceive me, to ask me to marry you, not even telling me the conditions—oh! for shame, for shame!"

"I meant to tell you," he said.

"When?" she asked. "The proper time to tell me was in the beginning. You know what my answer would have been. But you meant to wait until the last moment; to let me make all preparations, even to sell my ranch, if I would have done so—and all this time you had your lawful wife and her children not five miles from me!"

"Listen to me, Maggie," he said doggedly. "You are talking of this matter from your point of view; but, according to our Mormon belief, I have done no wrong."

"Jim," she answered, "you have shown clearly that in your inmost heart you knew you were wrong, else you would not have kept me in ignorance of your Mormonism, leaving me to find it out by accident; you would not have proposed to me in the supposed rôle of a single man."

"I was only deferring to your scruples," he answered, "until a fitting time arrived when I could overcome them."

The girl took a step forward, and then paused.

"You will never overcome them, Jim," she said; "nor will you ever silence the inward doubt that I know you feel. Do not go back to Salt Lake. Take your wife and the children and go far from Utah. Live a clean and honest life."

She arose as she spoke from her seat on a ledge of one of the hills, overlooking the ranch.

"I must go now, Jim," she said, "and so must you. I met you here, so we could talk it out quietly; but there is no more to be said between us. Our paths henceforth lie apart."

She sprang down the rocks as she spoke, and turned up the road. She had not offered her hand to him, nor did she look back. The man stood a moment gazing after her. Because of pride and selfishness he had lost Maggie six years ago, and from the consequences of our actions there is no escape. He had thought to win her a second time in the one way open to him, but the nobility of the girl's nature had triumphed over her passionate love.

The man untied his horse, which had been fastened to a tree, and vaulting into the saddle, commenced galloping down the road. He would start back for Salt Lake City that very day. Perhaps if he could put miles between himself and Maggie he would forget his shame.

That night there was a furious storm. The thunder rolled down the mountain, and the lightning flashed wildly. It was late in the season for such a severe disturbance, but not wholly unusual.

Maggie, alone in her room, could not sleep. A dozen times she went to the window and looked out, trying to see during the flashes of light if anything was visible on the road that wound up the mountain.

Could Jim be there, so high up and unsheltered? In her restlessness and anxiety the girl knelt and prayed.

The morning broke with high winds and dazzling sunshine. Maggie was up early, and saddling Skyrocket was soon galloping up the mountain. Some instinct, she knew not what, urged her on. Everywhere she saw traces of the wind and lightning; large trees had been struck, and lay across her

path; and here and there huge stone boulders had been dislodged, and had come crashing down the mountain side. Even the girl, used to Western storms, was appalled. It was some six miles up the mountain, at a point where the road begins to descend into the valley on the other side, that her search came to an end.

A sound of crying reached her ears as she drew near. Again she saw the figure of little Jim on the road—the solitary living soul beside herself in that vast region.

"They ith all athleep," said little Jim between his sobs. "Me wanth me mudder to wake up and give me thum breakfuth."

The girl, with a set face, walked on a few yards till she reached the spot where the lightning had done its work. The canvas-covered wagon toiling up the road in the storm had met instant destruction. By what miracle the child had escaped, Maggie never knew. Both the horses, as well as the other occupants of the wagon, had been killed by the electric current, and the wagon itself was a wreck.

The girl, a devout Catholic, knelt and prayed for the souls so suddenly hurled into eternity; then the child demanded and claimed all her attention. She gathered the sobbing little creature in her arms, with words of tenderness and love. Little Jim nestled close to her. Some instinct told him that if he had lost one mother here was another whose devotion would never fail him.

Maggie arose, and with one backward, shuddering look, she placed the child on the saddle before her and started for home. Knight, with a dozen men from the ranch, was sent up the mountain, and by night Jim, his wife, and the two children had been given decent burial.

It was little Jim who brought the first comfort and healing to Maggie's heart; but as time passed other and deeper joys were hers.

A year rolled by until one evening, when she sat in the gathering twilight after the day's work was done, looking out on the great purple mountains, and over the wide plains, while near her was a strong, honest, rugged face—the very antithesis to poor Jim—that beamed now on her, and now on the child; for "Silent Knight" had reached out beyond the darkness, and finding his own happiness, had made Maggie's also.

IN THE STEPS OF FATHER ANDRÉ.

BY D. B. MARTIN.

OUSSUAMIGOUNG sleeps in sunshine. Softly our yacht steals toward the shore, urged on by a wandering breeze that has rounded the screen of Long Tail Point, a narrow, sandy spit of land that stretches a slender green finger of waving marsh grass for a mile's length to the south-eastward, and makes this corner of Green Bay a sheltered harbor.

The anchor rattles sharply, the gliding motion of the yacht ceases, and we put off in small boats for shore, pushing through ranks of bullrushes. So still it is, so void the landscape seems of human life and action, that except for a fisherman's cottage, the great reels with their burden of nets hanging black against the pale sky, and the distant outlines of Green Bay City, one might think it a day of long ago, when Father Louis André established a mission here in what was then the Indian village, Oussuamigoung.

Green Bay, Wisconsin, is rich in history and tradition, but no page in its fascinating story is more varied and remarkable than the religious movement instituted by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century for the conversion of the Indians inhabiting the Great Lakes region. As time elapses that movement stands out more and more vividly, as a systematic effort toward civilization, and the salvation of souls—an effort of courageous zeal and willlng service, in what the priests recognized as their high duty.

A very large Algonquin population occupied the territory lying along the Fox-Wisconsin waterways, and on the prairies to the southward; and along the shores of Baye des Puants—the Green Bay of modern times—were villages more or less permanent, occupied by fisher folk belonging to the same stock.

All were in a semi-savage state, but those Indians living at the head of the "great bay" were deeply steeped in ignorance and idolatry. They worshipped rudely-carved heads of stone, and their daily lives, given to the pursuance of the

chase or preparations for war, were shaped according to dreams resulting from long days of fasting. They were cannibals, feasting on the bodies of murdered captives taken in battle; and among these abnormally savage creatures came Father Claude Allouez, bearing the standard of the cross, on the second day of December, 1669.

The mission of St. Francis Xavier, established by Allouez in the winter of 1671–72, at the Rapides des Pères, speedily became an important centre for mission work in the Northwest. The priest was efficient as an organizer, and wide experience had taught him right methods in controlling the childish but wily savage. More help was urgently required, however, and precisely the right person came to Father Allouez's assistance when, in December, 1671, Father Louis André joined the mission

The priests agreed to divide the field, Allouez to pass through the river villages to the prairie-dwellers, the Miamis and Illinois, while André went to those Indians living on the bay shore, the nomadic fisher population, who built their reed lodges close to the water's edge, and speared through holes in the ice the great sturgeon and muskelonge, or set nets for smaller fry.

Father André was at this time forty-one years of age, a native of southern France, strong of body and intellect, and with decided views as to the best way of reaching the savage conscience. His recital of daily work, sent to his superior in Paris, is most picturesque in the telling, and through its pages we see this Western country as in a picture: the Indian lodges clustered at intervals along the shore, the stretches of cornfield bounding them on either side, heaps of fish drying everywhere, within and without the low cabins—an industry that often made it impossible to hold service in the church, and drove the priest to the outside air, so close was the interior with this all-pervading fishy odor.

Father André set forth from "the house," as he designates St. Francis Xavier Mission, in the autumn of 1672, reaching Chouskouabika—"the place of slippery stones," as it is translated—on the 16th of November. It is impossible to locate this village, and no vestige of its Indian name remains, as in Oussuamigoung, Suamico, and many other towns of to-day, to give hint of their prehistoric title.

Six nations inhabited this upper bay region in the thirty-odd miles extending between the present cities of Green Bay and Menominee. The population of these villages varied from 150 to 500 souls, while to the eastward on Cape Illinois, and to the northward where the bay meets the lake's blue waters, were still other distinct and separate bands of dusky Algonquins. These latter the good father purposed to visit later, for the work in hand proved sufficient to keep heart and hand active.

"Father André," writes Allouez, "by his firmness has succeeded in subduing the minds of the savages, who were most ferocious and superstitious, by gradually, and with unswerving constancy, subjecting them to the yoke of the Faith." To gain insight into how Father André accomplished this remarkable change we must look over his shoulder as he writes, in his little reed hut at Chouskouabika. "The fire that broke out in my cabin on the 22d of December destroyed my writing case and journal," he notes down, and then proceeds to tell how the calamity really turned to good, for the savages immediately set about to remedy the loss by building him one according to their own methods, using straw to the height of a man, then above this mats which they wove from the long grass of the marshes bordering the bay.

The mats were laid with a slight slope, so that the water ran from their smooth surface. "They afford greater protection against cold and smoke than do bark cabins," André writes, "and one need fear neither rain nor snow within their comfortable shelter."

The reference of Father André to the burning of his cabin leads one to wonder whether possibly at this time the priest lost his sole scientific instrument, a bronze compass and sextant combined, for two hundred and thirty years later, in the autumn of 1902, some hunters tracking over the site of an Algonquin village on the east shore of the bay, found one of these ancient instruments, blackened and discolored from the centuries it had lain in the earth. The interesting relic was made in Paris, and bears upon its face the names and latitude of the most important French forts and mission stations in the seventeenth century from Montreal to La Baye. There is no name to give clue to its possible owner, but it undoubtedly belonged to one of the early missionaries, in all probability

Father André, as these bay villages were his especial field of labor.

As the priest writes in his journal, or rather on such scraps of paper as he has rescued from the conflagration, Indians enter his cabin, young warriors with faces terrible to behold, blackened and daubed with coarse paint, and looking more like fiends than men.

"I found no better way of compelling them to clean their faces than to show them the painting of the devil, to whom they made themselves similar, and to refuse them entrance into my cabin when they came to pray to God." A nation of dreamers indeed were these poor savages, and André complains that the women, to save themselves the trouble of preparing food, encourage this evil practice, and teach their little children to fast like dogs and to eat only at night. Their sleep was in consequence disturbed by visions which, should they chance to be favorable, would, they thought, give them confidence and success in the chase and war.

But the father possessed a gift that aided him greatly in gaining an influence over the children of his flock, and that was a cultivated taste for music. He set to fascinating airs of old Provence pious teaching framed in such simple language as the savage youngsters could understand. The experiment proved most successful, and the little wild, swarthy creatures followed the priest with devotion, playing on their rude instruments, and chanting the melodious tunes he had taught them.

With his singing children Father André passed up and down the shores of Baye des Puants, "making war against the jugglers, dreamers, and those who had many wives; and because the Indians passionately loved their children and would suffer everything from them, they allowed the reproaches, strong as they were, cast upon them in these songs."

The cold in that winter of 1672–73 was intense, and the straw cabin was not proof against its inroads. When Father André said Mass at daybreak in order to avoid possible rude interruption, he thawed the wine by the smoky fire in the centre of the cabin; but it would freeze again before the consecration, and the chalice stuck to his lips. Yet no word of complaint escapes him; it is but an interesting incident to be recorded in the day's story.

On the first day of Lent, 1673, Father André proceeded to

Oussuamigoung, where a village of sixteen cabins had been established a month previous. A sandy plateau close to the water's edge is strewn thick to-day with débris of that forgotten time, and it is comparatively easy to locate the village.

Suamico River bounds it on the north, hills rise irregularly to the westward—in Father André's time were covered with a thick tangle of forest—and the broad bay with its stretches of waving marshland fringing its waters, flows to the eastward, close to where the villages stood. As we stroll along we find arrow-heads in all stages of manufacture mixed in with the sandy soil, from the rough bit of flint chipped a few times and then discarded by the cutter as worthless, to the perfectly shaped arrow-point, with its barb for attachment to the strong sapling.

The arrow-cutter was a busy man to judge from the scores manufactured of these flint implements, and where his cabin stood the earth is peppered with flinty chips. Here too are spear-points beautifully fashioned, and used in André's day to spear the mighty sturgeon, or to be thrown javelin-wise with sure aim at a deer or bear.

The worship of the bear was indeed one of the most obstinate idolatries that the priest had to combat, but he was a man of resource, keen of wit and with a vein of humor which aided rather than proved a detriment to his success. He describes his interviews with the haughty young warriors, who appeared decked out in paint and feathers in preparation for taking the war-path in pursuit of the Sioux. He tells of how they skinned the sacred bear whole, and set it up, a grotesque effigy, in the centre of a lodge selected for the purpose; the animal's snout painted a brilliant green; and how around this absurd image the warriors who besought the good offices of the fetich gyrated and danced, "yelling all night long, like one in despair."

The story of Oussuamigoung in Father André's narrative ends with the return of the priest to the central mission house of St. Francis Xavier. "I believe," he writes, "that I could have baptized many more than at the previous mission, had I been able to remain a month longer at Oussouamigoung. But, as I had given my word to Reverend Father Allouez that I would proceed to the house at the beginning of March, I started on the sixth of the same month, notwithstanding that the gout

had attacked me on the previous day. For that reason I was compelled, after walking two leagues, to have myself dragged by a dog from the mouth of the river to the house. When the elders heard that I was to leave they came to me and begged me to stay, saying: "Now that all pray, thou leavest us."

Although the faithful pastor left, he returned again year after year, to Oussuamigoung and the village of the Malomines, to Pechitak, or Peshtigo, and to many other Indian settlements that are as yet unidentified. He had found the people fierce, proud, superstitious; he left them altogether changed, never again to sink into the depths of their former barbarism. Above all, as says the quaint chronicle, "he peopled Paradise with many children, who died after baptism."

After the terrible hardships endured in his missionary work, the narrow escapes from assassination by infuriated savages, the close approach of death so many times, and by such diverse ways by sea and land, Father André died peacefully in his bed at Quebec, aged ninety-two years. He could look back to a record few can equal, in the courage exemplified to uphold all that is best and worth striving for in this human existence.

As we wander over the site of our vanished village we pick up mussel shells of the same species as those from which the missionaries fashioned spoons for their table, and portions of clay bowls, each one showing the particular weave of the basket in which it was fired for use, and we know that in all probability it was with this same pottery that Father André laid out his simple repast in the wattled hut in which he dwelt two centuries ago.

It is all plain, so that he who runs may read, the story of that long ago time, and the self-sacrificing and noble personalities, who thought great thoughts, and suffered for the faith that was in them, still haunt the shores of river and bay.

A HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.*

THE great interest which is being taken in the American system of education, as proved by the Mosely Commission, gives to a work of the character of Dr. Dexter's a special value at the present time. America looms large now before the world's eyes, and if there is any one distinctive American institution it is the American school system. It is noteworthy, too, that another country which has attracted the world's attention by its surprising and unexpected successes has also an organized system of education to which much of this success is ascribed. It is in her schools that Japan has learned to make the sacrifices involved in the war upon which she has entered, and it is to them that her success is due. In another respect there is a likeness between Japanese and American schools: in both the education given is purely secular, and that for both patriotism serves for religion.

So far as this world goes it would seem, therefore, that both countries are on the right road, and an opportunity to study with a reasonable hope of mastering the subject is one to be embraced by all, whether they are friends or opponents of that system.

The subject is of vast extent, as Dr. Dexter recognizes. Libraries have been written, and every day additions are being made to the books which have appeared. A complete narrative is out of the question. But a report of progress is a crying need in order to give students definite facts instead of philosophical discussion; or rather, to render philosophical discussion fruitful by furnishing the basis on which all true philosophy must be built. Dr. Dexter's aim, therefore, has accordingly been to give the facts, to record the origin, development, and the outcome so far as we see it, of the nation's educational endeavors. The book is meant not merely to be read, but to serve as a text-book for class-room work; and to form an introduction to a study of the subject more or less thorough according to the wishes of the reader. For this

* *A History of Education in the United States.* By Edwin Grant Dexter, Ph.D., Professor of Education in the University of Illinois. New York: The Macmillan Company.

purpose it is provided with classified bibliographies. In the First Part the author gives the history of the growth of the People's Schools; in the Second, of Higher Education and Special Education, in which he includes the history of the Professional Colleges of Law, Theology, Medicine, and Technical and Agricultural Schools, Colleges for the preparation of Teachers, schools and colleges for women, for the Negro and the Indians, and for Defectives. The Third Part is devoted to the means employed to extend Education Libraries in their various forms, Newspapers and Periodicals, Summer-Schools, Evening and Correspondence Schools, Learned Societies, Lyceums, Popular Lectures and Museums. In the Appendix are included various matters of interest, such as the Colonial School Ordinances, Courses of Study in Selected Educational Institutions, Tabulations of Facts interesting to Teachers. Several maps, of a very sketchy character however, enable the student to see the location of the colleges, universities, and special schools.

The work covers so large a field that it cannot give detailed accounts, although its bibliographies serve as guides for those seeking further information. There is nothing which indicates any animus against Catholic schools and colleges. In fact, there is a very fair, and even full, account of the Catholic Summer-School. Only one Catholic college or university is mentioned by name, although it is stated that they are 64 in number. The ten lines devoted to St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore form the extent of the space accorded to Catholic efforts in the field of Higher Education. No mention is made of the numerous convent schools and academies, although the efforts made in the past are not altogether ignored, for credit is given for the important part taken by the Catholic missionary and the parochial schools in the educational history of Maryland, and reference is made to the schools established in connection with the missions in California. That in Texas the missionaries looked upon schools as equally important with churches and forts, and that strong efforts were made to educate the Indians, are facts noticed by Dr. Dexter. The impression, however, derived is that all these early efforts of the Catholics were very feeble and in the end fruitless and barren. But this is not a fair impression. To those who have studied the matter there can be no doubt that in those parts of the

United States which were first colonized by Catholics (and it is well to remember that this includes far the larger part of the country) schools generally formed a part of the work of the missionaries. For instance, Cardinal Richelieu, who had become a partner in a company for settling Acadia, transferred in 1640 all his rights to the Capuchin Fathers as a fund for the foundation and maintenance of an Indian school; and so, as Dr. Gilmary Shea points out, the great Cardinal of France was actively interested in the Christian education of New England Indians before Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay had paid any attention to it. The first Sunday-school ever opened seems to have been due to Catholics—the one at St. Mary's, Maryland. The penal laws, however, deprived Catholics of all power and influence, and these, together with political events and the results of the wars between France, Spain, and England, deprived the Catholics of the fruits of their labors, and have handicapped them up to the present time. But to the present efforts of Catholics Dr. Dexter does less than justice. The parochial schools are mentioned only once. When it is remembered that in Greater New York alone there are no fewer than 116 school buildings with 75,000 pupils in attendance, and that Catholics spend $3,000,000 a year in support of these schools in addition to taking their share in supporting what Dr. Dexter would call the People's Schools, it will be seen that we cannot look upon Dr. Dexter's work as an adequate and complete History of Education in the United States.

In the volume shortly to be issued by the United States Bureau of Education there will appear a chapter on the Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, in which both a defence of the principles held by Catholics with reference to education is given, and an account of the results attained, together with the methods of teaching adopted. From this chapter we extract the following statement as to the present position of Catholic schools and colleges, from which it will be made evident that what Catholics are doing deserves more attention than it has received:

"Within the last thirty years in the dioceses of New England Catholic educational institutions have multiplied threefold. To-day there are 352 such institutions as against 100 a quarter of a century ago, and 142,000 Catholic pupils in

attendance at these schools as against 20,000 in 1875. In the archdiocese of Boston the Catholic schools almost equal in number those which were flourishing in the entire province (86 as against 100), while the number of children in the parochial schools, colleges, and academies of the archdiocese far surpasses the total attendance of the Catholic schools of the New England of thirty years ago—46,000 as against 20,000.

"In the archdiocese of Philadelphia the same marked growth of parochial schools is to be observed. In 1869 there were 42 parochial schools, with an enrollment of 15,232 pupils, while last year (1902–3) there were 113 schools, with an attendance of 45,352 pupils, showing an increase over the preceding year of 1,029. The same steady growth can be witnessed in almost every diocese throughout the country.

"In endeavoring to ascertain the present numerical strength of Catholic education the sources of information I have made use of are the Catholic Directory and the Report of the Commissioner of Education, supplemented, so far as possible, by private inquiry. The following statistics exhibit the results of the investigation, the attendance being summarized, for the sake of comparison, under the titles "Elementary," "Secondary," and "Higher Education," in accordance with the well-known classification adopted by the United States Bureau of Education:

Catholic School Enrollment.

Elementary,	967,518
Secondary—boys (high schools, academies, and preparatory departments of colleges),	14,127
Secondary—girls (high schools and academies),	20,874
Higher Education (colleges and universities, not including seminaries),	4,010
Total,	1,006,529

"If we assume as the normal the ratio which the total school attendance in the country bears to the total population, we can ascertain roughly the relative numerical strength of Catholic education by comparing with this normal the ratio which the Catholic school attendance bears to the total Catholic population. In the following table I have attempted to do this. Taking the Catholic population as 10,774,989, as given in the Catholic Directory for the year 1900, the ratio of attendance in each class of Catholic schools to the Catholic

population is compared with the ratio of attendance in all schools of the class in question throughout the country to its total population. As the ratio of percentage would be too small for the purpose of this comparison I have chosen as more convenient the ratio of 1 to 10,000. It appears, then, that there are for each 10,000 of respective population:

	Elementary students, male and female.	Secondary students.		Students in higher education, male.
		Male.	Female.	
In Catholic institutions, ...	898	13	19	4
In the entire United States, ...	2,143	39	49	8

Satisfactory as this work is within its own sphere, it is therefore wrongly called a History of American Education; a truer title would be a History of the existing American School System. For, as we have indicated, there has existed from the beginning and there exists now, if not so showy yet a more perfect system of education of which the supporters of the American system take no account, which by many is despised and contemned, or at all events ignored, and which there are not wanting tokens of a strong desire to suppress and destroy. For the support of the public-school system is being made a test of loyalty to the country itself. The *Outlook* for the 10th of September, for instance, ventures to say that the letter of Archbishop Elder raises anew the question whether Roman Catholics can be loyal Americans in their support of the public-school system. There is something of audacity in assuming that support of the present system is the test of a loyal American. On the contrary, we hold that the American school system as it exists, excellent though it be in many respects, is fraught with danger for the future well-being of the country, and is a departure from the principles and the practices of the first colonizers of this country. As in Europe so in America, the motive for founding the school was a religious motive. Proof of this is to be found in this work. Speaking of Virginia, on the second page, Dr. Dexter says that "the very earliest school of which there is any evidence originated largely as missionary ventures of the English Church." "In 1616," four years before the arrival of the New England

settlers, "the king ordered the Bishop of London to collect money for a college to be founded in Virginia, and during the next three years £1,500 was raised and sent over." It was the king's order that a college should be built and planted for "the training up of the children of those infidels in true religion, moral virtue, and civility, and for other godliness." Ten thousand acres were granted, of which a thousand was for an Indian college, the remainder for the foundation of a seminary of learning for the English. The aim was distinctively religious, although the massacre of 1622 prevented the project from being realized.

We need not say anything about the colonizers of Massachusetts or of the other New England States, for every one knows how inseparably allied in their eyes were their churches and schools. As Dr. Dexter says, the clergy were the acknowledged educational leaders, and civil and religious interests were closely united. The Bible was used as freely in the courts as in the pulpit; it was the foundation of their civil as of their religious laws, and so the schools were naturally and necessarily religious.

Who, then, are the present representatives of the early founders of this country—the Catholics who maintain the indissoluble alliance of religion and education, or the Protestants who in the system established and maintained by them divorce the two? Which is the rightful mother of the child, the one who is willing that its life should be destroyed by depriving it of the knowledge of God, in which knowledge every Christian recognizes that eternal life consists, or the Catholic Church, which at any and every cost insists upon this knowledge being imparted? And who are the loyal Americans, the faithful preservers of the principles of the first settlers of every part of this country, those who make such laws as the following enacted by the Legislature of New York State: "No school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school moneys in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practised," or those who look upon Christianity as a divinely revealed religion, for which every sacrifice is to be made, and to the belief and practice of which every man and every nation is called, and who maintain that wilfully to neglect these divine teachings is a mortal sin?

The Latest Books.

THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER.
By Father Gerard.

To Father Gerard's book* in refutation of atheistic monism and in criticism of Darwinian evolution we give unstinted praise and our most cordial recommendation. Whether we regard the scholarly dignity of its argument, or the fatal keenness of its criticisms, or the honorable recognition which it accords to the other side, or, finally, the simple purity of its English style, we shall have to account it one of the most useful pieces of apologetic that has appeared in our language since the rise of the great controversy which it discusses. Its primary purpose seems to be the one suggested by its title, namely, to criticise Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe.* This notorious production has gone through edition after edition both in its original German, and also, we fear, in its English translation. It is a book utterly abominable; and if the harm it has done is at all in proportion to its unworthy, unscientific, and repulsive qualities, then indeed is its track sown with misfortune. Haeckel is a great scholar in the field of biology; and against any scholar we shrink from flinging harsh words. Never should we permit ourselves to use them, however distasteful to us any man's views might be, if only the upholder of such views lived honorably up to the standard of criticism which he applies to others, and if in his strictures upon venerable and sacred beliefs he showed that reserve, caution, and even reverence, which in such a case truth, modesty, and decency seem to demand. But when a man lays it down as fundamental in his system and method that he will accept nothing save what can be verified by evidence, inasmuch as nothing else deserves the name of science; and then fills a volume with statements which he proclaims with dogmatic finality, and with anathema for whosoever questions them; but for which, nevertheless, there is not the smallest grain of evidence; when a man flings aside free-will with a sneer, because no

* *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer.* By John Gerard, S.J., F.L.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

evidence supports it; and straightway gives us a genealogy of man containing twenty-one animal ancestors, absolutely not one of which has ever been seen, either living or fossilized, by anybody; when a man refuses *à priori* to credit any historical evidence in favor of Christianity; and then when confronted with a geological difficulty which seems to annihilate his scheme of transformism, deliberately fabricates imaginary geological periods, which he claims will correct the testimony of actual geological periods; when finally a man, in his vulgar mania to destroy a high and holy faith, invades the province of biblical criticism whereof he knows simply nothing, and publishes an unclean blasphemy against Christ the Immaculate, for which there is not the very least pretence of proof; when a man is guilty of these offences against scholarship, truth, and justice, we are justified in characterizing him as intellectually and morally a monster. And this is Haeckel. He is discredited even by men who sympathize with his conclusions. Huxley could not endure his dogmatism; and Du Bois-Raymond says that his genealogy of man is worth as much for scientists as Homer's heroes are for historians. Still, *The Riddle of the Universe* is read and applauded, and is doubtless every day confirming in infidelity a host of the semi-educated to whom everything that is said against religion is true, and nothing that is proclaimed in the name of science and with strong lungs is false.

Father Gerard's criticism of this man is all that could be desired. Not that the able Jesuit takes up every conclusion of Haeckel's book; but he pulls the pillars from beneath it nevertheless by showing that the main positions of the monism which it teaches are entirely unproved, and are confronted with difficulties to which they can give no word of answer. It must be kept in mind that modern scientific atheism is constantly boasting that its first principle is proof, evidence, verification. Only theologians believe things without proof; and only religion holds a set of doctrines unsupported by experiment. Your monist, do not forget, rests upon the rock of certainty in his philosophy; and if we are to believe his most repeated assertions, we may say of his creed that it is bounded on the north by the tape measure; bounded on the south by the microscope; bounded on the east by the test-tube; and bounded on the west by the Bunsen-burner. Now, disregarding the

non-essentials of the monistic faith, here are the ultimate and essential propositions on which all evolutionary materialists are as one: 1. Matter and energy have existed and will exist for ever. 2. Life began by production from non-life. 3. All forms of life are radically the same, inasmuch as there is no observable physical difference between the protoplasm of a lizard, a mushroom, and a man. 4. The order of the universe is all accounted for by the forces inherent eternally in matter. Of these dogmas not one has been proved, and candid believers in them assure us that not one of them ever will be proved; and moreover every one of them is in open conflict with certain facts and tendencies of Nature which, if they do not demolish materialism, ought certainly to diminish the pretensions of infallibility assumed by too many materialists.

Who knows anything about matter? Who can say that it is eternal? The very last man in the world to come forward with a dogmatic answer to these questions is the man who says he believes nothing that has not been experimentally demonstrated. Experimental demonstration of the eternity of matter is an eternal impossibility. And that this universe will last for ever is contradicted by such a fact as the dissipation of heat-energy, which will finally—according to Lord Kelvin's prediction—bring about a period when, with all parts of the universe at a dead-level of temperature, all work, all life, all beauty, and all order must perish. And in the recent researches into radio-activity scientists have been amazed and confounded at finding not only that atoms, hitherto considered imperishable, decay and disintegrate, but that this deadly process is a general tendency of nature; so that Sir William Crookes foretells the dissolution of matter and the annihilation of the world. And as for producing life from non-life, the thing has thus far been shown, after exhaustive researches and frantic endeavors, unprovable and unscientific. Yet spontaneous generation is a cardinal belief of men who make sport of others for holding to unproved convictions. A third monistic truth is that a man is radically no different a being than a tadpole, because the physical life-basis of both, namely, protoplasm, is chemically the same. But the protoplasm of man and the protoplasm of a tadpole cannot be the same; for never yet has a human protoplasm become a tadpole or a tadpole protoplasm become a man. Whatever resemblances

chemistry may show, there is in each primal life-form a fatal tendency to become a being of its own kind; and therefore, even as protoplasms, they are as totally distinct and as widely separated as the mature forms into which the protoplasms develop. And, finally, the old catchword that Force explains the order of the universe, is fast losing its power to charm intelligent minds. The cosmos reveals something more than force. It reveals force marvellously determined to ends of great utility, inexhaustible beauty, and limitless law. For us to understand the universe requires highly-developed mind. Therefore *in* the universe mind must be. Certainly, even from a scientific point of view, it is more justifiable to regard the Universe as sprung from an intelligent Will, than from non-intelligent, blind, and unimaginable Chance.

Such criticisms, of which these observations are but an unsatisfactory summary, are passed upon evolutionary atheism by Father Gerard with extraordinary cleverness and unfailing good-nature. We venture to say that no more beneficial book is yet available to put into the hands of one who has been disturbed and stunned by the warfare of science against theology. The one regret that we would express arises from the small attention given by Father Gerard to the argument from conscience and the moral sense. Not only is that argument of overwhelming power in itself, but it is admirably fit for popular exposition and proof. The volume concludes with a scientific criticism of the main evolutionary doctrine of the transformation of species. This is quite as good a piece of work as the apologetic part, equally simple, temperate, and fair. To the author of a book so useful and so needed we would express gratitude and congratulation.

DESCARTES AS SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR.

By Victor de Swarte.

Such a title of a book as "Descartes as Spiritual Director"* rather astonishes one at first glance. But looking into the volume one soon discovers that the designation is inexact, and that our first misgiving that the great metaphysician had just been found out as a mystical theologian, is entirely groundless. The book simply contains the philosophical correspondence which passed between Des-

* *Descartes Directeur Spirituel.* Par Victor de Swarte. Paris: Félix Alcan, Éditeur.

cartes and two distinguished women, the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, and Christiana, the celebrated convert-queen of Sweden. These illustrious ladies cultivated in high station a love for deep speculation which seems to have been in the Princess Elizabeth genuine, scholarly, and ardent, but in her more famous contemporary the mere whim of a brilliant woman. The principal points on which these twain question Descartes, and in discussing which, by the way, he shows that a philosopher can be a very gallant fellow with compliments, are, how the spiritual soul can act on the material body; the nature of love and hate, and the Sovereign Good. The letters are interesting to lovers of philosophy; though they are hardly full enough to throw any new light on the general system associated with the name of Descartes. An occasional sentence hints at the accusations which, in the name of orthodoxy, were flung all his life against the Doctor of Methodic Doubt. For example: "One Père Bourdin believes himself justified in calling me a sceptic; probably because I have refuted scepticism. And a minister has undertaken to demonstrate that I am an atheist; for what reason I cannot imagine except that I have endeavored to prove the existence of God. What boots it that my opinions are in perfect accord with religion and of utmost utility to the state? These fellows will insist that I am the enemy of both."

Excellent biographical sketches and many admirable foot-notes add greatly to the general value of the book. Perhaps it will not be carrying criticism too far to remark that Kenelm Digby is a better spelling than Kelhemn Digby, and that the great Quaker is William Penn, not Peen.

EDUCATIONAL THEORY OF KANT.

By E. F. Buchner.

Good service has been rendered the cause of pedagogy by a well-edited translation* of Kant's *Ueber Pädagogik.* German, and especially Kant's German, has been so fatal an obstacle to any attempt at acquaintance with the original work on the part of a multitude thoroughly anxious and fit to make use of what the great master of Königsberg has written about education, that the new book introduces American teachers to a practically

* *The Educational Theory of Immanuel Kant.* Translated and Edited with an Introduction by Edward Franklin Buchner. (Lippincott Educational Series.) Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

unknown field. We presume that every one interested in pedagogical literature is aware of the notable influence that Kant's ideas have exercised in every department of modern philosophy; and likewise that all such readers understand it to be well worth their while to spend considerable time in meditation upon Kant's educational views. We have but to note, therefore, that the present editor has wisely planned his work for the benefit of serious and patient people. Whether for good or for ill, the fact is that in this matter Kant's doctrines were left in imperfect and more or less desultory form; and the translation presents us only with an opportunity of getting hold of the Kantian principles of pedagogy by dint of persistent critical study. Kant himself was never at pains to smooth difficulties from his disciples' path; and the volume before us is anything but a nicely arranged series of axioms, discussions, and conclusions. It is not a book to be raced through in the hope of astonishing folk with a display of easily acquired superficial information; but it contains a good translation of the Treatise on Pedagogy, and moreover such additions in the way of notes and collateral selections that the student will find every facility for a most profitable piece of work ready to his hand. Any one who does what this book aims at helping him to do will find his mind the stronger for it, and his grasp on the great principles of educational theory vastly widened and deepened.

THE PSALMS.
Translated.

M. d'Eyragues has done a service to both scholarship and piety by his translation of the psalms directly from the Hebrew.* The many imperfections in our Vulgate version of these sublime songs are too well known to need insisting on. Venerable, of course, that version is; but, as M. Vigouroux remarks in a letter *à propos* of M. d'Eyragues' translation, venerable as it is, it is very imperfect. Often it quite misses the exact sense of the Hebrew original, and oftener still it expresses it obscurely. Every one admits that we greatly need an authentic version directly from the Hebrew, and not misled, as our present Vulgate rendering is, by the defects of the Septuagint. Such a version M. d'Eyragues has given us and he deserves our gratitude. All who read French easily will find in his

* *Les Psaumes.* Traduits de l'Hébren. Par M. B. d'Eyragues. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

translation the rich pleasure that comes from a sense of being brought near to the mind and heart of the great psalmists of Israel.

Take these words of the second psalm for example:

"Les rois de la terre se lèvent,
Les princes tiennent conseil
Contre Jahvéh et contre son Messie!
Brisons leurs liens,
Secuons leur joug!"

Il rit, celui qui habite dans les cieux,
Adonai prend en pitié leurs desseins.

In the very form of this the awful words acquire a highly dramatic power. And then the retention of the Hebrew names of God, "Jahvéh" and "Adonai," deepens the solemnity of the mighty poem, in a way altogether impossible to the "Lord" of our common reading. A very slight instance this is to be sure, but it indicates the immense advantage of remaining close to the Hebrew. One thing is certain: no one who has ever used such a translation can ever again prefer the psalter of the Vulgate. An excellent work for some of our own Scripture scholars would be a true translation directly from the Hebrew of the psalms and of that other glorious masterpiece of the Bible, the book of Job.

A SHORT-CUT TO HAPPINESS.

The author of *The Catholic Church from Within*—a book which we have praised highly for its attractive and studied explanations of Catholic doctrine and practice—has published another volume,* entitled *A Short-Cut to Happiness.* The preface of this volume is written by the Rev. B. W. Maturin. The object of the author is to show that the shortest and quickest way to happiness is through renunciation and self-sacrifice. It is a study in the basic truth of Christianity that one must seek his own salvation first, yet that in this love of God all thought of self, even of one's own happiness, is lost. The universal craving for happiness which possesses us is to be satisfied only, so to speak, in its denial, in the death of the self and the consecration of

* *A Short Cut to Happiness.* By the Author of *The Catholic Church from Within*, with preface by Rev. B. W. Maturin. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

the soul to Jesus Christ, his faith, and his commandments. The example of that renunciation and its superabundant reward have been given completely, and given once and for all, in the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The author has given us a praiseworthy book of devotion, and we sincerely wish it many readers for its truths are of the spirit and eternal.

THESAURUS CONFESARII.

This *Thesaurus Confesarii* * is a very handy volume in size and binding, and contains a brief but accurate summary of the whole of moral theology. As a book of ready reference and a help for those who have not the time to consult more exhaustive works, it will be found useful. A short appendix on the Bull S. Conciatæ is added, together with a supplement on the special laws for Latin America. The author of this last is the Rev. Nicolao Marin Negueruela, of the same congregation as the writer of the volume.

THE ETHICAL TEACHING OF JESUS.
By Dr. Briggs.

The pleasure that comes from reading the theological writings † of Dr. Briggs is due, to some extent, to the fact that they were originally prepared for his students at Union Theological Seminary, and that the presentation of his erudite views is made with a charm of language and a lucidity of expression that make the reading of his chapters comparatively easy. There is an added pleasure in the conviction that possesses the reader that the writer is not one who has old-time theories to defend, but he readily yields his own mind to the forcefulness of the truth as he grasps it. The frankness that leads him to make the following statement in the preface to this last volume is captivating, to say the least: "This inductive study of the Ethical Teaching of Jesus brought a great surprise to me. Ethical opinions which I had held for the greater portion of my life vanished when I clearly saw what Jesus himself taught. His teaching as to Holy Love came upon me like a revelation from God." And

* *Thesaurus Confesarii.* Auctore R. P. Josepho Busquet e Cong. Filiorum Imm. Cordis B. M. V. Éditio Tertia locupletior atque emendatior. Barcinoria: Libraria Montserrat. 1902.

† *The Ethical Teaching of Jesus.* By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt., Professor of Theological Encyclopædia and Symbolics in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

so too, he says, was the case with some other opinions which had to be, and readily were, sacrificed to deeper study and more profound research. He does not expect that every one of his Protestant readers will see his conclusions as clearly as he now does, inasmuch as they will have previous ethical training and long cherished opinions to overcome. But there is nothing novel in them, at least to the Catholic theologian. In fact, one by one he casts aside the old theories of Protestant theology, and in a most beautiful and lucid way makes an exposition of the traditional teachings of the church without saying or in any way hinting that they are the teachings of Catholic theologians. His chapter on the Counsels of Perfection is a striking instance of this. It is an exegetical exposition of the higher life as based on the Counsels of Perfection that might easily find a place in Catholic manuals of ascetical theology. His defence of a life of poverty, celibacy, and obedience will be a morsel very difficult for the old school of Protestant teachers to accept, yet it seems so convincing because so easily the outcome of the teaching of Jesus that the wonder is that any other theories were ever taught. The same might he said of his exposition of works of supererogation, and the commandments of Christian love as opposed to the *lex talionis* of the Mosaic law.

The great work that Dr. Briggs is doing by these later books of his is the harmonizing of the many schools of theological teaching and the moulding into a homogeneous way of thinking and believing of the many dissident schools of Protestant thought. We can readily believe that all his disciples will accept his way of thinking, and their ministerial professions as far as they are definite and dogmatic will be along his lines. This is the open door to Christian Unity. It may not be long before these students will realize that they have no preconceived opinions to give up before they accept the traditional teaching of the old Mother Church.

LIFE OF MOTHER GUERIN. The foundress of the well-known convent of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, in Indiana, lived a life well worthy of a biographer's pen.* Mother Guérin was a

* *Life of Mother Theodore Guérin, Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana.* By a Member of the Congregation. New York: Benziger Brothers.

woman of lofty character and a religious of unusual holiness. Leaving France in 1840, she arrived with a handful of sisters in Indiana, there, in the midst of an almost untrodden wilderness, to establish a work for God and souls which was destined to extend its influence over the entire United States. Like nearly all other vessels of election, Mother Guérin encountered many and grievous difficulties. A hasty bishop held different opinions from hers as to the proper management of her community, and almost without warning he strove to crush her by excommunication, of all exercises of power the one whose use is least often called for, and whose abuse is most tyrannical. Added to this came troubles from unworthy religious, the pressure of poverty, and even the burden of anti-Catholic persecution. All this Mother Theodore sustained with rugged fortitude and invincible patience. The dark hours ended at last; and when the venerable foundress died, in 1856, she left her congregation in prosperity and peace, and so actively at work in many fields as to bear witness that it was blessed from on high.

This is an inspiring biography well and temperately written, and we wish that it may help in extending the fame and the usefulness of the Sisters of Providence.

TYBURN.
By Rev. Bede Camm.

Tyburn brings at once to the memory the story of the English martyrs, for in Tyburn stood the gibbet on which so many Catholics offered their lives in sacrifice, when to be a Catholic in England was a penal offence. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., in this small volume,* *Tyburn and the English Martyrs*, has given us a valuable historical essay and a devotional work also on these martyrs for the faith. The volume comprises the sermons preached by the author in the convent chapel at Tyburn on the feast of the English martyrs, and during the triduum which preceded it in May, 1904. These sermons have all been rewritten carefully for publication. Dom Camm thinks that the exact spot where the gallows stood of old may be identified with a high degree of probability, and on this spot, he writes, there is now an altar raised where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is continually pleaded for the conversion of Eng-

* *Tyburn and the English Martyrs.* By the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Art and Book Company.

land. A body of religious, who have made their home at Tyburn, devote themselves to prayer with the same intention. The sermons are five in number, and include "The Martyrs the Consolation of the Heart of God," in which special attention is paid to the martyred members of the Carthusian Order; "The Martyrs as Champions of the Holy See," with particular reference to Blessed Thomas More; "The Martyrs as Witnesses to the Mass, as the Glory of England and the Hope of England's Conversion."

The work was written and is published in the hope that it may further the conversion of England, and while congratulating the author we also join sincerely with him in his devout wish.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
By Elson.

The expressed intention of Mr. Elson, in writing this one-volume history of the United States,* was to "combine the science of historical research with the art of historical composition." He has aimed to produce an elementary history, but not to make it too elementary; to write succinctly, but not at the expense of style. He has succeeded more than tolerably well. He has evidently been a conscientious student of American history, his work in scientific accuracy and scholarship is immeasurably above the multitude of hastily thrown together, newspaperish, jingo volumes on American history with which we have been so familiar since the Spanish war. As far as we can determine from a pretty thorough perusal of the 900 pages of the work, Mr. Elson has been uniformly just and sane and cautious in his statement. This does not mean, of course, that he has never erred in judgment of men and events; he not infrequently makes disputable statements and renders debatable decisions concerning persons and facts; but the avoidance of such a defect, if defect it be, was certainly an impossibility, considering the scope of the work and the necessity of abbreviating. In general he has rather successfully maintained the true historian's attitude of an interested but not prejudiced spectator of events, but he has not felt it his duty to carry his equanimity to the degree of colorlessness. He has stated facts boldly and squarely; he has not, to cite an important example, tried to blind his readers to the persistent element of personal

* *History of the United States of America.* By Henry William Elson. New York: Macmillan Company.

and political machination that has entered into all our history and has tarnished the heroic beauty of even its greatest epochs. No one can forget, reading Mr. Elson, that the United States is a great political machine as well as a nation; the double-minded purpose, selfish and patriotic, of many of the men who have, while serving their own ends, directed their country's destiny, and while directing their country's destiny served their own ends; this is honestly and unblushingly set forth in the present work. Therefore it is truer than the so-called "patriotic," indiscriminating, injudicious works that generally result from a desire to write an American history that will please the American people.

The author's conscious effort to write agreeably and pleasantly is sometimes too evidently conscious; he has occasionally resorted to rhetoric that is commonplace; but these trifling defects are scarcely worth mentioning in the face of the fact that Mr. Elson has succeeded in making his work interesting throughout, and in not a few places has given evidence of considerable dramatic power indicated rather in reserve than in exercise.

For these things, then, without being able for lack of space to cite examples in proof of our judgment, we commend this American history. It is scholarly in tone and temperate and just in statement, and faithful to the truth even in those ugly spots of our history where either religious or political prejudice has led the majority of writers astray.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.
By C. B. Pallen.

The present volume* on Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* is a fuller and further developed interpretation of that which the author, Mr. Pallen, sent in 1885 to Tennyson, and which received the poet's thanks and warm commendation. The fact that Tennyson himself wrote that Mr. Pallen had grasped the meaning of the Idylls more thoroughly than most commentators should itself be the best guarantee of the merit of this present work.

We doubt if Tennyson has produced anything more enduring, more creditable to his name as a poet, save perhaps some passages in the "In Memoriam," than these wonderful *Idylls of the King*. In them his usual expression of problematic

* *The Meaning of the Idylls of the King.* An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé Benoist Pallen, LL.D. New York: American Book Company.

doubt, of uncertainty and oftentimes of bewilderment, has gone. He speaks here in the accents of unfaltering faith and as he grasped the ethical message of that Catholic inheritance of the middle age, so does he also re-echo its power and its strength of peace and of love.

The Catholic revival had begun in England, but it was only a poet of Tennyson's genius that could have made England listen so attentively, so enraptured, to such a distinctively Catholic message as the Idylls impart. We might say that with his magic hand he drew back the curtain of the centuries and England saw again the picture of light, and beauty, and spiritual truth which had once roused to enthusiasm the best of her sons. And the highest compliment that can be paid to Tennyson is that he himself was a second Arthur to the age in which he lived.

Mr. Pallen shows the inner message of these Idylls, shadowing sense at war with soul. But he protests at too great a length that there must be such a message, that the Idylls are not mere imagery, since to express their inner content he has but to repeat a line of the epilogue. One who would deny an inner message to the poem after seeing that expressed purpose of the author, does not know how to read. Nor is anything gained by the author in heaping abuse on this present generation of the twentieth century of the Christian era. There have been far worse ages in the world's history, and there is much, very much in the moral sense of men to-day to which such a Christian message as the Idylls contain will appeal. If Mr. Pallen looks for a large number of readers, or expects to influence many by this interpretation, so admirably conceived, we can give him but a weak assurance indeed if he writes "to a generation sunk in the steaming valleys of sense."

Mr. Pallen groups the eleven Idylls into one epic poem with one definite message to mankind, the war of sense against spirit, the beauty and the value of bodily and spiritual purity. "It is the crime of sense," writes the author, "which breaks the harmony of the virtues into the discord of sin and crime, and disrupts the order Divine Wisdom has established amongst men. Against it the spiritual man, despite of the sin, the crime, and the treachery about him, stands proof, passing from the old order in the flesh to the new order in the spirit. The Idylls are simply the drama of the new-old truth, sense at war

with soul, the old battle and the ever-renewed strife between the old and the new man."

Beginning with the coming of Arthur, Mr. Pallen with careful insight unfolds the development of that theme. The author's own spiritual sense has certainly aided his discernment, and one cannot but feel that at times he has seen a meaning in the lines that Tennyson himself never intended. This in the interpretation of a master mind is almost inevitable. The coming of Arthur is the coming of the spiritual man. To the spirit as to right reason are all the things of sense to be subjected, not necessarily stamped out but guided to their true and proper object.

In Gareth and Lynette we are shown the growth of the individual, the increasing strength of the spiritual man and his successive victories in youth, in middle and in old age, and lastly over death itself.

In Geraint and Enid comes a discordant note begotten of sin, which sounds the eventual downfall of the Table Round. Balin and Balan tells of the evil effects of malice. Envy and traitorous jealousy reach their climax in Merlin and Vivian, where wisdom, the guardian of the soul, yields itself to the allurements of sense. In Lancelot and Elaine the hellish work of sin continues. The Holy Grail teaches that only such as are called, and are without the stain of sin, may seek for the far-off spiritual city. But here we think that Mr. Pallen should have given some measure of his interpretation to the office of Sir Percivale's sister. It was a woman who had seen the Holy Grail and it was a woman who gave the inspiration to Sir Galahad, sent him forth on his mission and told him he would be crowned in the spiritual city, and "he believed in her belief." As the Holy Grail sums up, so to speak, the whole purport of the Idylls, so have we always thought that this woman, Sir Percivale's sister, had a very Catholic and a very essential office in the poet's scheme.

Pelleas and Ettarre is another proof of the dire effects of sin, and in the Last Tournament that great sin of impurity does its final work of destruction. Guinevere speaks of war and chaos, and then comes the passing of King Arthur.

These *Idylls of the King* are to be numbered among the most beautiful and inspiring writings of English literature. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Pallen on his work and on sound-

ing those still wider and more detailed notes of that sweet, immortal harp of Arthur. The circumstances surrounding the publication of this work are most happy and most promising, and we wish for it every success in its intended field.

VERGILIUS.
By Bacheller.

One of the most noteworthy of recent productions in fiction is Irving Bacheller's *Vergilius.** In this instance Mr. Bacheller has abandoned the haunts of *Eben Holden* and sought his episodes and characters in Rome during the reign of Augustus, just prior to the birth of Christ. The story is of two young Roman patricians whose love leads them through the momentous events of this exciting period. The theme has been handled by many writers, but few have succeeded so well as Mr. Bacheller, from a purely literary point of view. He draws his pictures with the fewest possible strokes, thereby gaining simplicity, clearness, and dramatic strength. His characterization of the emperor is remarkably keen, and it will cling to the reader's memory. But the overshadowing thing in the book is his description of the Holy Night in Bethlehem. *Vergilius* is not a pretentious story, but it is beautiful, thrilling, and refreshing to the jaded reader of up-to-date romance.

THE ELLWOODS.
By Welles.

The Ellwoods,† by Charles Stuart Welles, M.D., touches the depths of dulness. It is heralded by more than a dozen English newspapers as "a novel with a purpose." Its purpose is the exposition of theories held by the author on religion, marriage, political and social economy, and kindred subjects. The writer's intention is to reach "that portion of the public which cannot give its time to special study," but it is to be hoped that this vast student body will seek a more profound and authoritative source for its information on matters religious, political, and social. The book is egotistic to the point of stupidity, and its preachings are generously interspersed with Biblical quotations remarkable for their inaptitude and misinterpretation. As a novel *The Ellwoods* has very little to recommend it.

* *Vergilius.* By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *The Ellwoods.* By Charles Stuart Welles, M.D. New York: Morgan M. Renner; London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton Kent & Co., ltd.

THE ROCK OF ARRANMORE. By O'Neill.

The revival of interest in all things Gaelic is no doubt responsible for *The Rock of Arranmore*,* a dramatic poem in blank verse by John O'Neill. It is a fact that most of us have become lazy in our reading, and want our books, like our breakfast food, predigested. Consequently *The Rock of Arranmore* is far too complex and laborious for our inert minds. Gaelic itself could scarcely be more difficult to master than the ponderous verse in which the poem is written. The subject of the drama is the finding of judgment by the celestial spirits on the future events of one hundred and forty-seven years, from Yellow Ford to Fontenoy. Queen Eire, representing the nation of the Gael, her sister Banba, representing the Island of Inisfail, and Saint George are among the characters of the drama. Carefully compiled notes are furnished to make clear the numerous mythological and historical references which in number and remoteness rival the masterpiece of Milton. Though sincerity and the power of picturesque imagery are gifts of the author, his poem lacks the first requisite of true poetry—simplicity.

The Report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1903 includes some pages† on the Catholic Parcchial Schools of the United States. The chapter was written by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, and will be of particular importance to all Catholics and all writers on, or students of, the history of education in the United States. Father Sheedy explains the mind of the church on the education of the young; how the church favors popular education, and the growing demand among all classes for some religious education in the schools. He tells also at length of the rise, growth, and development of the parochial schools; their number, courses, efficiency, and results. The pamphlet is of timely and permanent value.

* *The Rock of Arranmore.* By John O'Neill. New York: O'Shea & Co.; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

† *United States Bureau of Education. Chapter from the Report of the Commissioner of Education.* Chap. xxi., The Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Library Table.

The Tablet (6 Aug.) The rumor that there is an immediate prospect of the beatification of Scotus is not accepted by the editor.——At a recent session of the Committee of Supply opportunity was given to discuss the Irish University Question. Mr. Clancy advocated the establishment of a house of studies such as Irish Catholics would resort to. Mr. S. McNeill opposed the present system because, as he said, Catholics would no more enter a Queen's College than they would a Protestant place of worship. Hereupon Mr. Wyndham objected to the matter being raised and denounced the debate as academic. For this he was severely criticised. No satisfactory results were obtained.——The Roman Correspondent writes that M. Combes has decided that the time has come for giving the *coup de grace* to the union of Church and State in France. The Holy See, some time ago, demanded the attendance in Rome of two French bishops to answer certain accusations. Because this mandate was not delivered through the government, M. Combes claimed that the Concordat had been formally violated. Thereupon he required the withdrawal of the order under penalty of an immediate break with the Vatican. The Holy See declined to comply with the minister's request. In the opinion of the correspondent, the rupture is irretrievable and the days of the Concordat are likely to be short.

(13 Aug.): Cardinal Vannutelli completed his splendid tour of Ireland with speeches at Thurles, Cashel, Cork, and Queenstown, also Killarney and Kingstown, where, after giving solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, he delivered his farewell address. As the steamer left the pier there was everywhere a scene of tremendous enthusiasm; ringing cheers were again and again renewed. The cardinal was extremely pleased with his visit, and repeatedly acknowledged his high esteem for, and his gratitude towards, the Irish people.——Parents

in the diocese of Waterford and other maritime dioceses of Ireland have been asked to restrain their sons from entering the Royal Navy, where they are continually deprived of the rites of their church and the consolation of their religion.

(20 Aug.): In the June number of *The Fortnightly* Mr. W. S. Lilly maintained that the doctrine pronouncing as lawful the assassination of excommunicated sovereigns is in accordance with the highest teaching of Catholic theologians, and the practice of the highest authorities of the church. Suarez was quoted in support of this statement. The Very Rev. Bishop of Limerick took exception to Mr. Lilly's statement, and in a series of letters proved quite conclusively that Suarez taught explicitly the contradictory doctrine. In the present number Mr. Lilly is answered for his statement that St. Pius V. meditated the assassination of Queen Elizabeth, by letters from Fr. J. H. Pollen, S.J., Montgomery Carmichael, and "Aliquis"—all of which are strong in opposition yet well-meaning and kindly in spirit.

The Month (Sept.): Continues the review of *The Veil of the Temple.* The discussion turns on natural religion—belief in any revealed religion being untenable from a scientific stand-point. Theism, to be a religion, entails a conception of a good God and a conception of a human soul; but these Theistic conceptions involve elements which science pronounces as inadmissible. The death-dealing calamities in the world and the internecine strife between animal and animal for bare existence tell against the Theist's God whose moral goodness the order, beauty, and immensity of the Kosmos are supposed to demonstrate. As regards the soul's free-will, our consciousness of this power is but an optical illusion; and as for immortality, we are shown that the soul lacks the attributes which enabled theologians to infer that it is a distinct entity, independent of the body and capable of surviving its dissolution. After disposing of Theism, Mr. Mallock's characters create three substitutes in lieu of the dethroned God of the Deist—the Hegelian theory, the scheme of Herbert Spencer, and the Ethical Church. But before the advance of science these are found to

fail in one respect or other. Next is set forth Mr. Mallock's own theory through his spokesman, Mr. Glanville. The reviewer finds this part of Mr. Mallock's book misty and insufficient, but gives us what he conceives to be Mr. Mallock's meaning. He sets before us the method whereby the author, after removing from us all religious beliefs in the name of science, undertakes to restore them in the name of mysticism. Father Smith on several points makes serious objections to Mr. Mallock's line of argument and to his assuming the certainty of materialistic conclusions.

La Quinzaine (1 Aug.): Apropos of President Roosevelt, Abbé C. Mano contributes an article entitled "Strenuous Life." The writer praises Mr. Roosevelt's ideas in general, but fails to see how some of his opinions on war can be easily applied. In Mano's opinion the President's "Standard of Life," his love for manly virtues, are deserving of praise and his work is a "magnificent Sursum Corda."

(16 Aug.): Abbé J. Wehrlé undertakes to discuss an article by M. le Baron von Hügel, which appeared in the *Quinzaine* of June 1, 1904. Even the title of the article is said to involve incertitude inasmuch as it speaks of "the eternal Christ and our successive Christologies." Just as if, writes Wehrlé, Christ, "who did not exist on the eve of the day on which his mother conceived Him, was eternal; and as if the church had more than one Christology. Von Hügel's words seem "to invite us to admit the existence of two distinct Christs; one the Christ of the mortal life, the simple Revealer of that which he knows only imperfectly; the other, the Christ eternal, who resembles so strongly the purely spiritual Word of God living in the bosom of the Father that he deserves to be called eternal." Moreover Von Hügel seems to imply that "St. John is in contradiction with the truth of history in presenting to us a Christ absolutely holy and impeccable." These two questions are not only important, but are the "keystones of Christian dogmatics." Wehrlé protests against the liberty which Von Hügel takes in "going beyond facts in order to find something other than facts." He

concludes his article by warning us not to say or to insinuate anything which would implicate the universality of the Redemption; to adhere firmly to the teaching of the church, the sole heiress of the permanent reality of Christ.

(1 Sept.): Despite the fact that many "prophets of evil" declare a "yellow peril" for the future, Gabriel D'Azambuja predicts rather a "yellow assistance." The Chinese and the Japanese, in his opinion, have in the past been of immense good to white nations, and there is no fear that in the future a China, aided by Japan, a "panmongolism" will, with armies of several million men, crush "poor little Europe."——George Fonsegrive begins an article on "Catholicism and the French Policy." In this number he reviews the troubles between Rome and the French Republic, after the visit of President Loubet to Italy. He dwells especially on the cause of the final outbreak between these two powers, namely, the summoning to Rome of the two French Bishops, Geay and Nordez, and on the outcome of this action.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): J. B. Piolet concludes his article on Protestant Foreign Missions. He shows the extent and influence of the leading Protestant organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Students' Volunteer Missionary Union, and the Epworth League. Statistics show that Protestants are much more liberal than Catholics in supporting foreign missions. The number of schools, orphanages, asylums, etc., managed by Protestants is given. The article shows the vast amount of literature that is given out by Protestant societies. The number of men and women engaged in the work is also given. Still, considering their numbers and resources, the results obtained are small. This is due, the writer believes, to the diversity of Protestant teachings, and to the fact that most Protestant missionaries are married. In concluding, the writer tells us what we are to learn about missionary work from our non-Catholic brethren: 1st. That Catholics all over the world should be personally interested in the work and ready to help it along. 2d. That the societies engaged in this work

should give better accounts of the work performed; and 3d, that a central museum and library of Catholic missionary work should be established.——A very interesting description of the Vatican is given by Marc Hélys. With the different halls, chapels, statues, etc., the writer connects many historical events and persons, telling particularly of the work done in the Vatican by Nicholas V. The improvements made by Leo XIII. are noted. Knowing the great love of Pius X. for the gardens of the Vatican, one feels greatly interested in the description given of them in this article.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Aug.): In this number M. M. Sicard continues his argument to prove that Gaul received the Christian faith during the apostolic era. Did Mary Magdalene and her companions carry the faith into Gaul? The tradition says, Yes. In support of the tradition, the writer admits, there is a complete lack of contemporaneous witnesses, but urges that there is good reason for believing the legend, on account of the universality of the tradition in Europe even as early as the ninth century, and because the tradition is in a way confirmed by one of the martyrologies, and by the Divine Office in use by the Dominicans in 1250.

Études (20 Aug.): "French Catholics: Their Rights and Duties," is the title of a vigorous and instructive article by Henri Berchois, on the present religious crisis in France. After a brief discussion of the rights of Catholics as men, citizens of the republic, and members of a religious organization—rights which have been so repeatedly infringed upon and violated by the hostile minority which controls the government—the writer goes on to consider some of the duties of French Catholics, in view of the conditions which at present confront them. The first duty of every true Catholic is to strive to be a worthy member of the Church of Christ—to see to it that the principles of faith and of the Gospel shall more and more dominate and rule his individual life and conduct. But besides this the Catholics of France must rouse themselves to united and energetic action. God does not save us without our own earnest co-operation; and this applies as well to the temporal welfare and

salvation of societies as to the eternal salvation of the individual soul. The inertia and indifference of Catholics themselves have been a fruitful source of weakness and failure to the Catholic body in the past. Energetic effort, then, is an indispensable condition of success. But effort to be effective must be united; disunion means weakness—failure; unity, strength and success. Catholics must learn to waive their political differences, and lay aside their petty personal ambitions and jealousies for the sake of the higher interests of religion. In conclusion, the writer outlines briefly a practical plan of campaign, and expresses the hope that through united, energetic, and intelligent effort the Catholics of France will pass successfully through the present crisis, and, in the struggle for their rights and liberties, march to certain victory.

(4 Sept.): "A Divorce" is the title of a novel by Paul Bourget, reviewed in this number by Pierre Suau. This masterpiece, writes the reviewer, pictures strongly how far divorce is a "permanent temptation, and a sad maze for the modern family." The plot of the story runs thus: Mme. Albert Darras—who has been married to M. Darras for twelve years, after having been divorced from her first husband, M. de Chambauld—being smitten in conscience at the event of her daughter's First Communion, realizes that her divorce stands between her and God. Darras had allowed her to bring up her daughter in the Catholic faith, while he made Lucien, her son by her first husband, a copy of himself—an irreligious but honest man, obeying only "his individual and independent conscience." Lucien falls in love with Bertha Planat, who, like Darras and Lucien, believes in a "morality founded on biology." Lucien, though he finds out that Bertha had once been betrayed, feels that she has not lied in conscience, and decides to marry her. Darras and his wife oppose the marriage, and Lucien gets the consent of his father, M. de Chambauld, who dies shortly after. There is a quarrel between Lucien and his mother, the outcome of which is, that Lucien leaves her home and marries Bertha Planat. Mme. Darras is now convinced of the "irregularity of

her second union," and, unable to find anything to relieve her, gives herself up to a misfortune without end, brought upon her by "that law of anarchy and disorder which promised her liberty and happiness, and gave her only slavery and misery." Finally, she realizes that return to religion is the necessary condition of her happiness.

Revue Thomiste (July–Aug.): M. Waddington, in a work on ancient philosophy published during the present year, revived the question of the authenticity of the Aristotelian ethics, holding that Aristotle was the author of three treatises: the Nicomachean Ethics; the Eudemean Ethics; and the Magna Moralia; and he put forward the hypothesis that another work, "The Virtues and Vices," was also of the same authorship. Rev. M. St. Gillet, O.P., in this issue gives a résumé of the findings of the critics on this question during the last fifty years, and sums up in four conclusions: First, That the Nicomachean Ethics is certainly of Aristotelian authorship; Second, That the "Eudemean Ethics" is posterior to the Nicomachean, and is a copy of the latter with some personal retouches made by Eudemius or some other disciple of Aristotle; Third, that the "Magna Moralia" is certainly not the work of Aristotle, but seems to be a large résumé of the other two; Fourth, That the treatise on Virtues and Vices cannot be admitted as of Aristotelian origin, or at least such origin is very doubtful.——The second instalment of M. B. Schwalm's article on the controversies of the Greek Fathers upon the knowledge of Christ shows the development which took place in this question from St. Athanasius' theory of a special economy of progress in Christ to the theory of innate science held by St. Cyril of Alexandria.——The Rev. Thomas M. Pègues, O.P., takes exception to Father Billot's theory that the Sacraments are merely disposing causes and not immediate causes of grace. After a careful examination of the writings of St. Thomas bearing on this point, Father Pègues finds the Angelic Doctor unquestionably on his side, and in favor of the immediate causality of the Sacraments.——"Le Miracle d'apres St. Thomas D'Aquin" is the title of an article by the Rev.

J. D. Folghera, O.P., in which the writer has gathered the ideas on miracles set forth by St. Thomas in various parts of his writings. In introducing his subject the writer says that the article will be of use if it shows that "in the ages of faith, to believe and to believe in miracles was less an effect of credulity than of reason itself." For those who wish to know St. Thomas' opinion on miracles this article presents his argument in convenient form.

Razon y Fe (Aug.): P. Murillo reviews a book in which P. Delattre, S.J., assails *La Méthode Historique* of P. Lagrange, O.P. The reviewer says that the book and the method it represents have been practically killed by the criticisms of the learned Jesuit, at least so far as moderately instructed Catholics are concerned. He draws attention to the fact that the Catholic Institute of Toulouse was not responsible for the publication of the volume, and that P. Fonck said it was unworthy of serious refutation. P. Delattre, however, has judged otherwise, since P. Lagrange's position on the Biblical Commission might lend him undue influence with half-educated readers. The reviewer remarks that, although some Catholics may look unfavorably upon P. Delattre's book, that fact will be to their discredit rather than his. (Meanwhile P. Lagrange's book has gone into a third edition.)

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., D.D. Pp. 347. Price $2.50. *Prayer Book for Religious.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Pp. 1155.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Ray: A Story of the Time of Christ. By R. Monlaur. Translated from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. Pp. 203. Price 45 cents.

RICHARD G. BADGER, THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston:

Introduction to Dante's Inferno. By A. T. Ennis. Pp. 141.

ALPHONSE PICARD ET FILS, Paris:

Le Palais de Caïphe et le Nouveau Jardin Saint-Pierre. Par Le P. Urban Coppens, O.F.M. Pp. 94. *Le Millénarisme dans ses Origines et son Développement.* Par Léon Gry. Pp. 136.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

La Méthode Historique. Par M. J. Lagrange. Pp. 259.

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, Philadelphia:

The History of North America. 20 vols. By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. Vol. I. Discovery and Exploration, by Alfred Brittain. Vol. II. The Indians of North America in Historic Times, by Cyrus Thomas, Ph.D. Vol. III. The Colonization of the South, by Peter Joseph Hamilton. Vol. IV. The Colonization of the Middle States and Maryland, by Frederick Robertson, Ph.D. Vol. V. The Colonization of New England, by Bartlett Burleigh James, Ph.D. Vol. VII. The Colonization and Development of the Constitution, by Thomas Francis Moran, Ph.D. Printed for subscribers only.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

Readings from Modern Mexican Authors. By Frederick Starr. Pp. 420.

HARPER BROTHERS, New York:

Vergilius. A Tale of the Coming Christ. By Irving Bacheller. Pp. 279. Price $1.35.

ART AND BOOK CO., London:

Immaculata. Pp. 18. *Catechism simply explained.* By H. Canon Cafferata. Pp. 172. *Tyburn and the English Martyrs.* By Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Pp. 128.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia:

History of Education. By E. L. Kemp. Pp. 384. *Kant's Educational Theory.* By Edwin Franklin Buchner, Ph.D. Pp. 309.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

A History of Education in the United States. By Edwin Grant Dexter, Ph.D. (Columbia.) Pp. 656. Price $2.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Daily Consular Reports.

GINN & CO., Boston:

Elementary Woodworking. By Edwin W. Foster. Pp. 133. Price 75 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

The Affair at the Inn. By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Others. Pp. 220. Price $1.25 *Words of Koheleth.* By John Franklin Genung. Pp. 361. Price $1.25. *The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri.* By Aurelia Henry. Pp. 216. Price $1.25.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

Motu Proprio of Pope Pius the Tenth on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music. Pp. 24. *Are Indulgences sold in Spain* (The Bula La Cruzada)? By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. Pp. 24. *A Tale of Mexican Horrors.* By the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S J. Pp. 24. *A Spanish Heroine in England.* By Dona Louisa De Carnival. Pp. 32. *Rome's Appalling Record; or, the French Clergy and its Calumniators.* By Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Pp. 16.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITH much pleasure we give space to the excellent words of advice contained in a paper prepared for the opening meeting of a most progressive Catholic Reading Circle. It will furnish a theme for profitable discussion in many home circles, where intelligent Catholics can meet and exchange opinions without formality. This is a phase of the Reading Circle movement not represented on any printed list. Yet the Home Circle is to be regarded as the model type. Rules of procedure are needed for the larger gatherings, and are always somewhat irksome by repressing spontaneity. On behalf of the readers of this department the manager of The Columbian Reading Union hopes to get many papers like the following:

In all things, said Thomas à Kempis, have I sought peace and found her not, save in corners and books. It would be delightful, and I am sure profitable, to dwell on this theme; but so many admirable things have been written and read by everybody about this wonderful man, or rather about the wonderful book this elusive genius has bequeathed the world. It is the greatest boon after the four Gospels. The best way to do homage to this practical mystic of the fourteenth century is to adopt the practice of the daily reading of, at least, one passage from his book. It may be a random passage, but it will always startle us with its timeliness. It helps us through the day as nothing else from a human pen can—a joy to the heart, a light to the soul, a staff for our weariness to lean upon; try it, and then you will have for a certainty a soul-tonic proof against the "cares that infest the day," and tend to depress us.

This opening paper purposes to run on from one thing to another, without rhyme or measure, but, I hope, with some reason. Let us call it a chat about books to read, and what the holy man above mentioned advised us not to read, five hundred years ago, has been repeated in varying phrase from his day to our day. We have heard much, and perhaps felt somewhat of the friendship of books, of the companionship of books, of the blessedness of books; all kinds of wise sayings are recorded of how books are the means by which we make the great and good of other generations our personal friends; and in this, our day, who can number the clubs, circles, unions, all sorts of associations for courses of reading? It is a fad for many, a fashion for some, a craze, perhaps, for a certain number; the moralizer can here vent his venom or his wisdom on a generous scale.

Aggressiveness is not *our* chief characteristic, hence we shall not attack the fads, nor the fashions, nor the crazes; they can do no harm except to those who wish to be harmed; we merely make a note *en passant* of the signs of the times, to be interpreted *ad libitum*. We have all been impressed during the past few years by the large space given in the periodicals, even in the newspapers, to the lists of best 100 books, according to the best judgment of some of the greatest literary authorities in the world. Many bishops complied with the editor's request, as to what their lordships had to give in the shape of a list. Cardinal Newman, the undisputed master-mind of the age, went into the making out of those lists, and so did Mr. Ruskin and Mr.

Gladstone—weighty authorities these—nor can we doubt of the interesting reading these lists in themselves furnish; much instruction may be obtained from the comparison of these lists, for there is this peculiarity about the human mind, that even if it cannot do a thing, it likes to know how it can be done. It is quite probable that many hundreds out of the many thousands who find delight in looking over catalogues of books would not make an effort to master one of the many valuable works suggested. In fact it is to be feared that many of us lose time trying to decide what book to read first. Dr. Johnson would tell us that "it makes no more difference what book a man reads first than it does what foot he puts into his shoes first." "Read anything, sir, five hours a day, and you will become learned!" That's all very well for Dr. Johnson and for Bozzy; and with all due respect for the grand old oddity, and taking it for granted that when he said "any book" he meant any valuable book, we cannot dream of the leisurely luxury of five hours a day. We women could not conscientiously dispose of our time on that scale; indeed, five hours a week would be, perhaps should be, as much as we can count on. Of course, there are exceptional weeks when it becomes a matter of more or less reading time. Madame Swetchine says, without stopping to mention what the motive should be, that every woman, no matter how busy her life, can find, if she wishes, time every day for some study. All reading was study for Madame Swetchine; she is an authority on books and life no less infallible than lovable.

Now as to the choice of books, for there must be a choice, for reasons of conscience, of intellectual profit, as well as of moral support, and of mere recreation; a severe choice even in our reading for amusement and rest. We are justified in selecting our friends with an exclusiveness that might limit us to Solomon's "one in a thousand"; even our bowing acquaintances should be rather few than many, and all this, without in the least damaging the universal charity which is the beginning and the end of the Law.

What about the world of books? It is a world, and are we to go about recklessly here? Are we allowed a hail-fellow-well met sort of camaraderie? taking for granted we have the instinct of all that is proper and healthy and safely beautiful. This instinct will say the right thing. Barring all those books that carry with them the odor of sin, however disguised; barring, too, all merely sensational fiction, completely ignoring the tons of trash served out by the carload in the vulgar markets of the uneducated. Among the books, the *one hundred books* from which we are to choose, what shall we read? There's the rub! It is no small difficulty to say to one's self, do and don't even in matters permissible. Our leisure for reading being so valuable and limited it seems a sin against ourselves to waste even a moment with the second best. Spiritual reading is the daily bread of the soul, therefore a little of it every day; if not a goodly slice, let us make sure at least of a few substantial crumbs; say, for instance, a verse or so from the *New Testament* or the *Imitation of Christ*, which is a sort of sequel to the Gospels. Then why not have on hand one well-written life of some saint, or one volume from some saintly pen? Wisdom and true profit in this kind of reading lie rather in the quality than the quantity. One saint whom we would adopt not only as a patron, but as a study, would go further in making saints of us than a bowing sort of acquaintance with the whole of them. If fifteen minutes can-

not be given every day to this spiritual nourishing, well then ten minutes, or let us say five; no one can be so hurried as not to find, at least, that minimum of the waking hours of each day.

Now for the books that are literature. Possibly the old books are the best. Thomas à Kempis thought so in his day, and in every age of the world mankind has looked to the past for wisdom. While Shakspere was writing his plays, the polite world of his day was looking to the preceding age for its poetry. Time winnows everything, and, as a rule, whatever lasts has merit—with books as with men. The survival of the fittest seems the invariable law. When Shakspere's works were a hundred years old people began to read them. When they were two hundred years old they began to quote them; now they are an essential of education. Milton did not live to hear the world call him master. Leaving out our great spiritual writers as sure of immortality, it is curious to inquire as to what works of our time will survive the flight of time, survive the Booms. What are the chances of Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold being called teachers, not in the thirtieth century but ten years hence? May we not answer at once, and say no teacher who sets out with the melancholy assurance that he knows not the issue can be called by that great name. Carlyle groans: "Whence, and, O Heavens! whither?" Matthew Arnold sounds some cheery notes, but always before the end he "brings the eternal note of sadness in"; and as for George Eliot, why trouble to quote. No, these, nor their disciples and imitators, are not teachers; they have taught some things, but not to the final issue, and their books can benefit us only in connection with studies that do not bear closely on life.

Among the healthy literary signs of our times is the demand for biographies, autobiographies, letters (some letters). The novelists have so abused realism, and we are so tired of an unfounded idealism, that the truth within us cries out for the reality. The novelists, great and small, earliest and latest, French and English, have given us unto satiety idealistic and realistic men and women who fail us in our personal struggles. We want the *real* men and women who have gone through the combat, who are struggling side by side with us. With them only do we feel sure of a profitable sympathy. Realism is not reality; idealism of books is not the idealism of life. Hence let us have well-written biographies and such letters as will enable us to come closer to our fellow-men and women. Alas! that even with the best-written biographies, with the most confidential letters, we should still be so far off one from the other! Who that has ever looked long and carefully at a picture of Cardinal Newman can fail to understand what he means when he speaks of "the impassable gulf that separates man from man"? If we cannot pass that gulf we can look into it. In this sense let us understand Pope's line:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Not the dreaming man of Jean Paul Richter, not the caricatured man—nor woman—of so many of our so-called dramatists and of our "up-to-date" novelists. Thackeray and Dickens have wrought much and well, still their men and women do not interest so much as personalities; they only serve to carry the argument that is to expose some sham, or point a moral and paint a tale. As for Hugo's and Daudet's men and women—

realistic? Yes; real? No. Those are not our own kith and kin. Thank God they are not! Walter Scott's men and women? Yes, as quaint and fanciful tapestry figures to complete the charm of the castles he so loves. There is great *human* charm in all these types, but we are not satisfied.

Let us conclude that fiction alone cannot be our reading. And we must not fear to be too exclusive in the "world of books." Mrs. Browning says:

"Behold the world of books is still the world,
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant; for the wicked there
Are winged like angels; every knife that strikes
Is edged with elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of Beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified,
Though armed against St. Michael.
Many a crown covers bald foreheads.
In the Book-World true
There 's no lack neither of God's saints and kings
That shake the ashes of the grave aside
From their calm locks, and undiscomfited
Look steadfast truths against time's changing mark.
True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming thunder
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay! Who judges?
Who discerns at once the sound of the
Trumpets, when the trumpets blow
For Alaric as well as for Charlemagne?
Who judges prophets and can tell true seers
From conjurers? The child there?
Would you leave
The child to wander in a battlefield
And push his innocent smile against the guns?
Or even in the catacombs?
His torch grown ragged in the fluttering air
And all the dark a-mutter round him?
The World of Books is still the world,
And both worlds have God's providence, thank God!
To keep and hearten."

* * *

The time having arrived for printing the four-thousandth number of *The Athenæum*, the editor indulges in a few appropriate remarks. He is pessimistic. Born in 1828, his paper has reached an age which might command respect, if respect were in fashion. Present criticism, in his opinion, is in a bad way. Its general tendency, he believes, is to deal in personalities rather than first principles, impressionism rather than logic, and to silence that comparative sense which acquaintance with the master-

pieces of the world encourages. Immortality is so frequently and rashly promised to the writer of to-day that such praise has almost become a farce, and it is necessary to remind readers that restraint in expression does not mean disparagement, nor a high standard a personal grudge. *The Athenæum* could get some comfort from recognition of the fact that, after all, present criticism suffers a good deal for sins with which it has really nothing to do. Just as the craze for fiction has produced a kind of book that is simply a thing of commerce, having no literary significance whatever, so the irruption of hordes of ignoramuses into the field of criticism and the complaisance of foolish editors have led to the creation of the notice which has nothing to do with criticism. This pernicious hodgepodge of personalities, treacle, and illiteracy undoubtedly does much harm; but the people who know the difference between it and sane criticism are not all dead yet, and they are constant enough in their appreciation of the real thing to justify the editor of *The Athenæum* and all other advocates of a high standard in keeping up their courage.

* * *

Rev. John B. Tabb is professor of English literature at St. Charles College, on the outskirts of Ellicott City, Maryland. This college is one of the many landmarks situated among the wheat-laden hills of that grand old State.

It is in this place we find Father Tabb, the grammarian, the poet. He is not an old man, but still we cannot call him young. From his appearance he seems to have borne his years with more difficulty than most of his fellow-men, for his form bespeaks the absence of vigor and strength. His face is meagre; two eyes look out from shaggy beetle brows; his nose is thin and of the Semitic form, and his cheeks are hollowed. He is very often found in a cassock long past the ordinary period of usage, and his frock-coat and oddly-shaped hat have long since gone out of style.

He is very affectionate; his heart is a vast ocean of love and charity. His goodness is wide-spreading. He is a man of God; his piety is deep; his devotion edifying. Those not acquainted with him consider him erratic, and even those who know him well pronounce him erratic.

He is never known to have used the word good-by. When vacation comes around his scholars are wont to go to his room to wish him a happy vacation, but never has it been said that they stole a march on him. "When you are going to die," he says, "come, and then I'll bid you good-by." If any one has reached the stage of pre-eminence he is barred from access to Father Tabb's apartments. These incidents illustrate a few of the man's characteristics, but when we study his verses we readily forget these for the essential characteristics that have given him deserved fame as a poet.

* * *

Simply as pure reading matter such a work as the American Newspaper Directory is not without interest, and some of its pages reveal plots and counterplots that are very tangible. The 21,451 periodicals published in the United States and Canada cover a field just as wide as humanity. The progress and backslidings, the strength and weaknesses, the enlightenment and illiteracy of mankind are all faithfully shadowed in publications. Almost as soon as an idea is born, in this age of printing, whether it be good or bad, healthy or diseased, it is embodied in some sort of periodical.

One of the first headings that strikes the eye is anti-Roman Catholic. The denominational literature of the United States embraces some thirty creeds, but the religion of the Pope appears to be the only one that has aroused opposition. Three publications are listed under this head: *American Citizen*, Boston (weekly); *Converted Catholic*, New York (monthly); and *Primitive Catholic*, Brooklyn (semi-monthly). An examination of the directory for five years past shows that the opposition is decreasing, for there were more than a dozen publications devoted to this cause when the American Protective Association movement was at its height. The Roman Catholic Church is credited with 161 publications, and seems to be in little danger of extinction.

Another curious bit of plot appears in the anti-prohibition periodicals. Under temperance and prohibition are listed 107 publications. Evidently this active prosecution has made John Barleycorn turn like the proverbial worm, and give expression to his side of the question in three weekly journals. Four publications are listed under the head of anti-saloon.

Occultism and theosophy are represented by seven periodicals—which is said to be an occult number. New Thought is said to be a semi-occult form of faith, and is represented by five periodicals. Alchemy has disappeared before the discoveries of modern chemistry, with its radio-active substances, but astrology is represented by one monthly. Clairvoyance, palmistry, and phrenology are credited with five periodicals.

Weather is a subject of universal interest, and would seem to be entitled to more than three journals. These are all monthly.

The ancient institution of matrimony has been transformed into a distinct industry, promoted by seven monthly journals with symbolic names.

The subjects of undertaking, embalming, cemeteries, and cremation are treated in seven monthly journals.

Fifteen fraternal societies are each credited with from three to several dozen publications, while many more are ranged under miscellaneous societies. Some of these organizations have queer names and queer journals.

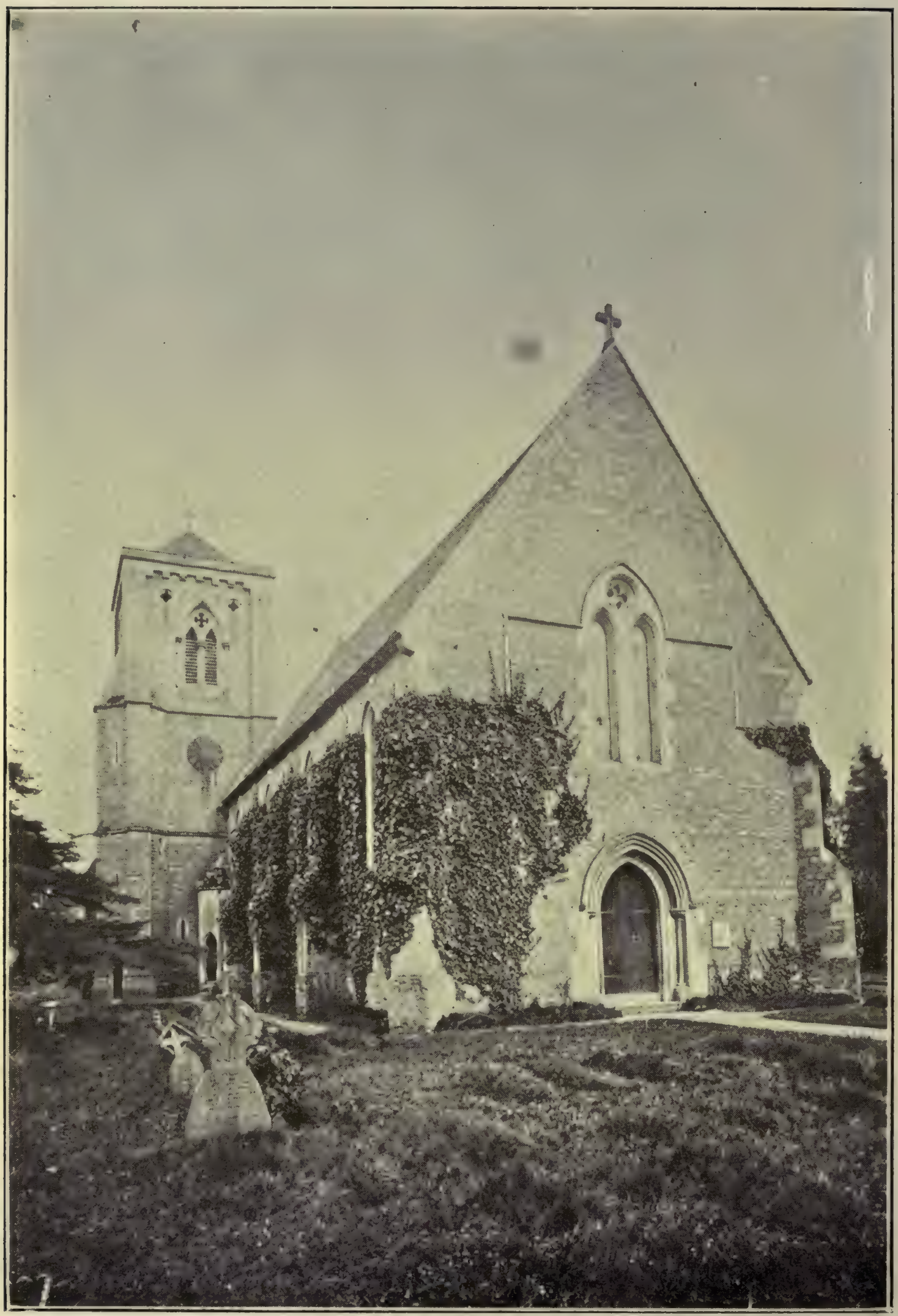
Dogs are well represented. Cats are treated in a single paper. Stamp collectors have fifteen journals, and coin collectors have three. Taxidermy and ornithology have five journals. The science of collecting and preserving birds' eggs has one journal.

There is one class of periodicals whose publishers must have difficulty in keeping track of subscribers, even though they pay in advance. These are the papers devoted to agents, street fakirs, followers of fairs, expositions, and conventions. This peripatetic public is served by four papers that give advance information concerning large meetings and events.

Publications devoted to history, biography, and genealogy are usually leisurely, appearing every three months, as a rule.

Seventeen publications are issued for detectives, policemen, and firemen. Among the less conspicuous foreign language papers are one Arabic, two Armenian, five Chinese, three Croatian, eight Finnish, two Gaelic, two modern Greek, four Hungarian, three Icelandic, two monthly journals in a dialect of the Nebraska Indians, two Japanese, five Lithuanian, five Portuguese, two Russian, one Servian, ten Slavonic, two Slovenian, and four Welsh. There is also a monthly in Boston printed in classic Latin and Greek.

M. C. M.



St. Mary's Church, Littlemore.

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THE RUPTURE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN THE HOLY SEE AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

BY REVEREND JOHN T. CREAGH, D.D., J.U.D.

A FRENCH publicist, writing in the *Independent* of September 22, stated that it is difficult for those who live outside the borders of France to understand the reasons for the war on religion which is being waged with such bitterness by the party in control of the republic at the present time. Mr. Guyot could have found a rather striking confirmation of his view in the editorial columns of the same issue in which his article appeared. He had explained the government's treatment of religious congregations as well as any sympathetic commentator could, and precisely for the benefit of the American public. The editor adverting to the same matter, and probably acquainted with Mr. Guyot's justification, makes the unfeeling pronouncement "that it is hard for us to understand such tyranny." The view is a correct one. The ways of the French government do appear to the American mind strange and inexplicable, but it is doubtful if they ever appeared so unreasonable as in the recent rupture of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France.

Here is a transaction which is not veiled in obscurity, or which we may be asked to attribute to causes mysterious and potent and beyond our discernment. Mr. Combes himself,

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publishing the correspondence that bears on his most recent triumph, presents for our consideration and our judgment an object which is accurately defined and which we can see and touch. He tells us that he broke off diplomatic relations with the Vatican, because the Pope in his treatment of two French bishops disregarded the rights of France and violated the Concordat. We might have been tempted to regard the rupture as only one phase of a general attack on things religious, but the President of the Council informs us that it is a phase complete in itself. He has acted for certain specific reasons, which completely justify his course. We are relieved from even the necessity of estimating the possible effects of Mr. Loubet's visit to Rome and the events which followed close upon it. Mr. Combes excludes everything except what bears on the conduct of the Holy See in reference to two recalcitrant prelates; and he enables us to judge his case without fear of error by placing in our hands his Journal Officiel of August 1. The Vatican also has published a collection of the pertinent documents, but to this we need not recur.

As we approach the study of the diplomatic battle which preceded the government's decision, we bring with us some very clear convictions on the question about which disagreement arose, convictions generally accepted in America by both Catholics and Protestants, and the correctness of which we believe to be beyond dispute. As these convictions have a certain bearing on the matter in hand, it may be well at once to call them to mind.

One of these convictions relates to the requirements of life and conduct in those who are charged with the spiritual care of others. We are all familiar with the high character of the bishops and clergy of France; it has furnished a beautiful theme for many a novelist and many a writer on French institutions; it is one of the hopeful features in a prospect which offers so gloomy an outlook for religion. But, however noble the life of any episcopate may be, it never surpasses the ideal set by the New Testament and the discipline of the Catholic Church; it never surpasses the concept which the episcopal character suggests to the minds of all men. The guide of souls

must be himself possessed of those virtues which it is his duty to inculcate in others. The bitterest flings in our literature are rightly directed at unworthy pastors. If a shepherd be discovered faithless, the only step possible, in the judgment of every reasonable man, is his immediate removal from the high society of which he declares himself unworthy, and from the sacred trust which he violates. His efficiency is at an end. He has become a menace, a power for evil; and the more exalted his office and the greater his responsibilities, the more urgent will be the call for his repression.

Another conviction that obtains in the American mind is that the responsibility of watching jealously the characters of those to whom is entrusted the safety of souls, rests with religious bodies. These, as represented by their superior authorities, must punish infractions of their discipline, must act in matters in which they are primarily concerned. The civil arm does not intervene except to coerce offenders against its law, and one may satisfy the code of the state and yet be a very poor bishop or minister or priest. It is necessary, then, for religious authorities to act, and act they do, for one reason or another, for inefficiency or immorality or maladministration. With us they act without let or hindrance from the secular power; nay, with the approbation of our laws. More than one eminent judge in our courts has expressed the desire to have church matters, of whatsoever kind, confined to ecclesiastical judicatories, and this view is without doubt the popular one in the United States.

These convictions, however, represent more than mere national feeling, more than a sentiment which is the outcome of our particular circumstances. They are the expressions of a law of reason which is operative everywhere. In every country the same demands are laid on those who would lead men to Christ; in every country the need of safeguarding souls and removing influences detrimental to their welfare is as great as it is with us; in every religious body, whatever its name and wherever it may be found, there must reside the duty and the power of coercing unworthy officials.

We say that this law is as reasonable and as operative everywhere as it is with us. But we are told that there is an exception. Recently in France, charges were brought against two members of the episcopate. These charges were, accord-

ing to an express declaration of Cardinal Merry del Val and by the admission of Mr. Combes, purely ecclesiastical in character; they had no political bearing. In other words, these bishops were brought within the exclusive competency of an ecclesiastical tribunal. The tribunal for such cases is, according to the law of the religious society of which they were members, the court of the bishop of bishops, His Holiness, Pius X. The Pope proceeded to exercise what would appear to be his lawful authority, not to the extent of removing the suspected prelates, but in attempting to investigate the charges brought against them, charges that were notorious and of long standing. What is our surprise to learn that it is precisely this perfectly reasonable procedure which Mr. Combes denounces as an offence to France, and a sufficient reason for breaking off diplomatic relations which had been maintained for three hundred years. A century ago the Holy See and France entered into a mutual agreement, a Concordat, for the regulation of certain matters of religious discipline, and the Papal action, which in itself appears so proper, has violated this venerable treaty. We can learn from the pages of the Journal Officiel how grievously the Pope sinned when he endeavored to interfere in the interests of morality and religion.

The first case mentioned is that of Monsignor Geay, Bishop of Laval. So far back as 1900, this prelate's conduct had attracted the attention of the authorities, and he had been counselled by Rome to resign. For those who know the slowness with which the church undertakes any act looking to the deprivation of ecclesiastical office, this counsel will be significant enough of the fact that interference had become necessary; but even more significant was the bishop's answer. Within five days he placed in the hands of the Pope an unconditional renunciation of his see. The inference to be drawn from this complete submission is clear; there was justification of some kind for the suggestion to resign. This inference is not weakened by Monsignor Geay's subsequent insistence that, if his resignation were accepted, the Holy See should appoint him to some other diocese, "even the poorest in France," to use his own phrase. At this stage the affair was allowed to rest tem-

porarily. The church acts with deliberation and mercy. The bishop had received an admonition, grave enough, surely, to lead him to take measures to dispel suspicion and demonstrate his worthiness; he had acknowledged the justice of the warning; there was reason to hope that all cause for complaint would disappear. This hope was disappointed. The Nuncio at Paris had occasion to speak again and again to the government of the sad condition of the diocese of Laval, and of the necessity of administering some remedy; but his representations were without fruit. It therefore became necessary for the Pope to take up the case again. Four years from the date of the first communication another counsel, identical in character, was sent from Rome, with the added clause that if a voluntary resignation was not forthcoming, it would be necessary for the authorities to proceed to further steps. This time the bishop manifested an unwillingness to resign. He was cited, consequently, to appear before a competent tribunal to exculpate himself, if possible.

We can understand what has been done so far, and it would seem that all that savors of offence or broken faith is entirely absent from the letters addressed to Monsignor Geay. A suggestion to resign voluntarily may come from any one, from a layman, a priest, a brother-bishop, a pope; it does not require the exercise of authority. Few would regard it as other than a laudable act in a case like Monsignor Geay's. So also does it seem that there is no cause to take umbrage at an invitation given to an ecclesiastic to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal, and answer charges relating solely to ecclesiastical matters. Especially inoffensive does the Pope's course appear in a country where, as in France, the free exercise of the Catholic religion is expressly guaranteed by law.

Why did the French government find in these inoffensive proceedings a grievous affront? Why did it, as soon as it was informed of what had been done, enter formal protest and demand the immediate revocation of the letters addressed to Monsignor Geay?

The government protested first against the counsel to resign, as given without its consent; and, as if to allege the ground of its protest, declared that the powers of a bishop cannot be withdrawn without a decision of the government of the republic. But, leaving aside all question of the truth or falsity of this

latter statement, we feel bound to ask where has there been any withdrawal of episcopal power? A prelate who has become useless and harmful in his diocese was asked privately to renounce his see. The advisability of such a course is apparent. It spared the reputation of the bishop; it prevented public dissensions and discussions that could serve no good purpose; and it was an act which did not necessarily suppose authority in its source. It could have come, as was remarked above, from any of the bishop's inferiors. It is evident, therefore, that the suggestion to resign cannot rightly be considered as a withdrawal of episcopal power, or as an act which supposes preliminary consent of the French government.

The government protested secondly against what it designated as undisguised pressure exerted in order to compel the bishop to comply with the counsel of the Holy See, which undisguised pressure is detected in the threat to take further steps in case the bishop did not resign. The language in which this pressure is exerted is interesting. The secretary of the Holy Office earnestly begs Monsignor Geay not to make further steps necessary, which steps will certainly be taken, he says, if the bishop retains control of his diocese. It seems to us that whatever pressure is brought to bear in these words is already contained in the circumstances of the case. An unworthy bishop ought to resign. If he does not, he renders action of one kind or another necessary. Even if the Holy Office had not employed this so-called threat, further proceedings would have been inevitable. Its use does not introduce a new element into the discussion, such as might serve as foundation for an accusation of bad faith against the Holy See.

A third protest was entered because the Vatican had acted through an authority not recognized by the French government. It appears that the letters sent from Rome to Laval bore the signature of the secretary of the Holy Office. But the French government cannot be ignorant of the fact that, while this congregation is not the same physical person as Pius X., it is in certain matters legally identified with his Holiness, whose authority it is commissioned to exercise. So long as the French government recognizes the Pope, it must also recognize his agents. To fail to do so would go counter to a recognized principle of international law, by making it impossible for a sovereign to act through intermediaries.

Thus far we have discovered no reason to justify a severance of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the French government.

In accordance with the facts, we have not felt obliged to take into account the duty which might have been incumbent on the Holy See in regard to France, if authoritative removal from office had been actually attempted. The Holy See has not, up to the point we have reached, gone in the ways of positive coercion beyond expressing a demand for an investigation, which might or might not have resulted in a determination to prosecute the bishop in a formal trial. As we shall see, it had gone no farther when Mr. Combes reached his decision. Notwithstanding this, we shall perhaps understand better the attitudes of both principals if we keep before us the assurance given by the Cardinal Secretary of State, in a letter of July 10, that if a regular canonical process were instituted "due consideration would be had for the terms of the Concordat"; and, in a letter of July 26, that in case of deposition, the Holy See would have conferred with the government.

The bishop's subsequent course tended to thicken the plot of which he was the central figure. He had been asked to appear in June. He pleaded for delay and promised to come in the autumn. In view of the publicity and seriousness of the charges which had been preferred, the Holy Father considered that a greater anxiety for exculpation would have been more appropriate. Gentle measures were evidently out of place with one who, after four years of patience on the part of his superiors, had answered a summons to present himself in June, by writing that he might possibly come in October. We are not surprised that on July 2 a formal order was sent from Rome, citing Monsignor Geay to appear within fifteen days to answer the charges brought against him. This lawful summons was answered by an extraordinary letter from the bishop, in which he stated that he had communicated the Pope's letter to the government; that the minister of public worship forbade him to go to Rome; and that any objections to be made on the score of his failure to appear for investigation would have to be addressed to the French government. He promised, however, to be bound by what might be arranged between France and the Holy See. The Pope, as might be expected, answered this impertinence by an instruction to the Cardinal Secretary of

State to compel Monsignor Geay's appearance on July 20, under penalty of suspension from all powers of orders and jurisdiction.

We cannot help pausing for a moment to reflect on what the conduct of most governments would be in such a case. The refractory cleric would be sent about his business if he appealed to the civil power, and would be obliged to settle for his ecclesiastical delinquencies with an ecclesiastical tribunal. But the present French government does things differently. It took this fugitive from ecclesiastical justice under its protection. There might be every reason to believe him unworthy of his high office and to consider him an obstacle to religion and a stumbling block to souls; every consideration of reason and religion might demand a judicial consideration of his case; but his proper superiors should not be allowed to investigate his character and take measures to combat his pernicious influence. The government immediately demanded the revocation of all the letters addressed to its protégé.

Strange as is this demand, stranger still are the reasons advanced to justify it. We find them in a letter to Mr. de Courcel written on July 23: "In summoning to Rome, directly and unknown to the government, a bishop who in his character of administrator of a diocese depends on the Minister of public worship, the Holy See disregarded the rights of the power with which it signed the Concordat; in menacing this bishop with the penalty of suspension, and intimating that if he did not appear in Rome by July 20, at the latest, he would incur by that very fact and without need of any further declaration a suspension from the exercise of orders and jurisdiction, the Holy See disregarded the disposition of the Concordat, by virtue of which a bishop cannot be suspended or deposed without the agreement of the two powers which contributed to his creation."

If Mr. de Courcel's first statement be true, that the simple call to Rome implied a disregard of the rights of France, the Concordat has endowed his government with the most extraordinary of prerogatives. The Pope cannot, without its consent, even investigate the conduct of his subordinates. His authority over the episcopate of France becomes absolutely null. He may not even ask a bishop to come to Rome to make certain necessary explanations, without the consent of men who are enemies of all religion, and who may or may not

lend their co-operation, as the spirit moves them. What becomes of the Pope's charge to tend the fold of Christ, to keep all ranks of the faithful up to the measure of Christian perfection, to display a particular solicitude in regard to those who share his authority? We see at once that the first reason of Mr. de Courcel amounts to a complete denial of Papal power, a denial which must seek its warrant elsewhere than in the Concordat. The Concordat was an agreement to which the Pope was a party; and the Pope did not, and the Pope could not, subtract the episcopate of any country completely from his power. The summoning of Monsignor Geay cannot be shown to violate the letter or the spirit of any section of the Concordat; it in no wise manifested a disregard of the rights of France.

The second statement of Mr. de Courcel accused the Holy See of violating the Concordat by threatening an *ipso facto* suspension in case the bishop did not appear on an appointed date. The Concordat, says Mr. de Courcel, provides that a bishop cannot be suspended without joint action by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. We search the Concordat, and we do not find a word referring to suspension. But we know that ever since the Concordat was entered into, every bishop at the time of his consecration has sworn to receive and diligently execute all Pontifical commands; and has professed his obedience to Pontifical authority and Pontifical law. And in this Pontifical law, penalties such as Monsignor Geay is threatened with, have long had a recognized place. The salvation of souls is the great purpose of all church legislation, and in the interest of souls the law must often act speedily and without formality. The crime is committed, the penalty immediately attaches itself to the offender. Such self-inflicting penalties are a permanent part of Catholic Church discipline, and the church of France, being a part of the Catholic Church, is and always has been acquainted with their theory and practice. Examples are not difficult to find. The famous Bull, "Apostolicæ Sedis," is made up of a long list of punishments, many of them being suspensions, that are incurred by the mere fact of certain transgressions without the necessity of a sentence, and no bishop in France can consider himself exempt from those provisions of that Bull which apply to his order. There is also a well-known law which obliges the bishops of French

dioceses to visit Rome once every four years, under penalties to be incurred *ipso facto*, and no bishop in France can believe that the Concordat affects this law in any way. This latter example is precisely to the point in the present argument, for it is nothing else but an order issued to every bishop to appear before the Pope for the purpose of rendering an account of his pastorate. Down to the year 1869 disobedience to this order carried with it suspension from temporal and spiritual administration. Down to the year 1869 this suspension did not violate the Concordat. A similar suspension does not violate the Concordat in 1904. Here we have an ancient law, differing in no wise from the precept addressed to the bishop of Laval; a law which by its very nature was a matter of public knowledge, and could not have been unknown to previous French governments; a law which operated freely after the Concordat had been established, and which never was regarded as a violation of that agreement. In the face of such an example, which is only an example, representing a very considerable body of legislation and, what is more, evidencing the right of the legislator to act by way of such penalties, it is impossible to maintain that the summons to Monsignor Geay sufficiently substantiates a charge of violated faith. The Concordat was never intended to effect the excommunication of French bishops. They remain members of the Catholic Church and subject to its law.

The reader will probably be surprised to learn that at this point we have exhausted the case of the government against the Holy See in so far as Monsignor Geay is concerned. The case is weak enough, so weak that there is no doubt to which side a verdict will incline.

It is not often that, while the Holy See is embarrassed by the unwelcome duty of recalling a bishop to a sense of the demands of his office, another case of similar character requires its attention. But this happened during the present spring and summer in France. The bishop of Dijon, Monsignor Le Nordez, became the object of suspicion and grave charges. The first public manifestation of unhappy conditions came about in a most unusual way—a refusal of seminarians to receive sacred orders from the hands of their chief pastor.

Those who are acquainted with the character of the youth in Catholic seminaries, who know the deep piety and docility and thorough discipline which prevail there without exception, will realize that the cause of a rebellion of such seriousness must have been grave indeed. Amazement is a poor word to denote the sentiment which such action aroused in Catholic minds. We can imagine the feelings of superior ecclesiastical authority when this fact was brought to its attention.

This rebellion of the seminarians was in itself a sufficient charge, but it was only the manifestation of a strong feeling which was not confined to the seminary. This state-named prelate had, like his brother of Laval, rendered himself liable to investigation. The nature of his offences does not concern us, except to the extent that they had no political bearing. In other words they concerned not the state, but the church; the only tribunal before which he could properly be expected to appear was an ecclesiastical one; he was a bishop, and in the Catholic Church bishops are judged by the Pope.

The Pope, as was his duty, acted at once. The seminary incident demanded his intervention first, and he directed the Nuncio at Paris to notify Monsignor Le Nordez of the Pope's wish that the ordinations should be deferred. The bishop obeyed and acknowledged the wisdom of the Papal decision. But the mere suspension of ordinations did not rehabilitate him. It was still necessary that he should be exculpated or removed; and about six weeks later he was summoned to Rome. In a letter couched in the most respectful terms, he pleaded the excuse of certain diocesan functions, and promised to appear towards the middle of June. This promise, however, was not kept, and a new order was necessary on July 9, requiring appearance within fifteen days and, as in the case of the other bishop, under penalty of *ipso facto* suspension from the exercise of orders and jurisdiction. Monsignor Le Nordez replied to this grave mandate ten days later with the information that he had disclosed its tenor to his government, and, while he does not state what instructions he had received, the result of his loyalty soon became manifest. The Chargé d'affaires at the Vatican directed to Cardinal Merry del Val a formal note of protest. He objected first to the order deferring the rite of ordination, and declared that France was

obliged to protest against such an act done without her consent; to protest "against its substance because any measure tending to diminish the prerogatives of a bishop, and to inflict on him partial deposition, is opposed to the Concordat; and against its form, because the Nuncio at Paris has not the right to communicate directly with French bishops."

Protest was also made against the simple summons to Rome, and against the summons with penalty attached, but as we have already seen that these cannot be regarded in any way as injurious to the concordatory rights of France, we are free to confine our attention to the objection based on the Pope's request that ordinations be delayed. The government sees therein an act which cannot be done without its consent, because it tends to diminish the prerogatives of a bishop and to inflict on him partial deposition. It is difficult to believe that the writer of this note really thought that this reason seriously applied to the case in hand. The time had come for the conferring of sacred orders in the diocese, it is true, but who would say that in the circumstances the bishop, even consulting only his own interests, ought to have proceeded to the ceremony. It is easy to picture the scandal and disorder which would have followed. Everything counselled a delay; and if the bishop ever needed the advice of a counsellor to whom he would listen it was at that moment; not to deprive him of any power or prerogative, not to inflict on him a partial deposition, but to induce him to defer ordinations until a time when spirits should be more calm, and public opinion corrected if it were false. The Papal note was not a deprivation of power; it was the dictation of a course which the circumstances rendered necessary, and which, it is important to remark, Monsignor Le Nordez himself approved.

To maintain that the Pope cannot issue such an order in circumstances of this kind, without the permission of the French government, is equivalent to a declaration that he possesses no authority over the church in France. It is in vain that we seek for this declaration in the Concordat. On the contrary, the first article of that celebrated treaty provides that "the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be freely exercised in France." The few restrictions of Pontifical authority, made with Papal consent, are clearly defined, and leave in their in-

tegrity all other Papal rights. None of these restrictions is so sweeping as to annihilate the disciplinary relations between the French episcopate and the Holy See, which pertain essentially to the free exercise of the Catholic religion.

The exception to the form of the order to suspend ordinations was based on the employment of the Nuncio to communicate the Pope's desire to Monsignor Le Nordez. "The Nuncio of the Pope has not the right to correspond directly with French bishops." We might dismiss this protest at once by saying that it is a question of violations of the Concordat, and nowhere does the Concordat, either explicitly or implicitly, forbid the Nuncio to correspond directly with French bishops. But we understand that the government would hold that some one of the Organic Articles places limitations on the Nuncio's activity. It is difficult to see how this alters the case. The Concordat, we must remember, was a bilateral contract, and the Holy See, one of the parties to that contract, has never recognized or consented to the Organic Articles. On the contrary, from the time of their first promulgation by Napoleon, protest has repeatedly been made against them, and in 1816 the Pope secured their abrogation. They were re-enacted later by the government, but they are not a part of the Concordat. Some of the provisions contained in these articles are curious enough. The twelfth enacts that archbishops and bishops may add to their name the title of Citizen or Mister; all other titles are prohibited. The forty-third ordains that all clerics shall dress as French laymen, but that bishops may add to this costume a pectoral cross and violet stockings. Like these wise regulations, the article regarding the Nuncio's correspondence has lost its force through perpetual non-observance. Not only is the prohibitive ordinance alleged by the government against Monsignor Lorenzelli not a part of the Concordat; not only has it never been sanctioned by the common agreement of any Pope with any consul or emperor or president of France; more than this, no such rule has ever been observed. The different Nuncios have always corresponded directly, as occasion arose, with members of the French episcopate.

The reader will probably expect us to prosecute our study and develop the real reasons for Mr. Combes' action. We are unable to do so. The case terminated here. There is no jus-

tification for the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the French government save that contained in the protests which we have been considering. We need not formulate the only judgment possible on the validity of that justification. Our pronouncement has been anticipated by Monsignors Geay and Le Nordez, who have considered the government's position untenable and betaken themselves to Rome.

There is only one conclusion to be drawn from a reading of the documents bearing on the severance of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France, and that is that if all of Mr. Combes' measures be similarly motived he has slight claim to our respect and sympathy. One who does not limit his attention to the essentials of these documents, and has the patience carefully to explore the extensive correspondence which passed between Rome and Paris, will probably think that we have not put the case for the Vatican as strongly and fully as was possible. But our purpose from the beginning was not to plead in behalf of the Holy See, but to weigh the arguments of the French government. To conform to this purpose, we neglected to dwell on the striking contrast between the conciliatory tone of every communication from the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the uncompromising, irritating language of the French embassy. We did not mention either that when Mr. Combes presented his case to the world, apparently with the hope of securing its favorable opinion, he was guilty of an act which cannot be called other than contemptible, he suppressed one most important paper, the long note sent by Cardinal Merry del Val on June 10. This note covers four full octavo pages; it is a careful history of Monsignor Geay's case, with full explanations of the course adopted by the Holy See; it is absolutely necessary for a correct understanding of the diplomatic discussion; and Mr. Combes kept it back. With this evidence of bad faith before us, we look with some leniency on the other faults which may be detected in his arraignment of the church's representatives. There are more than one. Some of them it is true are less serious than others, as, for example, some ridiculous mistranslations of Latin phrases, which

kept Paris in good humor for several days. It is easy to overlook or smile at an ignorance of Latin, but dishonesty is another thing. To lay stress on defects of form would not, however, be the method that would lead us to a correct judgment on the present issue. It might, in fact, prejudice us in regard to one party or the other. The substance of the case formed the legitimate object of our consideration, and on this we concentrated our attention.

Mr. Combes made a mistake when he offered diplomatic battle to the Vatican and invited the public to witness the combat. He should have continued his favorite policy of accomplishing his purposes with majorities within the chamber or force without, and giving no reasons or inventing such as will appeal only to persons who share his peculiar views on religion and government. The world has a very real and profound respect for the Cardinal statesmen of Rome, and when a record of their doings in an encounter of this kind is published, it will be read in a spirit of fairness and with a desire to know what was said and done by them as well as by their opponents. The verdict after reading the record here will be that the French government had power to break off relations with the Vatican and did so, but for a reason which was worse than none, because ecclesiastical authority, in the interest of all that is good and sacred, interposed in a matter in which it alone was competent.

NEWMAN AT LITTLEMORE.

BY EDWARD A. RUMELY.

Not there in London, where the toil and din
  Of empire surges round the church of peace
  That loved him well, and saw his sorrows cease,
Then crossed his hands, the victor's palm therein;

Nor in his early church of Mary, where
  The air grows dim, in long extended aisles,
  And sin and care forget themselves somewhiles,
So near is God beneath those arches fair;

But here in this small church, so damp and dim,
  Where few, if any, ever come to pray,
  There lingers in the shadows soft and gray,
Somehow, to me, a truer sight of him.

For here is where he struggled for the light
  Through those sad days that seemed to never end,
  When all the paths appeared to him to tend
Across the hills into a deeper night.

THE DEVIL AND HIS CREW.

BY THE VERY REVEREND GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

THE existence of a host of bodiless, purely spiritual beings, enemies of God and man, and commonly known as devils, cannot be doubted by any one who believes in the truth of Scripture. Every Catholic who thoroughly understands his religion must, therefore, believe in it, however strange it may seem that Almighty God should allow such a state of things. Of course it is strange and mysterious; but not more so than his allowance of evil in any form, and particularly of the great and terrible sinfulness of man himself.

Catholics, then, have no right to entertain serious doubt on this subject. But many do not think seriously about the matter at all. And there never was a time in which it was more necessary to do so than this in which our lot is cast. For there never was a time in which doubt or denial as to the existence of the devil and his crew was so general in the world at large. Some, of course, deny the existence of spiritual beings of any kind, even of the human soul itself. They are simply materialists. It is, however, probable that this materialism is on the decline; and what may be called spiritualism on the increase. Still most of those who call themselves spiritualists, especially those who believe that they are in constant communication with bodiless spirits, seem to assume as a matter of course that the spirits with whom they communicate are not only bodiless, but *disembodied;* that is, that they are what they represent themselves to be, the spirits of departed human beings. As such, of course, they uniformly do represent themselves.

Perhaps I hardly need to say that I am not claiming that all the so-called spiritualist or spiritist manifestations of modern times are spiritual in any sense. A great deal of the business is simply business; that is, simply a scheme to make money by imposing on the credulous. The professional medium is, of course, very open to suspicion of this kind; and, in many cases, the trickery resorted to has been more or less

triumphantly exposed. The very adjuncts of darkened rooms, and what may be called machinery, connected with the regular seances, are often of themselves sufficient to condemn them as frauds, without further examination. And it is this professional work which has generally been the subject of examination; a good deal, certainly, has been wasted on it. But there is a great deal of spiritism of a different kind; which has no character of public exhibition about it; which is not, as it were, on tap at any time you please. In this many phenomena occur which are certainly difficult to explain on any theory, except that the effects produced are due to the agency of something outside the will or ability of the human beings who witness them, and that this something does not work with the order and regularity characteristic of physical law. I do not mean to say that there may not be an explanation of some even of these phenomena without resorting to the intervention of spiritual beings different from ourselves; but I do say that the reality of such intervention is the most reasonable explanation of them as a whole; and to deny the possibility of such intervention is simply an assumption which does not deserve the name of reason. And it is one which, of course, no Christian can be guilty of for a moment; for it is contrary to the teaching of Christ and of his Apostles in very many places.

Strangely enough, however, it never seems to occur to spiritists that the phenomena, which they quite reasonably ascribe to spiritual intervention from the unseen world, may be due to other beings than those in whose names they are produced. They seem to labor under the strange delusion that no bodiless spirit could ever, by any possibility, tell a lie. If you grant that the phenomena are really produced by spirits, you seem to them to grant their whole religion. But we know, or ought to know, that the devil is the father of lies, and that the mere proof, however conclusive it might be, that a revelation comes from a purely spiritual source, is no guarantee whatever of its truth; and the possibility, at least, of serious error in such a revelation ought, one would think, to be evident even to them. They may, indeed, claim that many things told them are true; but again, it does not seem to occur to them that evil spirits may have great knowledge, and that they can tell the truth when it suits their purpose;

which they do, of course, in order that we may believe them in their lies as well.

It is important for Catholics to understand this matter, and to realize the danger involved in it. Many of us are inclined to disregard it, to think and to say that these manifestations and seances are all humbug and nonsense. But they are not; not all of them; and you can never know when you will meet the real thing. You will say that "even if we do, we are on our guard against it; it is not going to shake our faith." Perhaps not; still one should not play with fire. And even if it were absolutely certain, not only that our faith would not be weakened, but that it would even be strengthened by so doing, still the sin of mixing ourselves up with work of this kind would remain the same. The real sin consists in having dealings wantonly and needlessly with the devil; and in these affairs there is always grave danger of this; and it is not lawful, even though good may come of it; we must not do evil that good may come.

The same may be said about another matter; and it is one to which Catholics are more inclined than they are to spiritual seances, or table-tipping. The matter to which I refer is what is known as fortune-telling. This seems to have an overpowering fascination for great numbers of Catholics, as well as for those outside the church.

It is not so very strange that it should be so. Curiosity about the future is very natural; especially about the important affairs of life. If fortune-telling could be taken literally; that is, if by it one could tell how to make a fortune, or—what would be better—know infallibly that a fortune was to be ours without the trouble of making it, who would not be glad to have the information? Many people would even like (or think they would like) to know beforehand of trouble or disaster to come. At any rate, certainty, even of evil which has actually come, sometimes seems much better than suspense. "Tell us the worst at once," is often said. And if we knew of trouble that was coming, it seems that we would be better able to prepare for, or even diminish it.

No doubt, then, most of us would like to have our fortune told, if it could be; and especially if it was a good one. But is it possible; and if so, how? These are questions we ought to ask.

Certainly it is possible for Almighty God to tell our fortunes;

He knows them; it is a necessary part of his omniscience. But can we seriously believe, even for a moment, that the Lord is going to do this by means of tea-leaves, or a pack of cards, or any other part of the fortune-teller's outfit? No one surely does or can imagine such a thing. Nor can we imagine that the holy angels or the saints in heaven, who share to some extent in the knowledge of God, are going to use such means. No; a thousand times no! If God wills to reveal anything to us, he will do it by means of prophets evidently inspired by him, or at any rate in some way worthy of his glory and majesty.

Only one alternative, then, is left. If God and his holy angels and saints do not work through fortune-tellers, who is there that can work by them? Evidently only the devil and his crew. They may do so. They have a great sagacity, belonging to their angelic nature, which remains to a great extent, fallen angels though they be. They are also in possession of much information which is concealed from us. When it comes to the future, they have not, of course, the infallible foreknowledge of God; but they are able to forecast many things with great probability; and, moreover, if we surrender ourselves to them, they are able to shape our future very much as they will. They can predict an event for us, and, if we allow them, they can themselves bring it about.

We may then confidently say, that any real or genuine fortune-telling is the work of the devil. By fortune-telling I mean all forecasting of the future, which does not come from any real scientific or expert knowledge of the subject in general; such knowledge as the astronomer, the weather man, or the Wall Street man obviously has. To try then, seriously, to ascertain the future by fortune-telling, is implicitly to invoke the devil.

But it will be said, of course, that it is often only done in joke or for fun, without any serious expectation of getting at the truth. This is, no doubt, true; but there are many cases where it is not all a joke. People, especially if they are poor, will hardly pay fifty cents or a dollar for a joke, especially when there is no one to share it with them. No; the professional fortune-teller is not consulted for a joke. And even if such were the case, what does St. Peter Chrysologus say? He says, that "he who wishes to joke with the devil, will not be able to reign with Christ."

It is time that what I say should be backed up by the words of Scripture, that you may see that it is not a mere private opinion. We find very conclusive ones in the book of Deuteronomy, xviii. 11. We find there that Moses said to the people of Israel, just before their entrance into the promised land: "Neither let there be found among you any one that . . . consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens, neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things."

This is strong enough language. And let no one imagine that this was merely part of the ceremonial law, to be abrogated by the New Testament, as those were which regarded sacrifices or forbidden foods. No; these and such things, if wrong once, are wrong always. The law forbidding them can no more be abrogated than the Ten Commandments.

And it will be noticed that other things than those of which I have spoken are also forbidden by them; that is, the observing of dreams and omens. By this is meant of course the regular and formal observance of such things. A dream is not *always* to be disregarded as of no consequence; God revealed very important matters to St. Joseph by dreams, and also to other saints. But a dream may come from the enemy of God also; every night in the Office of Complin, we pray against them. They may be merely natural wanderings of the mind; but if they are anything else, the presumption is against them; and unless there are special and extraordinary signs of their Divine origin, we should never act according to them.

And as for omens, like the thirteen at table, lucky and unlucky days, etc., it is evident that we should never pay the slightest attention to them, or be governed in the slightest degree by them. Remember, "The Lord abhorreth all these things."

St. Peter tells us, in the words selected by the church for the beginning of Complin, that "the devil as a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." But he does not mean that a lion is always roaring. If he did, there would not be much difficulty in avoiding him. When the lion is waiting for his prey, he takes good care not to roar. He lies very quiet, and hides himself. So does the devil, in these matters of which I have principally spoken. He has no desire to be recognized. He wishes to pass himself off for some-

thing merely natural, and quite harmless; for some unknown law of nature, quite worthy of our investigation; or perhaps for one of our dearest friends, as in the so-called spiritual manifestations which have been mentioned. If we do not believe that, he would have us believe that there is some occult power—call it telepathy, call it clairvoyance, or whatever you please—by which a man or woman is able to know matters beyond his or her natural knowledge, such as, for instance, some language he or she has never learned. The devil goes about, seeking whom he may devour; that is, one whom he can deceive until he has him safely in his power. When his victim has lost the faith, or fallen into immorality, his object is gained.

But it is not only in these matters that we should be on our guard against him and his following of fallen angels. We ought to understand that at every moment of our lives they are likely to interfere. Not all of our temptations are originated by them, though many are. But they are always ready to increase and intensify those which come from other sources. They do not come openly to the attack; if they did, we should of course avoid them. In all things, as in the special matters which have been spoken of, they pass themselves off for what is innocent, good, and praiseworthy. As St. Paul says: "Satan transformeth himself into an angel of light." If, for instance, they would induce us to their own special sin of pride, they represent it as only proper self respect. What belongs to mere sensuality the spirits of evil do not, perhaps, so well understand, not having experienced it in themselves; but they have learned a good deal about it, and know also how to represent it in a favorable light.

Even in the temptations of our lower nature, our "wrestling," as St. Paul says, "is not against flesh and blood—*i.e.*, not only against that—but against principalities and powers"; that is, against angels, fallen it is true, but still naturally superior in wisdom and power to ourselves, and ready to use all they have to our eternal ruin. And how does St. Peter say we must resist them? "Whom resist ye," he says, "strong in faith." Yes, if we are strong in faith, most of the danger is gone; especially if we are strong and fixed in our faith in the existence and malice of these our most dangerous enemies. Their greatest danger to us is in our forgetting that they exist at all.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS.

BY REVEREND THOMAS McMILLAN, C.S.P.

THERE is an evident desire in certain places to know more about the Hon. Andrew S. Draper, recently selected for the new office created by act of legislature, by which he is designated "Commissioner of Education of the State of New York." According to the large delegation of power given to his office he has new opportunities to do substantial service for the advancement of education. Final judgment on the value of his work must be reserved till a later date, when his plans and specifications shall have been put in evidence. At present the assurance is not wanting that he is giving careful personal attention to all the factors in the complicated problem entrusted to him, and that he is willing to consider justly the claims of all citizens engaged in promoting the cause of public education.

In the October *Educational Review*, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, Dr. Draper contributes a paper entitled "Government in American Universities," which indicates broad lines of thought, and accurate judgment in practical affairs. There is nothing suggestive of the mere theorist in education. He deprecates "narrowness or bigotry," and affirms his belief that "toleration and public spirit are all that are needed to win the support of the masses" for an American University. Many will appreciate his caustic allusion to the "freshman trustee" in the following passage:

> The authority which is decisive in a university is that of the board of trustees. In an institution privately endowed this board is practically self-perpetuating; in one supported by taxation it has little to say about the succession. Each system has its advantages. It reminds one of Emerson's observation that government by an aristocracy is like the ship which rides the sea in safety and comfort to all on board

until she strikes a rock, when she goes down with all hands; but government by a democracy is like a raft—it never sinks, but your feet are wet a good deal of the time. It is often more difficult to assimilate a freshman trustee than a thousand freshmen students. But trustee or student must assimilate; he cannot make the institution over; other people do not move out because he came. When he has really learned so much as that he becomes useful, and influential, and has a most enjoyable time.

A difficult question in any large educational policy consists in the recognition of the autonomy of different departments. An absolute ruler may destroy all initiative in a mad desire to secure a senseless uniformity and a slavish subservience to his own whims. Dr. Draper's view on this matter is quite satisfactory, as shown in these words:

University effectiveness rests upon departmental effectiveness. Department effectiveness turns upon the man at the head of the department. Each department must be given autonomy of its own, with resources and freedom to work out its success, or prove the inadequacy of the professor in charge. An administration is fatally wrong-headed if it does not give heads of departments very freely, and all others in its service as freely as it may, the materials to work with, and the freedom to use them just as rapidly, and a trifle more so, as capacity for safe and sound management shows itself. . . . Much would be gained in university administration if teachers could learn that students are likely to judge teachers quite as quickly and accurately as teachers judge students. There are more students than teachers; they see the teachers at every angle, and they compare notes; they have full information, and their combined judgment is generally accurate; they will have treatment which intends to be fair and just, or they will make trouble, and they ought to; they will not tolerate emptiness, or stand bossiness, without resentments which they will make effectual, for they know that these things have no place in a university; they will not suffer the loss of substantial rights which seem small to the world, but mean much to them, unless they are taken away in due process by a tribunal which acts judicially and commands respect.

A general principle which is capable of wide extension to many departments of educational work is thus stated by Dr. Draper in his closing paragraph:

> The corner stone of efficiency (in an American university) is absolute justice where rights are at stake, and relative justice, or the sanest wisdom, where rival interests, or policies, are involved. It is to sympathize with the aspirations of every human soul; it must give every one his free chance; it must help every force which makes for the uplifting of the mass; . . . . and it must be a positive and aggressive force for quickening every good purpose and uplifting human society.

Commissioner Lummis, of New York City, has had a long and varied experience in the Board of Education. As chairman of the finance committee he recently presented, for the first time, a statement showing the steady increase of school population in the Borough of Manhattan from the year 1886. After consolidation, in the year 1898, the figures represent the five boroughs comprising the Greater New York.

1886—Average attendance of children (Manhattan), 125,000; teachers' salaries averaged $640 per annum; average annual cost, per pupil, $30.

1890—(Manhattan) Average attendance, 136,000; cost, per capita, $30; teachers' salaries averaged $690.

1898—Year of consolidation. Average attendance, 325,000; average cost, per capita, $30.

1899—Teachers' salaries averaged about $830 (10,049 teachers); average attendance, 347,676; cost, per capita, about $33.50.

The Davis Law, increasing teachers' salaries and providing for annual increase, went into effect May 3, 1900.

1900—Teachers' salaries averaged about $1,000 each (10,555 teachers); average attendance, 378,211; on register, 418,951; cost, per capita, about $37.

1901—Average attendance, 398,391; on register, 440,286; total number of teachers, 11,389; cost, per capita, for each pupil, $41.

1902—Average attendance, 405,925; on register, 431,491; number of teachers, 11,741; average salary, about $1,170.

These figures include not only the teachers in the elemen-

tary schools, but also in the high schools and every other department.

1903—Average attendance, 439,928; register, 456,730; cost, per capita, about $42.

At the opening of the schools on September 30, 1903, the number of children on register increased to 533,521. This was due to the amended law requiring all children over six years of age to be registered, and to the fact that provision was made for the partial education of all who applied. The greatest increase in average attendance of this year was in Manhattan, 12,968. In Brooklyn the increase was 5,125. The number of teachers increased to 12,696.

It is evident from these figures, first: That the operation of the Davis Law has been the chief cause of the large increase in per capita cost since the consolidation. The high schools and special schools have also added considerably to the cost. Second: The registration of the children is an unreliable factor. A large portion of the registration is undoubtedly from duplicate applications, and in estimating the proper amount of money needed for the coming year, the average attendance must be borne in mind, and not the registered number.

The City Superintendent of New York Public Schools, Dr. Maxwell, furnished many problems for discussion by his address before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis. Philanthropists engaged in aiding various forms of educational work among the people will, no doubt, present strong arguments against some of the proposed immature suggestions. Dr. Maxwell said in part:

Only in recent years has the conception of physical education as an essential part of a child's training found its way into educational theory and practice. Hence the people's schools in our large cities are, as a rule, very inadequately equipped for any of the forms of physical education.

A partial solution of the problem is to open the school buildings and yards in the afternoon and evening for purposes of manual training, gymnastics, athletics, and free play. Even, however, if every school house in the city were used at all reasonable hours for purposes of recreation and improvement the measure would still fall far short of counteracting the tenement house evil.

Nothing short of a revolution in the existing tenement house system will restore the life of the poor in the city of New York to something like normal conditions. The tenement house, as it has been known in New York City, must be eradicated. University and other social settlements are doing good, small parks afford some relief, and the public schools are doing a good deal, and may do much more, but none of these instrumentalities goes to the root of the matter.

The municipality should employ its credit to purchase tracts of unoccupied land upon which to erect model homes for workingmen amid pleasant and sanitary surroundings, and rent or sell them at a moderate profit.

Education, whether physical or mental, is seriously retarded, if not practically impossible, when the body is improperly or imperfectly nourished. The schools of Paris provide a simple, wholesome mid-day meal for their hungry children. In many places in the British islands the same thing is being done. Should we do less in the cities of democratic America? In no other way can we be sure that the schools will, as far as education may, provide equal opportunities for all. . . .

To overcome the wide-spread opposition to compulsory school attendance the speaker suggested: (1) Governmental registration and inspection of all private and parochial schools, to the end that no school may be permitted to exist which does not teach its pupils the English language and the elementary duties of citizenship; (2) Registration of children in large cities; (3) Education of society to a realizing sense of the necessity of a reasonable compulsory education law.

In conclusion Dr. Maxwell said:

Attention has recently been attracted by the report of the Mosely Commission to what has been called the feminization of American schools, because the great majority of public school teachers are women. It was an economic reason, in the first instance—the fact that women work for smaller wages than men—that led to the present preponderance of the feminine element in the teaching force.

It is more than doubtful, however, whether American schools and American education have deteriorated in consequence. It is quite certain that the refined woman of to-day,

who has been thoroughly trained, is a much better teacher than the coarse, ignorant, pedantic schoolmaster of fifty years ago, who excited no feeling but contempt, hatred, or terror in the breasts of his pupils.

The London *Globe* has directed attention to the significant fact that Ireland was the first part of the United Kingdom to possess a system of national education. As a fact, however, the sister island had a national board and was beginning to be covered with state-supported schools exactly forty years before Mr. Foster's act became a law in England, and about ten years before Parliamentary school grants had been established in England. The Irish system was what is now called undenominational, and two bishops—Dr. Whately, in the Church of England, and Dr. Murray, in the Church of Rome—took a prominent part in setting it up. Both these prelates fondly hoped that they would not only teach Irish children their letters, but that, as the consequence of their work, succeeding generations would grow up with less of religious prejudice than their predecessors. We are reminded by the report for last year, which has just been published, that Ireland has become a vastly better educated country. Even in 1851, when the National Education Act had been in force for twenty years, the Irish illiterates amounted to 47 per cent. of the population; in 1891, after sixty years' working, the proportion had fallen to 14 per cent. The commissioners justly take credit, therefore, for a very substantial improvement. They complain, however, that the board has always been hampered by want of money. Successive governments have been asked to make better provisions for the schools in the annual estimates, but asked in vain.

The Daily Consular Reports from the Department of Commerce and Labor, at Washington, D. C., have recently contained an interesting series of papers on industrial education in Germany, written by Ernst C. Meyer, Deputy Consul of the United States in Chemnitz. Americans may and should learn many lessons from the Germans in the line of national educational progress. Within the last thirty years revolutionary changes have taken place. Church schools are fully recognized and allowed to share in the funds raised by taxation according to a standard of public examination. A useful element of

competition is thus maintained, and experimental tests are made at a minimum cost to the public treasury. It is stated as positively certain that in the establishment of industrial schools private initiative took the lead. The state generally held back until the private schools had proved their usefulness. Then followed a state subsidy and a general supervisory power, and finally most of the industrial schools of higher rank passed over entirely into the hands of the state. The German deserves great credit for his enterprise and discerning powers in the field of industrial education. Many important trade and commercial schools of to-day were, at the time of their establishment by private individuals, attacked as wild fantasies. Not infrequently state aid was refused, and the individual was compelled to make the best of his own educational views until time vindicated his course. It is not too much to say that to private enterprise probably belongs the greatest credit in the development of Germany's unrivaled system of industrial schools. It was the chambers of commerce, the commercial organizations, the special trade organizations, the guilds, public-spirited benefactors, and men of wide educational discerning powers that contributed most in the construction of the splendid system of industrial schools.

Nor can this reasonably be interpreted as a criticism against the attitude assumed by the state. Records show that this attitude from the first, though not aggressive, was not hostile or condemning, but highly favorable to the establishment of industrial schools. It was probably great wisdom on the part of the state to avoid criticism at a time when criticism against industrial schools was particularly severe, to hold back and let private enterprise prove the value and efficiency of the schools before extending its own powerful aid and protection. To-day every government in the Empire is intensely interested in the welfare of the industrial schools. The time of experimentation as to their value is past. It is now a question of how most economically, most efficiently, and most rapidly to further develop these schools. Though private initiative in the early days broke the way, the state is to-day not delinquent in following out the advantages of early private experience.

The various governments exercise a powerful influence over the organization and work of the industrial schools and the dispensation of their subsidies. The allowance of a subsidy is

generally conditioned upon the meeting of certain requirements in organization, entrance-requirements, curriculum, and grade of work. Schools which conform to the stipulated requirements enjoy financial aid, while others are assured of like aid as soon as the demands of the state are met. By this means it has been possible to introduce great uniformity into the numerous private institutions. The adopted standards are maintained and enforced by the state through an efficient system of inspection. Lagging institutions are threatened with the withdrawal of their subsidies, while efficient work receives recommendation. The public is kept informed of the entrance-requirements, work, aims, and discipline of the schools through the systematic publication of complete catalogues. Every industrial school, from the lowest trade school to the technical high schools, annually issues its courses of study, entrance-requirements, tuition fees, final examination regulations, disciplinary codes, and all other matter of interest and importance to those who contemplate sending their sons or daughters to a trade school. Where a strict discipline is maintained, and no academic freedom permitted, as in all the lower trade schools, the catalogues invariably contain all the school statutes regulating the conduct of students in attendance. Special notice is given to parents that by sending their son to the school they imply an agreement to abide by the disciplinary code of the institution which, while not over severe, is generally quite rigorous and keeps the young student within strict bounds of life.

DODONA.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

He crouched expectant on the marble edge;
  Close at his feet the shuddering waters fled
    Headlong from their black source down the black hill;
  And overhead
    The dreadful oak tree stooped, and was so still
      That the quick waters' rush, the sombre hymn,
Jarred on the silence and seemed sacrilege.
      But still he sate and waited at the brim,
    Till, to his prayer, a breath
Struck upwards from the surface suddenly
Into the sacred oak's obscurity,
  And ran with rapid gasps among the leaves
      Till the tall temple reeled
  And all heaven clouded down upon its eaves
      And, tossing, swaying, as God's thunder pealed,
    The tree spoke out strange words of life and death.

What were the words, poor Greek, that shook thine oak?
  Words lost among the leaves, or echoing where
    The hanging bronze gathered the delicate notes—
  The words indeed are there,
    But thou, canst thou discern what secret floats
      Upon the thunder? Through the startled shrine
Came clear the message that the branches spoke?
      Or was all mystery in things divine?
  And have the ages trod
Bewildering paths to an unlooked-for end,
(As sang the poet thou hadst made thy friend)?

Or where no way seems, shall God find a way?
And, where we dreamt our hand
Had held Him in its hollow, shall He say
That we at least may never understand
The many seemings of the things of God?

Ah speak, Thou God from whom all voices come,
Thou Word wide-borne and far, Thou God that art
Truth's self, and break the silence and the pain
Of this my heart.
For loud enough the noises of the brain
Break round about the hearing of the soul;
But if Thy lips be closed, Thy voice be dumb,
I know no more than when far thunders roll,
Or seas sound on the sand,
Or winds move whispering along the leaves.
One word from Thee, and all my life receives
Passion and plan and vision of an end;
So may it answer Thee
As lives may answer God; and comprehend
Enough to live, nor pass in agony
Through voices that it cannot understand.

"THE DEVIL'S ALLEY."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

MARK'S PLACE was its real name. But what the place had in common with St. Mark, or why it was called after any one so respectable, was left to conjecture. Christianity could not be said to flourish there, for flowers can hardly bloom in darksome cellars where the toad-stools and the rank weeds grow. So the tender shoots of Christianity drooped in the gloom of the alley, and the weeds sprang up and choked them, and the air was foul with earthiness where the light of heaven did not penetrate. But here and there among the shadows, as if to strengthen one's faith in the existence of the Divine, a pure white lily raised its head, and, undismayed by the filth and the squalor, it would pour out its fragrance wherever the place was rankest. And never, I wean, did God's flower smell sweeter than it did in the depths of Mark's Place.

The length of the court I know not, but the width of it was four feet. It had a mouldy wall on one side and a string of damp hovels on the other; and it lay deep down in the earth.

When the capitalist of that day cast about for a safe investment for his money, it is thought that the evil one came and whispered to him:

"If thou wilt yield up the souls of thy fellow-men to me, I will increase the rent of thy property, and thou shalt be rich exceedingly."

"And the conditions?" asked the capitalist.

"Build me a court and dig me a trench," said the devil. "And there shall be an entrance to a public-house from the court; and the trench shall be four feet wide; and therein shall thy fellow-men dwell." So the capitalist built the hovels and dug the trench wherein his fellow-men should dwell, and, the devil still tempting him, he called the court after the holy man Mark who, two thousand years ago, wrote on the scroll of time: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "For this

is a greater thing," said St. Mark, "than all holocausts and sacrifices."

Meanwhile the rent of the hovels has increased by leaps and bounds, and the denizens of the alley drag out their lives in want and misery, while Christian laws are suspended in their midst. Half way down the court, in the mouldy wall, there is a doorway, over which a sign-board swings. This is the private entrance to "The Bubble and Squeak," where the weary and the sorrowful repair; for to drown the ills of life in the lethe of gin is the accepted practice to-day in every East End Court.

I was passing along Mark's Place one morning when I heard the hum of voices. The hovel door being ajar, I tapped lightly and pushed it opened.

"Politics?" I asked laughingly.

The women who sat round the fire, with dishevelled heads and arms akimbo, looked over their shoulders and chuckled. As well ask if they were discussing the philosophy of Aristotle.

"Yuss, pol'tics!" said one of the group, in answering satire; and she huddled herself up in her old brown shawl while she crouched over the fire.

"W'Y, IT AIN'T FIT FUR A DAWG!"

"'Ave you 'eard the news?" said another woman who sat by the chimney corner.

"No; what is the latest?" I asked.

"W'y!" said she, "thet this ain't Mark's Place no longer. They sez 'tis the Devil's Alley!" And she laughed again.

"May the Lord defend us and keep us from evil," said the next woman earnestly, "an' its truth they do be talkin'. It ain't no fit place fur no human bein'."

"Fur a 'uman bein'!" muttered another one bitterly; "W'y, it ain't fit fur a dawg!"

Mark's Place is not easy to find. Viewed from either end, it looks like a fissure caused by an earthquake—a narrow rent in the world's crust. The first time I went there I found it easily; the second time I lost it. Then I asked a policeman. "Mark's Place?" repeated the guardian of Law or Order; "I ought to know it. It is somewhere in this neighborhood, but jes' where I can't say." I had walked on when the policeman called after me.

"I OUGHT TO KNOW IT."

"The entrance looks like a doorway," said he, "an' it ought to be close up."

I stopped. "Is n't this it?" I asked, pointing to an aperture within five yards of us.

"That 's it, sure enough," was the answer. "I 'm new to the beat."

To get into Mark's Place from the other end, one has to walk along the main road and then plunge down a side street. There is a public-house at this corner, though this is no landmark, as there is a public-house at every corner. But in turning this particular corner some adroitness is necessary to avoid entering the bar whose door swings ever incessantly. It might have been from force of habit, or it might have been from its

long experience of human depravity, but it seemed as if the door of this public-house used to swing open instinctively whenever a human being loomed in sight. I always passed it by with an involuntary apology, for most people went in.

Then, after leaving the public-house, you have to follow the street as straight as the bend will allow, and if you look over the railings to the left you will see a crack in the bricks and mortar; and this is Mark's Place viewed from the other end.

MARK'S PLACE WAS AMAZED WITH A GREAT AMAZEMENT.

To get down into it, you have to walk on for ten yards, then descend the flight of stone steps that lead down to a flagged courtway where, in spite of all the laws of hygiene, certain oddments of humanity strive to exist. From there you take a few remaining steps that go down even lower, and finally you are surprised to find yourself in Mark's Place.

Once in the depths of the court I told them, as an item of interest, that I had met a policeman who did not know where Mark's Place was. Whereupon the people of the alley looked

at one another blankly and were amazed with a great amazement. And, all things considered, so was I; for it was one of the toughest courts in the length and breadth of the East End.

The door of 32 was shut. I had just passed it by, when I heard some one singing. Songs were uncommon in the Devil's Alley—no one having the heart to sing. So I went back and knocked.

"Training for the operatic stage?" I asked with solemnity.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Smith, "w'y, who should it be but yerself! I 'eard yer go by, an' sez I ter mesilf, 'wot 'ave I done,' sez I, 'thet she never comes nigh me?'"

"And now that I've come," I said, "why not sing me the end of the song?"

"Wot d' you think?" said Mrs. Smith diffidently, and she went on peeling her potatoes.

"Work bad?" I asked, knowing that the Settlement had sometimes to supplement the larder.

"Yuss"; replied my friend with stoicism. "But wot's the good o' grumblin'? it'll all be the same in a 'undred years! an' grizzlin' don't make things no better; so I sez ter mesilf, 'make the best of it,' sez I, 'an' be as 'appy as yer can.' So I've jes' been aht ter pawn a few rags—an' theer 's the 'taters!" It was therefore a question of cause and effect; and I gazed with a new respect at the old potatoes.

A grimy baby was sprawling on the floor and challenged my attention.

"Where did you get the baby?" I asked.

"B'longs to the lidy as lives rahnd the top o' the court," answered Mrs. Smith, "and 'er havin' a bit o' charin' to-day, she gives me a few 'alfpence fur ter mind the kid."

THE BABY DROPPED ITS LOWER JAW AND GAVE FORTH A HOWL.

The baby at this moment dropped its lower jaw and gave forth a howl, whereupon Mrs. Smith gathered it to her ragged but ample bosom. And as she rocked it to and fro, she crooned over it the end of her song.

"This kid likes singin'," she explained, as she replaced

it on the floor among the potato peelings and the general débris.

"I was thinkin' o' comin' up ter see yer," said Mrs. Smith conversationally.

"Yes," said I, "what for?"

"In the matter o' petticuts," was the laconic reply.

"If there are any to be had," I said, "you shall have some." But the genuineness of my intention fell under suspicion, for Mrs. Smith took me up with severity.

"Now, it ain't no good a-talkin'! 'cos yer 've got 'eaps o' petticuts—ev yer like ter give 'em."

"Have I?" said I, unconscious of my possessions.

"'Course!" said Mrs. Smith reassuringly, 'eaps!—up at the Settlement."

"How do you know?" I asked, for the subject was gaining in interest.

"I knows you 'ave," replied my friend dogmatically, "'cos yer gived a lady four petticuts fur 'er kids, wot lives in Tub Court."

"Never!" I remonstrated with a laugh; "never have I given petticoats to Tub Court. I don't go there."

"Well," said the imperturbable Mrs. Smith, "somebody did, if you didn't. So yer see," she added inconsequently, "I knows yer do 'ave petticuts, fur yer can't give away wot yer 'aven't got."

"Nor can you have what you 've given away," I suggested; "and Tub Court having received so many, perhaps Tub Court has absorbed them all!"

But, though Mrs. Smith followed the new line of argument with gloomy interest, she totally disagreed with my conclusion.

"Never mind," I said reassuringly, "I won't forget you." Whereupon Mrs. Smith nodded.

"Ah, I knows you won't forgit me!" said she with touching confidence.

And, quite apart from petticoats, it would be difficult to forget her. As I write a vision of Mrs. Smith rises up in my mind—a vision that simply defies my power of reproduction. Art pales before nature; and Mrs. Smith refuses to be transferred to paper. Imagine, therefore, a vision that is made up of promiscuous smuts, an inadequate skirt, and a red blouse

"I KNOWS YER WON'T FURGIT ME!" SAID MRS. SMITH WITH TOUCHING CONFIDENCE.

without a belt. Her proportions are vast and her figure bulky. To connect the blouse in front a sturdy pin does duty, as a solitary outpost, in place of the buttons that have fled; and across the shoulders a large rent gapes in derision at the hypercritical. One sleeve hangs by a thread, in defiance of all natural laws, and a sense of continuity is roughly conveyed by the speculative parts being held together by a grimy hand of discretion. If you add to this the warmest heart and the most dishevelled head in the alley you will have a dim outline of my friend, Mrs. Smith.

Some weeks later I found myself again at No. 32. Her husband, whom I had not seen before, was at home.

"I want you to go to church to-night," I said, addressing Mrs. Smith. "A great preacher is there just now."

"Yuss; so I 'ear. The lady nex' door but one was tellin' me abaht it."

"Perhaps Mr. Smith will go with you," I ventured.

"BLOW ME!" SAID MR. SMITH, "SO I MIGHT!"

"Well, I won't promise yer, lady," said Mr. Smith with politeness.

"No"; I agreed. "See how you feel when the time comes."

"'E won't go," said his better half agressively.

"How do you know he wont?" I asked, for I was favorably impressed with Mr. Smith.

"I knows 'e wont, 'cos 'e never goes nowheer—'e don't b'long to us," she remarked in parenthesis.

Then, turning upon the luckless husband, she flung down

the challenge: "Yer knows as well as I do, as yer *don't* mean ter go, so w'y d' yer tell lies abaht it?"

"Who 's tellin' lies?" he demanded loudly.

"W'y you o' course!"

Mr. Smith became purple in the face, when I broke in.

"He didn't tell me a lie. He *might* go! Who knows?"

"Blow me!" said Mr. Smith, struck with a sudden idea, so I might!"

"G' arn!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith unceremoniously, as one who has a profound knowledge of the depravity of his kind.

"One or other of us will be right," I said to Mrs. Smith; "I 'll ask which it is next week!"

The following week I put the question.

"Did your husband go to church?"

"Not 'im, replied Mrs. Smith. "I knew 'e wouldn't whin 'e was a-tellin' yer as 'e would."

Not being able to convince her, I laughed instead.

"You can tell him I asked."

"Yuss; said she darkly. "You jes' leave 'im ter me. I knows wot ter say ter 'im."

I paused. "What will you say?" was my query.

"I 'll tell 'im as you come 'ere ter-day, an' thet you carried on abaht it, *somethink hawful!*"

"But," I remonstrated, "that would not be true."

"P'heps not," said Mrs. Smith with unblushing candor, "but it 'll fetch 'im any'ow." And Mrs. Smith, with a cheerful countenance besmeared with soot, gave me a wink of good fellowship.

The woman at No. 25 had a cracked head—the result of misadventure—and to refer to her battered appearance needed the entire outlay of a limited diplomacy.

"How are you?" I asked as we shook hands.

"On'y pretty middlin'," said the philosophical Mrs. Quill. "'Ow 's yerself?"

I said I was well.

"Glad to 'ear it!" was the cordial rejoinder. "Sit dahn," she went on hospitably, "we ain't seed nuthink of yer lately; 'ow 's thet?"

"I' ve been very busy," I said in extenuation.

"Same 'ere," said Mrs. Quill. 'Ere 's this bit o' manglin'

"WE AIN'T SEED NUTHINK OF YER LATELY; 'OW 'S THET?"

wot 'as jes' come in, an' the people they sez as they wants it back in a shake, they sez."

I had had a narrow escape from this same bundle of washing only ten minutes before. Other people's back yards looked down upon the alley, literally as well as figuratively, and from between the palings on the heights above, the neighbor's dogs, even those destitute of breed, barked at us in scorn. I had been trying to bear up against this studied insult from an absolute mongrel, when somebody's mangling was flung promiscuously over the top of the palings, and, after expending its force in mid-air, it came hurtling down through space, to land at my feet. It just missed knocking me on the head, for which dispensation I felt grateful to a beneficent Providence, that ever tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

As regards the alley and its denizens, no etiquette is considered necessary. The people who live above us fling their mangling down into our court without ceremony. They cannot mangle, and they know we must. For at No. 25 we either mangle or starve. When one thinks of it, the question involved

is not so much one of local etiquette, as of capital *versus* labor. So Mrs. Quill was constrained to turn the mangle for a pittance, and our conversation was seasoned with the grinding thereof.

"I'm afraid you've had an accident," said I, referring obliquely to the crack in her head.

"Yuss"; said Mrs. Quill stolidly.

"Why didn't you go to the hospital?" I asked.

"I'm thinkin' I will whin its better," she replied evasively.

"I'd wait till it is well, if I were you," I suggested ironically.

"To be shure, an' I might do wuss," said the owner of the split head with cheerful pessimism.

"You ought to have it seen to," said I.

"Musha!" ejaculated Mrs. Quill, goaded to an extremity; "an' wud yer 'ave me go through the streets like this? An' wud yer like me neighbors to think it was the drink?"

"You could have worn a hat," I said relentlessly, "and no one would have noticed it."

"A hat is it! Hiven presarve us!" And Mrs. Quill threw back her head and laughed the idea to scorn. "Bless yer 'eart!" said this representative of local tradition, "I wudn't be seen in sich a thing!"

"What do you wear usually?" I asked.

"W'y me bonnet, o' course!—'cep' whin I pulls me old shawl over me 'ead, which is most times."

Then there was heard nothing but the creaking of the mangle; and, by the expression of Mrs. Quill's back, she seemed discouraged at my ignorance.

"Well!" I began, making a fresh start, "when did it happen?"

"Whin? Well, it was whin I was after finishin' me las' job. I 'ad jes' taken 'ome the bit o' manglin', an' I was walkin' along the alley—doin' nothink to nobody, do yer mind!—whin some childer begins a-jawin'. An' sez you, wot wonder, sez you, whin they lives in a 'ole like this? An' be the same token," said Mrs. Quill in awe-struck tones, "the lengwidge, an' the goin's on dahn 'ere, is somethink crool! Well! as I was sayin', I was walkin' along this, this beautiful avenoo, as the manner is of speakin'"—and, in her scorn for the reprobate alley, Mrs. Quill's satire was biting—"whin all

of a suddent, if one o' thim little divils did n't throw a rock at me 'ead! Did yer ever know the like of it?"

"Well, of course," said I, "it was wrong of the children."

"Jes' wot I sez!" replied Mrs. Quill. "But wot kin yer hexpect of 'em livin' dahn 'ere! B'lieve me, or b'lieve me not," and Mrs. Quill appealed first to me and then to heaven with earnest gesture, "but this place is a den o' 'orrers. Thet 's wot it is, straight, an' theer ain't no denyin' the same."

"Apart from the children," I ventured, returning to the main thread, "were you all right, or was there the light of battle in your eye?" And I gazed deprecatingly at Mrs. Quill. It was a risky stroke, but she accepted it with edifying meekness.

"I did n't 'ave too much," said she with caution, "but I tell yer wot it is," she went on confidentially. "Wot it is wid the Irish is, thet their 'earts is too light. Thet 's wot 's the matter wid 'em—theer 'earts is too light!"

"B'LIEVE ME, OR B'LIEVE ME NOT," SAID MRS. QUILL.

And in this condemnation I knew I was included. For, in the Devil's Alley, did I not stand or fall by Tipperary?"

"Now wot it is wid me," she explained, "is like this 'ere. Whin I've 'ad a few glasses—that 's ter say," she added in amendment, "not a few glasses, p'heps, but a few glasses *extry*—I begins ter feel proud. It like elevates me mind and—well, theer y' are!" And Mrs. Quill shrugged her shoulders to the inevitable, and to me as a fellow-sufferer.

To give a more graphic illustration to her defence, Mrs. Quill rose to her feet. "Fur argymint's sake," said she, "say you was ter meet me comin' along the court, an' sez you, civil like, 'Mornin', Mrs. Quill!' sez you. I'd bow me 'ead as proud as yer please, an' I'd say, 'Mornin' Miss!'" Here Mrs. Quill bowed, partly to me and partly to the mangle, with the air of superiority that is born of real spirit. "An' I'd think in me own mind, an' ter mesilf: 'Mrs. Quill! yer 're second ter none!'"

The spectacle of the inimitable Mrs. Quill standing before the mangle, impartially mimicking first me, in my everyday manner, and then herself, in her irresponsible moments, undermined my gravity, and I went into a peal of laughter. In Mrs. Quill's eye there was an answering twinkle.

"I'D BOW ME 'EAD AS PROUD AS YER PLEASE."

"It ain't every one, mind ye, as I'd speak familiar wid," said she. "But I likes talkin' to yersilf, 'cos yer're wot I calls intilligint—an' the Lord knows," she added gloomily, "theer's lots as ain't! Shure, 'tis the English thet's dull!"

Here Mrs. Quill heaved a sigh of commiseration at the stupidity of the conquering race. "An' 'tis mesilf," said she, "as would n't hold no conversation wid the likes of 'em! They ain't got no sense o' humor, has the English. . . . Ah! glory be; they're a poor lot entirely!"

Mrs. Quill took up the handle of the mangle; and, as she did so, she threw me a glance over her shoulder. "But the divil takes care of his own," she muttered fiercely.

The scene is still with me—the gloomy hovel that was buried in the squalid court; the damp wall opposite that shut out the sunshine; and above the wall the dilapidated fence of

"SHURE, THE ENGLISH IS DULL!"

the tenements; while inside the hovel the ragged Irish washer-woman flinging defiance at the English nation.

What matter was it to her that she dwelt in the enemy's stronghold—what matter? Except that the sight of the God-forsaken court kindled her race-hatred afresh. But her enmity dated not from to-day, nor from yesterday; it went far back, as straight as an arrow, to the eventful reign of Henry II. The blood of the Irish chieftains coursed in her veins—of the Celtic heroes who, to a man, died fighting. And as she stood there in the dark hovel, this wild looking figure with the flash of awakening passion in her eyes, she seemed to be silhouetted, against a background of history, as the living symbol of the untamed and unconquerable Celt. For, as some one has wittily expressed it, "The Conquest of Ireland began in 1172, and has continued ever since."

THE FAMOUS FENTON OPAL.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

SOCIETY was considerably exercised that year—it was some five seasons previous to the occurrences about to be set down—concerning the famous Fenton opal. The sole survivor of the direct branch, Maria Laurentia, had just come of age, and a special interest attached to her possession of the stone, because of an ancient prophecy which pointed to some special good fortune to befall the third female inheritor.

In the five years that had intervened there had been, as yet, no sign of the promised good fortune, and the white, emaciated hand upon which the jewel rested, sharply emphasized a tale of suffering and of ill-health, and offered a remarkable contrast to the brilliancy of the truly superb ring. The opal caught and held, as it were, every gleam of warmth and color in its iridescent depths, flashing forth at unexpected moments with an almost vital power. It was surrounded by a circlet of diamonds, each one a gem, perfectly cut and glowing like living fire. It seemed as if it had concentrated every atom of blood, every pulsation of life, into its tiny circumference, leaving the hand of the wearer cold, lifeless, and unresponsive.

Human life is for ever offering contrasts, and Maria Laurentia had already known many vicissitudes, just as the jewelled bauble had been the silent witness of startling events in the lives of its possessors. It had come originally from the East, having belonged to one of those inscrutable and dark-skinned Orientals who glide through the pages of history and romance, wise in forbidden lore and deeply immersed in occult arts. He had bestowed it upon a Crusader, who had brought it back into Christendom and left it an heirloom to his race.

The shining circlet had been commonly held, by a superstition passed from generation to generation of the Fentons, to bring misfortune to its inheritor, with a few fortunate ex-

ceptions, who, it is said, were clearly indicated in the original prophecy.

Thus, one who wore the ring had been beheaded in a revolution for conspiracy against a reigning monarch; another had been executed by a mob for loyalty to a king; a third had been captured by Barbary pirates, and lingered out many years of life in intolerable captivity; still another had fallen upon a bloody battlefield, in defence of a lost cause, and his son and heir had laid down his life upon Tyburn Hill for the profession of the Catholic and Apostolic faith.

The first female possessor of the ring, a fair and beautiful woman, had languished and died in prison upon an imaginary charge, arising from the jealousy of her sovereign; the second had become a nun in a convent at Bruges and had renounced the jewel, with many other possessions, in obedience to the olden invitation to sell all. Of her nothing further is recorded, but the convent wherein she made profession was sacked and burned by a heretical soldiery.

So the ring had finally reached the worn and wasted finger of Maria Laurentia, the daughter of Arthur Fenton and a beautiful Italian, who had left her child scarcely a trace of the maternal beauty, save in the softness of a pair of brown eyes. Arthur Fenton had died abroad, and his widow had re-married while Maria was still a child at the convent, and had presently followed her first husband to the grave. She had made it a special request, in dying, that at the age of eighteen, her education being completed, Maria Laurentia should pass under the guardianship of her stepfather, Harvey Mainwaring.

Maria Laurentia, pale and insignificant to the last degree, sat shivering over a grate-fire, though it was early autumn, in her apartments in a Roman palazzo, and recalled very vividly and with considerable bitterness the evening of her coming-out ball, five years before, in New York. It had been a clear, frosty night in January; the sky of deepest aqua-marine was strewn thickly with stars, brilliant, scintillating, glowing in their sidereal magnificence, proclaiming infinite heights, infinite greatness somewhere; with it Maria's youthful soul, then full of the fervor of her conventual existence, felt more akin than with the purely terrene splendors, by which she was presently to be extinguished.

She had been engulfed, as it were, in a "creation" of

satin, and accordion-plaited chiffon, heavily sequined, and had been driven, with her chaperon, the wife of a cousin, through streets, lightly powdered with snow, towards that mansion on Fifth Avenue, where the reception was to be held. She remembered distinctly the halls and stairways, lined with gorgeous plants and masses of bloom, and the orchestra playing dreamy, half-melancholy music, and how her chaperon, who knew every one, introduced many people to her. They had all regarded her as curiously as their good breeding permitted, and had stolen many a glance at the superb heirloom on her finger.

But the circumstance which had impressed itself most that evening upon her memory was her introduction to her stepfather, who had but recently arrived from abroad. The Fentons, amongst whom Maria had lately lived, had never taken very kindly to the match, and so had seen nothing of Harvey Mainwaring, though he had made quite a sensation in their particular set, possessing many superficial elements of popularity and a knack of taking the social bull by the horns.

Maria had been, therefore, introduced to her future guardian among a crowded assemblage, and had been led away by him into the conservatory, for a chat over their future plans. It must be owned that this man, who had so fascinated her mother, was repellant from the very first to Maria, and she shuddered even now as she recalled the aspect of that conservatory. The lamps, yellow shaded, and the odor of the innumerable plants came back to her with sickening distinctness, as well as the face of her stepfather, its glittering, furtive eyes and heavy jaws.

II.

Almost immediately after that reception Maria, accompanied by a single attendant—a faithful Irish girl, Norah Flynn—had been taken abroad by her stepfather, and had never been permitted to remain long anywhere. Mr. Mainwaring seemed possessed by a very demon of restlessness and he never permitted his young charge to make any acquaintances whatsoever. In fact, his chief aim seemed to be to isolate her from society. So that she had spent whole weeks, shut up with her maid, in an inaccessible tower on a Scottish coast; she had

occupied for six whole months a native hut on the west coast of Africa, where she had contracted the fever so dreaded by foreigners, and had been nursed back to health by the faithful Norah. Thence she had been hurried off to Egypt and had been hidden in a village, consisting of a sand-bank, a handful of huts, and a few stunted pines and sycamores.

On all of these occasions Harvey Mainwaring had absented himself, wandering about the country engaged in pursuits of his own, and had usually reappeared for short intervals, merely to remove his stepdaughter to some new place of abode. His arrival, which was nearly always unexpected, filled mistress and maid with dismay, and kept them during his absence in a state of feverish unrest. His temper, always moody and uncertain, grew more and more violent as the years sped on, so that Maria Laurentia scarcely dared to speak or move in his presence.

Once, during their stay in Egypt, there had been a fearful scene. Whilst the two women had been alone they had been chased home at dusk by a drunken Egyptian, who had afterwards stood without the hut, threatening to beat down the door or to set it on fire, while he brandished a weapon and declared that he would kill them both. They were rescued from this peril by a young American, who had chanced to be in the neighborhood, and who introduced himself as Walter Nesbitt, of New York. He had felt himself curiously attracted by the pale, wistful face and the pair of brown eyes belonging to the girl he had rescued, and had delayed his departure, from day to day, for that fascinating expedition up the Nile for which he had come to Egypt. He had been quite unaware of Miss Fenton's name and history, and, after her meeting with the drunken Egyptian, the girl had carefully concealed the ring which had drawn that unwelcome attention upon them. The unusual circumstances of their meeting, and the fact that they were the only two Americans in the vicinity, no doubt drew the young people together, and there were a few days which poor Maria regarded as an oasis in the desert of her existence.

Harvey Mainwaring suddenly returned, and, having learned something of the truth, flew into a violent rage. All his previous paroxysms of anger paled before the fury which then possessed him, and he struck his defenceless ward a blow in

the mouth which caused the blood to gush forth and knocked her senseless. At dawn, on the following morning, he removed Maria Laurentia from Egypt, and after a brief stay in Algiers and a lonely month in the quaint Moorish town of Granada, he had suddenly brought her to Rome. He had engaged rooms in an ancient palazzo, looking forth upon a rectangular courtyard; but she might as well have found herself in the heart of Sahara, so close a watch did he keep upon her movements and so completely did he isolate her from society. And this was the more remarkable that he himself entered with something of his former zest into the social life of the place and became as popular as ever in the American colony there. He always referred to his stepdaughter as a chronic invalid, who had never entirely recovered from a fever she had contracted during their sojourn in Africa.

III.

So Maria Laurentia, shivering in a dressing gown and sitting near a grate-fire, had scarcely had a glimpse of the wondrous city, and had been led up the marble stairs of the loggia as though it had been the path to prison. She was reflecting, too, as she sat there that, for the greater part of five years, she had been shut out from all those spiritual advantages, which had once seemed to her so indispensable. For she had inherited something of her mother's fervent devotion, together with the sturdy faith of the Fentons, and she had scrupulously observed all that had been possible under the circumstances.

She had assisted now and again at a stolen Mass or a forbidden Benediction, and had said her daily Rosary, and knelt, night and morning, with Norah, to offer up the accustomed prayers. But here in the very centre of Catholicity, surrounded as she knew she was by numberless churches, the churches of which she had long ago read with eager enthusiasm, it made her soul sick to be shut out from their portals, and she longed for an opportunity once more to receive the Sacraments.

Norah entered the room suddenly, with a flurried air and on tiptoe. Drawing near, she confided to her mistress in a

whisper, as though her stepfather were listening, that Mr. Mainwaring had gone to Naples for a day or two. She had heard him mention the circumstance to a group of friends, and had herself seen him off at the railway station. And it had occurred to honest Norah that here was the opportunity, so long sought, to steal away to church. Maria Laurentia was on her feet in an instant, her pale face flushing pink with excitement, while Norah arranged her hair and helped her into a handsome, but unobtrusive, walking costume. It chanced that the church of the Capuchins in the Piazza Barberini was the nearest to their lodgings, and the two women hurried thither with trembling eagerness.

A priest was summoned to the confessional, a well-known preacher and celebrated English friar, Father Bonaventure. With a joy and thankfulness indescribable, Maria took her place within the sacred tribunal, and poured forth her soul in a general confession. After the absolution she told the confessor enough of her history to enable him to perceive that she was the victim of unusual circumstances, and she begged of him to call upon her, and to force his way in, despite all denials from the servants, whom her stepfather had set to watch over her. It was her intention, should Mr. Mainwaring be present, to confront him with the friar and make public her story. In the event of her stepfather's continued absence, she resolved to ask the Capuchin's advice and to be guided by him implicitly.

This being settled, Maria went forth with Norah, rejoicing in the soft beauty of the Roman twilight, which seemed to harmonize with the spiritual peace and joy which flooded her spirit and made her feel strong for any trial. The rare Italian sunset streamed over the hills, and lights began to gleam out over the classic Tiber. The majestic figure upon the castle of San Angelo caught the girl's eye and seemed to suggest the heavenly protection extended to the weak as to the strong.

As mistress and maid hastened along, and while Maria's eyes were still fixed upon the statue of the archangel, a young man, turning the corner hastily, ran into the pair. He raised his hat with a hasty apology, but in so doing the button of his sleeve caught in the lace of a mantle which Maria carried over her arm. It was most embarrassing; the young man

struggling with the refractory button seemed to make confusion worse confounded, when all of a sudden, by a happy inspiration, he began to search in his pocket for a pen-knife, exclaiming:

"I will cut it off!"

At the same moment Maria's heart gave a joyful leap and Norah uttered a delighted cry.

"Mr. Nesbitt! sure it's Mr. Nesbitt! And to think that we didn't know you."

After the first surprise of the unexpected meeting, Miss Fenton declared that they had just been to the church of the Capuchins.

"To the *Capucini?*" echoed Walter; "why, that's where I also go myself, and I wonder if you chanced to meet my good old friend, Father Bonaventure."

This mention of the monk gave a new impetus to the conversation and another excuse for lingering in that enchanting twilight, which is like no other in the world. Presently the vivid coloring began to fade and the landscape was wrapped in a soft, silvery haze, which added an ethereal beauty to all things and seemed to enfold the two young people in a world of their own. At last people began to stare, and prudent Norah, ever fearful of the untimely reappearance of the erratic Mr. Mainwaring, began to remind her young mistress that the air from the marshes was dangerous after sundown, and that strangers ran the risk of malaria. Walter then asked when he should see her again, and Maria shook her head sadly, declaring that it was very hard to tell. She shuddered when she remembered the violent scene which had followed their last meeting, and Walter cried out in alarm:

"Why, there you are taking a chill! How thoughtless I have been!"

And despite all denials he wrapped Maria in the mantle which hung over her arm, and advised Norah to bring her mistress home as briskly as possible. In the young girl's ears, however, blended with the melodious sound of the Angelus pealing forth from every campanile in Rome, was Walter Nesbitt's assurance that he would see her soon again.

IV.

A day or two after his return from Naples Harvey Mainwaring, strolling about in his aimless fashion, stood watching a group of tourists surrounding the immortal Fountain of Trevi, and throwing coin over their shoulder into the sparkling water. He observed them with cynical eyes and heard their laughing allusions to the olden prophecy that those who drank of the water and paid tribute to the presiding spirit should see Rome once again before they died. He beheld, too, as they scrambled for the coin, the group of ragged urchins, graceful and picturesque, having escaped, as it might seem, from immortal canvases to disport themselves in the transparent air and the exquisite brightness of the Roman sunshine. A passing acquaintance stopped to speak to Harvey Mainwaring, remarking in the course of conversation: "I see that your stepdaughter is with you and seems improved in health."

"She is with me," replied Mr. Mainwaring, "and her health is a shade better; but may I ask how you know?"

"Well, truth to tell," explained the other, "I recognized Miss Fenton by her remarkable ring. I remembered having seen it upon her finger at a reception some years ago in New York. Society was agog just then with the romantic history of the Fenton opal."

"Yes, yes, I remember," assented Mr. Mainwaring drily; "but I am curious to know how you chanced to see the ring at the present juncture, for my ward has been a perfect hermit since our arrival in Rome. I am quite in despair about her."

"When the cat's away the mice will play, old fellow," laughed the acquaintance, "and I chanced to see Miss Fenton twice in the course of the same afternoon. She was coming out of some old church, in the first instance, and my eye was caught by the gleam of the ring. By the way, it would be more prudent for her to glove that hand."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Mainwaring, "but young women are so very imprudent. I do hope she did n't fatigue herself, for I think you mentioned having met her again in the course of the same afternoon."

"So I did, so I did; and, if it isn't telling tales out of school, she was talking next time to an uncommonly good-looking chap. I know him, too, or, at least, his people. He's a New-

Yorker, his father 's on 'Change—Nesbitt of the stock-brokerage firm of Nesbitt & Sons."

"Ah, yes, yes—Nesbitt; I think I have heard the name," put in Harvey Mainwaring blandly.

Well, this Nesbitt 's a fine fellow, I 'm told, and even the Fenton heiress might do worse; and there were Miss Fenton and he billing and cooing in the twilight. Heighho! boys will be boys and girls will be girls."

And the loquacious American hurried away, leaving Harvey Mainwaring to digest his pleasantries as best he might, and to work himself up into a very storm of rage, equalled only by that tornado which had burst upon Maria's defenceless head in the Egyptian wilds.

All that superstitious terror, that implicit belief in the old cabalistic maledictions, which had been invoked upon Maria and upon her guardians, her aiders and abetters, in any disregard of the conditions laid down for the possession of her fatal fortune and ill-omened jewel, now filled the darkened soul of the wretched stepfather. He had never professed nor practiced any religion, and had allowed the occult belief, which he had picked up during his long wanderings in the East, to darken and obscure his natural intellect. When he had married Maria's mother, attracted partly by her beauty and partly by her wealth, he had heard the whole story of the jewel and had been put into possession of all the weird predictions connected with its ownership. It had become almost a mania with him to enforce all those regulations which he believed to have been laid down by the original donor of the jewel, and to compel Maria by their strict observance to attain at a given date the good fortune, which her guardian was to share, and to avert the disasters, which might otherwise overtake them both.

He reached the palazzo in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy and found Maria alone and engaged harmlessly enough in embroidery. He snatched the frame from her hand and threw it to the other side of the room. He stormed and he swore, circling round her like some bird of prey who is about to pounce upon a harmless dove. Hurling invectives at her, loading her with opprobrious epithets, he declared that he would take her away from Rome on the morrow, into the heart of Siberia, and that he would send Norah to the other ends of the earth.

Roused by these threats, the poor little heiress rose and attempted to assert her dignity, declaring that she would refuse to leave Rome and that nothing should part her from Norah. As the frail figure stood thus confronting the great, bulky Hercules, with his flaming face and eyes which had taken on an awful suggestion of madness, the stepfather raised his arm in which was a loaded walking cane, and would have brought it down, with probably fatal results, upon his ward. Suddenly his arm was seized from behind. He turned furiously and in the dim light of the apartment felt a thrill of superstitious terror at the white, resolute face and tall form which confronted him. He gazed helplessly an instant and then recognized, as Maria likewise did with a totally opposite sensation, the brown robe, the rope, and sandals of St. Francis. He demanded with an oath how the friar had gained admittance, and for a few moments stood irresolute, still blinded by his rage and fear.

But, as reason returned, Harvey Mainwaring bent instinctively to an idol which he had worshipped all his life, that of public opinion. He muttered some sort of excuse for his late violence, which he attributed to a crisis in their family affairs, brought about by the headstrong folly of his ward. The Franciscan, who had met in his time with many curious situations, accepted the apology and presently put Harvey Mainwaring as much as possible at ease, and gave Maria Laurentia, who was trembling and exhausted, sufficient time to recover herself, before any topic of importance should be broached.

Father Bonaventure's keen eyes rested an instant on the ring and he observed:

"I have always taken a peculiar interest in opals, which is a strange admission for one vowed to my Lady Poverty. But I once came across a curious document relating to an opal and concerning which I have since had many misgivings."

Harvey Mainwaring, who was at first but little interested, finally warmed into eager excitement as the monk related how in Palestine, in the sixties, he had devoted himself to the study of Arabic, by order of his superiors. About the same date he had become acquainted with an Englishman who, as it turned out in the course of the narrative, had been Arthur Fenton, and no other than Maria's father. He had begged of the monk to translate an ancient prophecy, which formed an actual résumé of the history of the ring and of its relation to

the Fenton family. It was vague and incoherent at the best, largely interspersed with cabalistic curses and allusions to forbidden arts, and a couple of its pages were exclusively devoted to the fortunes of the third female who, in the course of centuries, should possess the Fenton jewel.

This hypothetical lady, who had actually materialized in the person of poor Maria Laurentia, was, according to the translation which the monk had made, to remain unmarried until she was thirty, to travel over land and sea, visiting every continent and innumerable cities, rather than marry one of her own race. She was to eschew the society of women and clerics and was, in fact, to lead a solitary existence. And all this under the direst penalties, such as loss of fortune, failure in undertakings, misery, and an untimely death; the same chastisements were to strike those connected with her, and especially her guardians or those having authority over her.

Father Bonaventure, while laughing heartily at these prognostications, declared:

"Now I very much fear that in my imperfect knowledge of the Arabic tongue, in which I have since attained proficiency, I may have completely reversed the prophecy. Not that it matters in the least, since all things are in the hands of an over-ruling Providence, which shapes man's destiny in his own despite."

He glanced at Harvey Mainwaring, who sat restlessly listening, his whole face lighted up by an intense interest in the utterances of that friar, whose hand had, forty years before, transcribed the very parchment by which the stepfather had been ordering his own and Maria's life.

"As a matter of philological interest," went on the priest, "and, if you will, of poetic justice, I should like to have the opportunity of comparing those two documents, the original and my translation."

Harvey Mainwaring without a word jumped up from his seat and rushed to a writing desk, whence he presently produced the identical parchments. Father Bonaventure gave them a cursory attention, begging permission to take them home to the monastery for closer inspection. Mr. Mainwaring consented somewhat reluctantly, his Protestant mind still imbued with a distrust and dislike of the clerical profession.

V.

The sequel to that curious story, and what made the Fenton opal more than ever celebrated, can be told in a very few sentences. Father Bonaventure had, as he said, by the bungling of participles and the wrong use of cases, completely changed the character of the prophecy. The third female inheritor of the ring was, in truth, ordained to marry early and, under fearful anathemas, to marry one of her own race, from whom neither cities nor continents, nor travels by land and sea, should ultimately separate her. Her happiness was to come through a woman and a cleric, and much good fortune was to accrue to guardians or others who helped her to carry out her destiny.

Harvey Mainwaring, who, it may be said, from that time forth much improved in character and disposition, was still disposed to tremble at what he had escaped. For following the erroneous translation, he had unwittingly violated every law which the mysterious document had laid down. Father Bonaventure laughed heartily at his fears, crying:

"'What shadows we are! what shadows we pursue,' as regards this earthly life of ours. Why, man, that old sage of the Orient put down a few wise axioms upon paper and called them a prophecy, giving them the sanction of a few Arabic maledictions. And here was I, giving a false interpretation of the matter in the confident, student fashion, and here were you striving to carry out, not the old fakir's instructions, but my worthless rendering of them, and here are we all in the city of Rome, in this year of grace, foreseeing a very happy ending to the whole business."

And this happy ending certainly came to pass. Father Bonaventure's services were once more called into requisition, and the quaint church of the Capuchins was filled to overflowing, especially with the members of the American Colony, on the occasion of a fashionable wedding. Walter Nesbitt, by the eloquent pleading of the Capuchin, assisted by a still more skilful advocate, Young Love himself, had put aside his objection to marrying an heiress much wealthier than himself, on the ground that he had sought an insignificant little personage entirely for herself and when quite unacquainted with her history.

The young couple had sailed at once for New York, where the bride came into an additional fortune, which had been quietly waiting in the hands of the family solicitors till she should contract a suitable marriage. She had settled a handsome sum upon her step-father, towards whom she bore no malice, and had given Norah a place of honor in the new household. From the very first the Fenton heiress became conspicuous in every good work, seeming anxious to expend as much as possible of her fortune for the welfare of others and the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

Both she and her husband were very popular in society, which was once more agog over the romantic history of Maria's family, and, in particular, that portion of it which related to the bride as the third feminine inheritor of the famous Fenton opal.

THE SAINTS OF GOD.

BY BROTHER REMIGIUS, C.S.C.

AS one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears distant voices sweetly toned that bring
Surcease to saddest heart, the while they sing
Of faith and love—God's choicest gifts the bloom—
So list'ning to our holy friends for whom
The church's portals wide to-day we fling,
I hear their aisles and fretted arches ring
The victor's song of triumph o'er the tomb.

Yet they were of our kin, our weakness shared,
The cup of pleasure they were not denied ;
While we its captives were, these heroes dared,
Enamored of the cross, to turn aside.
They heard His voice and followed in the way,
Till on their vision broke eternal day.

VERA.

BY A. T. EDMUND.

"QUITE the handsomest girl in the room," said Ralph Everton, glancing critically at the lady under discussion. "Absolutely ripping! Introduce me, old chap, do!"

Charlie Langton caught his breath sharply. It pained him to hear this girl discussed, as though she were some beautiful piece of china. She was something almost sacred in his eyes. It was hateful, he thought, that women should be compelled by fashion to display themselves to the critical gaze of any and everybody.

"Say!" went on Ralph Everton, "she is lovely. To win her will be something to be proud of."

They were crossing the room towards the beautiful Miss Rushleigh as he said this. But Langton made no reply, though any one looking at him could see that he was none too pleased at the request.

He, a big, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, with a fair, good-humored, and strong face, was a complete contrast to the slender, thin-lipped, dark-haired friend, whose weak vacillating chin boded ill for the happiness of any one who was entrusted to his keeping. And the characters of the two men were, if possible, even more dissimilar. But young Everton possessed one advantage over the other—that he was the owner of Everton Towers and £4,000 a year. Langton had nothing but his wits to depend upon.

Everton and Miss Rushleigh appeared to get on splendidly. They danced and talked together as if they had known each other for years, instead of hours.

Langton looked on in amazement. His friend, in an hour, had accomplished what he had taken months to do. This brought a strange and sudden pain to his heart. The hope of many weeks suddenly fell from him, and numbness and emptiness unspeakable remained.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Rushleigh,

when later on she was sitting out with him; "you look as if you had seen a ghost and did n't like it. How glum you are!"

"Am I?" he replied. "Nothing's amiss with me that I know of."

"Oh! Come now; something has put you out. Have I done anything?" she asked with a coquettish glance. "If so, I'm sorry, for we have always been good friends, and I have n't so many that I can afford to lose one."

"Oh! Miss Rushleigh," cried he, not a little ashamed of his ill-humor, "you have been awfully good to me—talked to me, danced with me, which was more than I deserved, for I know I am a stupid fellow at best. . . ."

"Now I am not going to allow you to backbite yourself in this way," she interrupted laughingly; "neither am I going to enumerate your good points, because," and she turned her eyes full upon him, "you might grow too conceited, and be spoiled altogether."

A deep flush mounted to his brow. Words of admiration rushed to his lips; but the recollection that he was a penniless barrister, and, alas! a briefless one too, checked them. What would the imperious beauty beside him say to such presumption, he wondered.

"I don't like you at all to-night," said the girl suddenly. "I have never known you to be so stupid. Please take me back?"

The words were spoken almost scornfully. But a keen observer might have noticed a shade of disappointment upon the girl's countenance, and a twitching of lips, that did not spring from annoyance alone.

Would she have thought a declaration too presumptious? As he rose to accompany her to the ball-room, a red rose that she was wearing at her bosom fell at his feet. And as Charlie stooped to pick it up, the flower, which was too full blown, shed its petals—"Like our life," thought he bitterly.

After this evening Langton resolutely avoided Vera. And so Ralph Everton had every opportunity of pressing his suit. For the moment he was desperately in love and lost no time in bringing things to a head. He had been sure that Langton was as deeply smitten with Miss Rushleigh as he was himself, and he also guessed that the girl was not entirely in-

different. This, however, did not keep him from haymaking during the sunshine; rather the reverse, it only incited him.

So well indeed did he play his part that when, in due course, he proposed for her hand, few of their set were surprised to find him installed as the accepted lover.

Vera Rushleigh, since her parent's death, had lived with an aunt, Mrs. Dalmaine. She was left penniless, but it was known that whatever Mrs. Dalmaine had would be bequeathed to her only niece.

When the engagement was announced it was looked upon as a very lucky one. To be mistress of a fine estate was not to be despised. And if there were ugly rumors about gambling and other drawbacks on the part of the bridegroom elect, they were speedily hushed with the cynical remark, that a man had better sow his wild oats before marriage than after.

As to differences of religion between them, well, no one in their circle considered that much of a drawback.

To Vera herself the engagement, however, did not bring entire satisfaction. Though she knew she was making a brilliant marriage, and one that would ensure her holding a good position in society, she could not but fear that a man could never make a woman happy with the religious opinions, or rather the want of them, which Everton proclaimed.

Whether the sudden withdrawal of Charlie Langton's attentions had helped her to decide upon accepting his friend's proposal, no one ever knew. It was noticed, nevertheless, by Mrs. Dalmaine, that, as the time for her marriage drew near, Vera began to show signs of fear and apprehension. Her lover, she explained, upon being questioned, had expressed himself strongly against having the ceremony performed in the Catholic Church.

He was so obstinate, that his objection threatened to stand in the way of the marriage altogether. He used every argument he could think of to convince his *fiancée* that she ought to conform to his wishes in this matter. Vera, however, stood firm. She would break off her engagement rather than begin her married life with a sin. To a man of his temperament this only made her appear the more desirable. If it proved that she would sooner forego all the advantages of such a marriage than act against her religious scruples, it also showed that she

was not so ready to throw herself into his arms as he had supposed. This only strengthened his desire. Besides, might not his friend Langton return after all and win the prize? So he withdrew his objection, and the marriage took place. Charlie Langton declined to be best man on the occasion, or even to be a guest at the wedding; and he dropped completely out of their circle.

In her new life Vera found very little leisure in a continual round of gaieties. Their country house, Everton Towers, seemed always to be full of guests. So she saw as little of her husband as falls to the lot of most fashionable wives. This was scarcely regretted, or hardly realized, in the constant excitement of her new position. But it was not long before she noticed that Ralph often had fits of irritability which he called "nerves." They were noticed after the visit of a certain Mrs. Gurney, a beautiful and most fascinating Creole, who was a frequent visitor at Everton.

Her society seemed amazingly agreeable to her host. Indeed, it was so to most men. Her Titian red head was generally the centre of a group of admirers, whom she alternately amused and snubbed. It mattered not if all the other women declared that her hair was dyed and her complexion enamelled. Men worshipped the idol whether painted or not. Ralph Everton's demeanor towards her was as discreet as is possible between a frivolous woman of the world and a good-looking, none too scrupulous host. Nevertheless, Vera, as well as other members of the house party, knew that this woman held over her husband a charm that no other possessed.

The truth was that Mrs. Gurney, like Ralph, had scarcely a serious thought in life. Both lived for pleasure, and pursued it in every phase. While Vera, whose strong principles compelled her to look with scorn upon many of the frivolities in which her husband and the lively Creole found so much amusement, had a seriousness and loftiness of character as far removed from theirs as could well be imagined.

Cards and gambling were the business of the day at Everton, and none but bridge players ever received an invitation. It began to leak out also that the turf claimed the young squire's attention to a considerable extent. Rumors of heavy losses presently reached Vera's ears, and she gently

ventured to remonstrate; but her husband met her with a half jest and an impatient assurance that there was no fear of his coming to any harm. Her peace of mind was not seriously disturbed, therefore, until ready money began to grow scarce.

Just at this time her immediate attention was taken off other matters by the birth of a son and heir. At first her child brought rapture untold to his mother's heart, and she hoped fervently that he would be a salutary influence upon Ralph's life.

But Vera never sounded the limits of her husband's shallowness, until the time came for him to keep his written promise that his children should be baptized and brought up in their mother's religion.

"No son of mine shall ever put his foot inside your idolatrous churches," he said vindictively, when the subject was broached to him.

Except on the occasion of his marriage, Everton had never entered the doors of any church since he was a boy; so his convictions were of no more value than his knowledge of the amount of idolatry practised in the Catholic Church.

"Once I was beguiled into going into the accursed place," he went on without daring to look at the proud dark eyes which he knew were fixed upon him in wistful reproach.

"I swore then it should be the last time. My children shall not be baptized at all, until they are old enough to decide for themselves. I am not going to have any opinion on religion cut and dried for them. When they are old enough it will be time for them to use their own discretion in such matters."

A shudder of horror convulsed Vera; tears filled her eyes. "But Ralph," she pleaded, with one hand outstretched to grasp his as he passed the sofa restlessly pacing up and down, "you promised; you gave your word, you cannot go back."

"Can't I?" he answered sneeringly, his face in a shamed sort of way still turned from her. "I was inveigled into writing that rot. It is not worth the paper written upon, as far as the law goes. So put a smooth face on it, Vera. My mind is made up on that point, and nothing shall alter my decision."

The poor mother began to despair. "Oh Ralph! And I thought you would be so pleased at having a son, that in very gratitude you would listen to me for once."

Her eyes sought his with desperate pleading. Her babe, their babe, slept peacefully upon her breast, all unconscious of the struggle his coming had called forth.

"It would make me so happy to have him brought up in my faith. You never even hinted to the contrary. . . ."

"Not I!" he interrupted fiercely. "What was the good? You would only have been whining and pining about it, and I was not anxious for a sickly child. And as for being grateful —bless us, you are not the only woman who has borne her husband a son," he finished brutally.

Vera's stately head drooped upon her infant, as though she would shield him from his father's baneful words.

A sickening dread pierced her heart.

"And mark my words, Vera," he continued without giving his wife time to speak; "if you deceive me in this, and attempt to play any tricks upon me, I shall put a stop to your going to your church at all."

Another shiver crept through the beautiful woman before him, and big tears of bitterness forced their way through her downbent lids. A horrible conviction seized her that the little influence she once had held over this self-willed man had slipped from her for ever.

It was useless, at any rate for the present, to say more on the subject. Everton so watched her movements that, even if she attempted to disobey him, it was doubtful whether she could have succeeded.

Another year went by. Much of Vera's beauty was fading. She had grown thin and wan, and an expression of fear and despair played havoc with her eyes. Her mouth, too, lost its sweet, tender curves, and a tenseness, painful to see, now marked it.

In truth Ralph Everton had long since tired of her, and she knew it. For him no woman compared with the fascinating Mrs. Gurney, who not only captivated his fancy, but also what he was pleased to call his heart. He made no secret of neglecting his wife, or that he admired her rival. Meanwhile, during the last few months, his gambling debts had compelled him to mortgage his estate, which unfortunately was not entailed. Before Vera's second child was born Everton Towers had been let, and the family took up their abode in a small

house in the neighborhood. It had become difficult to find money for the household bills.

Their little son, now fifteen months old, was still unbaptized. His broken-hearted mother realized that her baby girl, too, would also be thrown upon the treacherous world with no religion and no faith to guide their faltering footsteps. In an utter helplessness, which was fast goading her to despair, the poor mother almost prayed that God would take her little ones. What would be their fate if anything happened to her? The thought appalled her. Her heart yearned over them in their sweet innocence, their appealing little ways. But for the curse under which their father had placed them, what happiness might they not bring into her life? As it was, their very beauty, their very appealing helplessness, smote her at every turn with an unspeakable dread for the future.

Gambling had gone on unchecked, and now ruin, absolute ruin, stared them in the face. She was powerless to stay his downward course. Remonstrance was useless. It only drove him into violent passions. He resented any interference on her part with a bitterness totally undeserved; for Vera had done all that a wife could do to reclaim him. The fact was that she was as incapable of descending to his level, as he was of appreciating her higher and nobler qualities. Had she been a creature of impulse, caring for nothing, heeding nothing, but the excitement of the moment, her hold over him might perhaps have lasted longer.

The blow came. Everton Towers was for sale. Their creditors, hungry, grasping, and perhaps needy, seized it. Nothing was left for them to live upon but Vera's small income.

Ralph went about with lowered brow and darkened countenance, cursing his luck, cursing his marriage, cursing even his children; calling them "a drag upon him, and a nuisance." He became more and more desperate, now that everything was lost. He would listen to no one. The gambler's conviction, that luck was bound to change, was now his. Some grand "*coup*" might set him right again.

Accordingly, he left the house one morning in the highest spirits, declaring that he would bring back great winnings from the race.

It was a relief to his wife to know that he would be absent

for several hours. Now was her opportunity. The distracted mother, long since convinced that the hand of God had fallen upon them, could but attribute her misfortunes to yielding in the matter of her children's religion.

In spite of the risk she determined to seize the first chance that presented itself, and take them off to the church and have them baptized.

Her husband had no sooner left the house than she began preparations. Should heaven befriend her she could easily get home before his return.

But this was not to be, for the first person she encountered on her return was the one of all others she least desired to meet.

"Where have you been?" he shouted hoarsely. Vera saw at once that he had been drinking heavily. "Where did you take the brats to?"

His wife cowered under his menacing look, and she murmured something about a drive.

"A drive! Rubbish! You have been to your idol-worshipping church. I saw Peters, the cab-driver, outside when I passed, but I little thought he was waiting for you. If you think you have done me, you will find yourself mistaken. The children shall be sent away. I have won some money to-day, and I shall use it to remove the brats from their mother's evil influence."

"Oh!" cried Vera with a shudder; "do not speak so before Bertie, I entreat. The child is old enough to understand. Let me take him to bed, and we can discuss this afterwards."

She rang for the maid to carry the sleeping babe upstairs, while she turned to take her little son in her arms; but her husband, striding hastily forward, thrust his arm between them. The child, alarmed at the sudden movement, rushed to his mother with a wild cry, and clutched hold of her gown.

"So you are trying to steal my boy's affection from his father, that's part of your little game. Well, we shall see who is going to be the winner"; and he pushed her out-stretched arm violently on one side.

The poor child, thinking his father meant to strike him, stepped suddenly backwards and fell with a terrible thud against the fender.

"Curse you!" shouted the infuriated man. "You don't

thwart me with impunity"; and he again gave his wife a violent push. But she was too quick for him this time, and had lifted poor little Bertie from the floor ere he could get past her.

"Hush, oh! hush, for God's sake!" she whispered brokenly. "I believe you have killed your child."

With terrified and sobered gaze the man stood for a moment and looked at the white, still face of his son. Then, without another word, he turned and fled.

Vera never saw her husband again. Her child never rallied from the shock. In less than a month his mother, broken-hearted, laid him in his little grave.

The fallen rose was shedding its petals.

Though the young mother had but a small income she felt she could manage, with the help of some work, to keep herself and her baby girl.

But her first anxiety was to place as great a distance between the child and her father as possible. Her one dread being that he would one day come and carry her darling away.

Baby Kathleen was now her only earthly consolation. To part with her would break the last link that bound her to this world at all; for her health was rapidly failing her. Only sheer force of will kept her from collapse. But baby Kathleen was destined for a better world than a mother's wildest dreams. Her sweet ways, her loving disposition, her angelic countenance, marked her already as too precious for this life. When but two years old disease seized her, and she gradually faded away.

Perhaps her happy brother had been praying among the lilies of heaven for the company of the little playmate he had left behind—who knows?

And what pen could describe the anguish of the mother's soul as this, the rose's last petal, drifted from her!

Poor Vera, childless, and worse than a widow, was alone. A broken spirit and a faded beauty made her long for the peace of death, through whose gates only she could again meet those she had loved long and lost awhile.

She had heard, some time since, that Everton and Mrs.

Gurney had fled the country. But this did not make her safe from her husband. So she left her present home and sought one in London, where she could more easily hide herself.

Little Kathleen's illness had been a great expense, and now her mother could only afford the cheapest of London's dingy lodging-rooms. Though accustomed all her life to every comfort, she never murmured at the poorness of her present surroundings. But the life of the solitary woman, ill and stricken with poverty, in the wilderness of London is truly desolate and soul-wearing.

It was perhaps as much from privation as actual disease that she fell ill so soon after her arrival. Ashamed of her circumstances, she had told no one of her change of address, nor had she made any acquaintances. For the same reason also she had not called at the clergy-house.

The people in the house were kind in their rough and ready way, though they left her much to herself. In the beginning of her illness Vera hoped to get better; but, on finding that she slowly grew worse, she asked two or three times that a priest might be sent for. No one, however, seemed to trouble about sending the message, or it was forgotten. It was nobody's business, and the landlady had enough to do with her lodgers without going after parsons, she said to herself.

At all events no priest came, and the poor woman was in despair. God's hand was touching her now heavily, and she felt the want of his grace to continue the fight to the end with courage and resignation. Would God's priest ever come on his errand of mercy? She waited and prayed and hoped. Ah, how alone was she at this moment. Alone, calling for help, and with no one to aid her!

Then at last she called upon her children among the angels to obtain this mercy for her; and one night, when the end was very near, while the oft-repeated prayer was still upon her lips, she seemed to hear a slow, firm footstep halt at her door. And lo! a tall, broad-shouldered priest entered and gently approached her.

The dying woman raised herself with a painful effort. She could hardly believe the evidence of her own senses. A mist gathered before her eyes, and she half wondered whether the dreamy languor stealing over her was indeed death. A voice

recalled her scattered thoughts; a voice, the tone of which took back memory to days of long ago. This was an hallucination, she thought, and a forerunning of the end.

The priest saw her dangerous condition. He heard her confession, and gave her the Bread of Life, staying awhile afterwards to whisper words of sweet encouragement, words to soothe the soul in its agony.

Breaking off quite suddenly, however, as though following a train of thought suggested by his penitent's apparently lonely plight, he said with a kind smile: "Child, would you not like to have your children with you, now that your confession is over? Shall I call them to you?"

"My children?" repeated the woman in bewilderment. "I have none."

And a great solitary tear stole down her wasted cheeks. "I had two, but they are in heaven."

"But," persisted the priest with a mystified air, "who, then, were the little ones who came to fetch me? Two of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. I was struck with their unusual beauty—a sweet baby girl of two or thereabouts, and a fine manly boy a year or so older—like little angels. And they brought me to your door saying, 'Mother is there.'"

Vera's eyes fixed in solemn awe upon the priest's face while he spoke, and then tears gushed forth in a torrent.

"Father," she sobbed, "you have described the two darlings I have lost. God must have sent them for you. I prayed so hard to them that a priest might come—and God sent my little ones."

She fell back upon her pillow, even as the words were uttered; and, though the room was in semi-darkness, the priest had little doubt that the end was now very near. He sat for a moment in silence. He was, indeed, overcome by a feeling of awe. In the face of God's wondrous mercy, which he had just witnessed, it was difficult to collect his thoughts. But he was aroused by Vera asking him for a bundle of letters which were tied up and addressed to her husband.

With quick, firm tread the kind priest passed round the bed to where the woman pointed; and as the light from the solitary candle fell upon the address, which was written in a large, clear hand, he started almost involuntarily.

"Ralph Everton!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Can

this wreck possibly be the once proud, beautiful Vera Rushleigh?"

A gasp from Vera made him look searchingly at her. She too had turned towards the light, and understood now why the voice of the priest had brought to mind memories of the past. "Father," she murmured, "is it you after all who has brought me consolation on my death-bed?"

"Thank God! child, yes"; he whispered earnestly.

A change then came over the dying woman's face, and the priest knew that the hour had come.

"Tell him—I forgave him—" she gasped brokenly.

A tremor ran through her, a happy look lit up her eyes and brought back some of their old beauty.

"Bertie! little Kathleen!" she murmured. And with a long-drawn sigh she passed away.

With a hardly repressed sob Father Langton reverently closed her eyes.

And then, with chastened spirit, he sought the people of the house to ask whether any children had been sent to the presbytery that night. But there were no children living there. His inquiries left no doubt in his mind that he had been called wonderfully to give the last help of God's church to the sorrow-stricken soul of the woman he had known and loved in his youth.

"A FRENCH COUNTRY PASTOR."

BY S. L. EMERY.

THE *Letters of a Country Pastor* is a charming volume published in Paris, in 1894, by the house of Victor Lecoffre. This book has been translated into English, but as it is the original work that has come to our hand, we shall base our notice thereupon, translating freely as we write. The "Letters" comprise a correspondence carried on between a young priest, Monsieur X——, in his first parish of Saint-Julien, and his friend Jacques Voisin, a Catholic layman of Paris, together with a few letters from other sources that complete the sequence.

In the opening epistle the recently appointed pastor pours out his heart to his trusted friend. "I am going to keep my promise," he writes, "and tell you all about my modest life as curé. . . . When I received my appointment, at the close of the ecclesiastical retreat, Monseigneur said to me, in substance: 'My dear abbé, I am sending you to Saint-Julien, and I expect you to do some specially good work there. The parish is very much divided, and from these divisions religion has naturally suffered. . . . You must try to gain the confidence of these worthy people, and lead them back to God. If you meet with difficulties, I am here to advise and uphold you. If your heart grows faint, and sorrow upholds your soul, remember then that you are a priest of that God who died upon the cross. In giving you a parish, Monsieur le Curé'—and when Monseigneur said these words he spoke, for all his simple kindliness, with a certain solemnity in his tone—'it is no promotion that I am bestowing upon you; it is only one burden the more that I am placing upon your priestly shoulders. Go, and may God bless you!'"

The young pastor was much moved; more so, perhaps, than he had been since his ordination and his first Mass. He had come, light-hearted and smiling, to meet his bishop; he left him with a strange gravity, and profoundly touched; he felt

himself burdened with the care of immortal souls, and the burden was heavy. His appointment had at first pleased him greatly; he had thought that now he could map out his life to his own liking, subject no longer to another's will; that he would now be his own master, dividing his time between his church, his catechism classes, his library, and his little garden; that he would read consecutively the Fathers of the Church, and even write learned books; that he would now be able to enlarge his library, subscribe to some periodical, keep in touch with the world of studious thought.

What visits, too, he could make and receive, not worldly ones, nor for amusement, but it had seemed to him that it would be so delightful to discuss at will the most perplexing literary or philosophical or theological questions with his friendly brother priests.

At the seminary he had always had the reputation of being a trifle talkative, and, later, he still found it difficult to think without talking aloud. While he knew very well that he who puts on the priestly garb puts on at the same time a burden and a ministry, and that he is thenceforth consecrated to the service of souls, and no longer belongs to himself alone, it had not been of these things, however, that he had been thinking just at the time his parish was given to him. He had thought of his duties, indeed, but especially of himself, and scarcely at all of his parishioners.

But his bishop's words had suddenly reminded him that, instead of mapping out his life in a way to suit himself, he ought to plan it after a fashion that would be most useful to the souls placed in his care. And our French curé in the present story is not a Luke Delmege; he is no man of problems, of dreams, of delusions, and of despair. He is an upright, simple, straightforward soul, for whom duty is a plain guide, and his work in the church's field an honor and a sufficing joy. He perceives at once that while the pleasant occupations he had anticipated could, after all, be his in moments of rare leisure only, and some of them perhaps not at all, this is, nevertheless, the priest's peculiar lot. To deny self, to be at the service of others, to think very little about self, it was of all this that his bishop's kindly words had reminded him; his injunction had aroused him, his blessing had strengthened him. The youthful pastor retraced his steps, less gay at heart, but

with a deeper peace; feeling on his shoulders the cross of Jesus, and conscious that it was no ill thing to sustain its weight in such a Master's cause.

The new curé finds but a chilling reception when he first enters his new parish; he even sees some doors and windows brusquely closed as he approaches, and his heart catches the icy chill. In his new home the cheering words of the old nurse of his childhood, who has come to keep house for him, fail to rouse him. These people, then, who detest him before they even know him, are the flock committed to his keeping! What has he done that they should receive him thus? He has come to serve them and to love them; yet surely it is difficult to love people who dislike you, and who shut their doors in your very face! Nevertheless, he is conscious that this love cannot be an impossible thing, since his vocation itself obliges him to love them.

This, then, is the priesthood! It obliges to the very centre of the soul. It is not merely a certain set of outward duties that it imposes upon one; it absorbs the entire man completely. Because he is a priest, and from that fact itself, he owes himself wholly to others, even to the most intimate fibres of his being. He can keep nothing for himself without wronging those to whom he owes himself. What a task and what a burden! How is it to be met? How is it to be borne?

Suddenly rising, and leaving the house, he enters the church. *My* church, "je pénétrai dans l'Église, dans *mon* Église." He does not even look around him; he sees only the little lamp that shines tranquilly and all alone before the altar. Then a great peace all at once takes possession of him; he feels the true love, Love itself, welcoming him from the tabernacle; and no longer does it seem to him impossible to love and to fulfil his duty. For a long time he kneels and prays to his Divine and ever-present Master, who speaks to him in the stillness, and strengthens and comforts his soul.

Luke Delmege strove to subdue his wounded feelings and to answer his perplexities under the open sky in a row-boat on the sea. The French curé conquers himself in church before his Lord; and then, with the same simple and practical faith, he goes forward in his daily path. With childlike frankness, and yet with a very keen eye for defects and needs and

opportunities, he describes his surroundings—his church, for instance; his loquacious sacristan, who has to be taught that the new pastor does not wish to hear all the old gossip of the parish; the school for girls, taught by two sisters of the Holy Family, to whom he commits at once that care of the vestments in which his predecessor had delighted, and whom he relieves at once from the catechising of the boys and girls before Vespers, a duty which had formerly been entrusted to them.

"Our predecessor had suffered grievously from rheumatism," writes the curé. "Thanks be to God, I am not yet rheumatic! What should I do, then, if I did not hear the catechism? Only take care, my good sisters, that your little girls know it better than any one else!"

Sunday comes, the day of the pastor's installation. He has gained, meanwhile, some idea of what the congregation will be. About thirty families live in the small town, under as many separate roofs; and almost all of them are employed in some trade, while farming people live in the country roundabout. There are also two chateaux, in one of which lives the Marquis of Saint-Julien with his family; in the other, a widowed vicountess of seventy years, who is present at Mass every morning, and who supports the parish school, while, like St. Teresa, she prizes above every advantage of wealth or birth her position as a humble child of the Catholic Church.

At his installation, after the curé has been presented by the dean to his new parishioners, he enters the pulpit to speak to them. He tells them simply that he has come among them to be at their service in every possible way, but making no pretensions to govern them; that he only wishes to be useful to them, and that his most ardent wish is to see them attend faithfully at Mass and the sacraments, and lead a good Christian life. Nevertheless, he assures them that he does not forget that he is everybody's pastor, and he declares that even those who do not come to church will find in him a devoted friend in all that concerns their temporal welfare, while he trusts that the time will come when they will entrust to him their spiritual concerns as well.

The congregation did not seem ill-pleased, and yet the pastor keenly felt all that was lacking in himself when face to

face with these worthy people. How little he knew of their life!

"I was brought up in another part or this diocese," he writes, "where neither the manners nor the customs were like those of Saint-Julien. Vainly I seek in my experience at the seminary for something to put me in touch with them. I know theology, philosophy, canon law; I have carefully worked at my cases of conscience, but I do not know how to talk to my parishioners. I know how to preach to an educated audience, after the old classic standards, and to treat of a text under two or three divisions, but I do not know how to make an exhortation. How am I going to explain the Gospel to these good peasants, these workmen, these sleepy women, these young girls with their heads in the air, these young men little anxious to hear sermons? My sacerdotal preparation has been entirely made in books. Theology will be useful to me, and perhaps canon law, and cases of conscience; but what time I have lost in writing fine sermons after the style of Bourdaloue, when it might have been employed in saturating my mind with the simplicity of the Gospel, in order that I might make myself understood by the simple souls to whom I am sent! Happily I have the homilies of the Fathers. The barbarians to whom St. Hilary of Poitiers preached possessed certainly no more refinement than my parishioners have."

It is not, alas! in the matter of preaching alone that the curé finds himself at sea. What would he not give, in that lonely little place, with its many and daily needs, of which he becomes speedily aware, if only he had some precise knowledge of medicine, hygiene, even of veterinary; if he knew something about grafting trees, had some means by which he could enter readily into the daily life of his flock! A man can easily refuse to talk with his pastor, who comes to remind him of his Easter duty; but he can hardly refuse to chat with the pastor who brings a remedy for the sick cow, or something to relieve the cough of a little child.

Everything can be learned, however, even though we have never learned it as yet; and, in any event, the curé bravely sallies forth to become personally acquainted with his people, though not without some fear. He fears that he cannot speak to these people after their own fashion. Nothing that interests them interests him. Yet he must somehow enter into communication

with them, and how is that to be accomplished? "Truly," he writes, "I do not know; nobody has ever taught me. I am going to fling myself into the water in order to learn how to swim; and in a few days I will tell you whether I am drowned entirely!" *Si je suis tout à fait noyé.*

In a few days he announces joyfully that he is not drowned; that he is beginning to know how to swim, and that it is less difficult than he had feared. Of course he makes some mistakes; he visits, for instance, the mayor and other dwellers in the little town before he goes to see the marquis, in one grand chateau, and the vicountess in the other. But the latter cares little, in her true humility, for a wholly unintentional humiliation; and the really noble marquis soon discovers the sterling character of the priest with whom he has to deal.

"I do not know whether I am a republican or a democrat," the young Frenchman says to the old aristocrat, "but indeed I am a democrat, if by that word one means those who love the little, the humble, the weak; those who prefer them to the great, the rich, and the powerful. And you too, monsieur, if I am to believe what is told me of your alms-giving and your charities, you too are a democrat in that sense. But if one means by democrats those who wish to reverse the entire social hierarchy, then certainly I am not a democrat of that sort. All the social elements, magistracies, birth, even wealth, have a right to deference. It is not I who would wish to be found lacking in these exterior relations."

The marquis is not conquered at once by these manly words, but in time he and his curé are warm allies in the common cause of the Master, of his church, and of his poor. And the ardent young pastor acknowledges frankly, in writing to his Paris friend, that he recognizes himself to have been not wholly in the right in this occurrence. "Child of the common people as I am," he says, I have not been exactly sorry to humiliate a marquis. This child of the common people did wrong then! I am a priest; and, being a priest, the idle echo of human contests ought not to disturb my heart. The priest must have a level head and a strong mind. The priest must see clearly, and must walk in a very straight path. My plan ought to be to make myself all things to all men; and, while maintaining always the priestly dignity, to treat each one as he likes to be treated. To give pleasure is the supreme law of politeness,

and it is also the law of Christian charity. I shall always be polite enough, if I speak and act in the spirit of charity; and I shall never fail to please if, not thinking much about myself, I am only anxious to do good gently and sweetly to others."

The visits are made. In the farmhouses or the shops, on the streets or the hillside, the pastor now knows his flock, at least by name, and they know him. And yet he is not satisfied. His day, to be sure, is carefully mapped out; from six in the morning till ten at night his hours are filled with priestly duties faithfully performed—Mass, meditation, study, careful preparation for his simple sermons to a simple people, sermons founded on long meditation upon the life of Christ; and then visits and walks and talks, but especially to the sick.

"I have made it a rule to let no one in my parish be ill without going to see him at the very beginning of his illness," he writes, "and without returning to see him often. I do not want my coming to administer the last sacraments to be a terrifying and brutal announcement of death. The pastor's place, when possible, is at the bedside of the sick. I shall not deem my time lost if I accustom my people to see in me a consoler, a confidant, a friend, and, in case of need, an infirmarian."

Nevertheless, he is not satisfied. He has literally to convert his people, and how shall this be done? In the town are men who pretend to believe in nothing; he must bring them back to the faith. In the villages are poor, baptized pagans, to whom he must preach the Gospel; but how is he to get them to come to church at all? He goes to visit two of his brother priests nearest to him, to tell them of his uneasiness and to ask their advice; but he finds that these elder men appear to think there is no other thing to do than what has been always done. They belong to a class of men, well known in these trying times in France, who think themselves well-nigh powerless to regain the influence of former times over minds led far astray, and who imagine that only a miracle of Divine Providence can win a victory like that.

"Perhaps all this is on account of their age," writes the undaunted curé. "I am not of their opinion. 'We are in our shell,' a confrère said to me; 'there we have been put, and there we must stay. Let us try to do our best; let us be as little disagreeable as possible; but don't let us come out of

our shell. Outside it rains, it blows, it hails; and sometimes a thunderbolt strikes the imprudent. Trust me, my dear confrère, and don't be imprudent.' All this gave me a great deal to think about; I shall try to keep the rules of prudence; but really I cannot make up my mind to live in inaction."

And, as time goes on, what say the earnest people at the chateau of this earnest soul? The letter written by a young lady who had been visiting there, to the daughter of the count, gives some idea, and a vivid one, of the impression that the pastor made on thoughtful souls.

"The more I think of it, the more natural I find the manner of being, speaking, living of your curé. He appears extraordinary only because people do not understand him. When one becomes a true follower of Jesus, then one understands him; and is then amazed that he should seem extraordinary. He speaks neither well nor ill. He speaks like a Christian. His words have about them something that reminds one of the Gospels. That is his only eloquence. Then, too, as to his manners, his actions, there is nothing of self. He says what he has to say, simply, distinctly, with clear precision, or with reserve, yet most often with reserve, according to the color of his thoughts. He does not seek after effect or brilliant speeches. He defends truth boldly, even at the risk of causing some displeasure; but he is always careful of the forms of courtesy. He never makes himself the centre of a scene, he does not speak of himself, and he desires nothing except the good of souls. He has the appearance neither of an ascetic nor of a saint. His conversation is enjoyable, and he talks on all subjects. He is a priest, a true priest."

And what says the marquis about the pastor? "He seems always to have some well-defined object in view, that is known to himself alone; and yet he understands how to maintain about him something that is perfectly natural and becoming. Even his occasionally awkward manners do not stand in his way. He is not always exactly tactful, but he is so perfectly good that this goodness transforms and excuses him. All our peasants are attracted by him. The children love to talk with him and to accompany him on his walks. He adapts himself wonderfully to their childish prattle. He seems to be always thinking of others, and never of himself. In the pulpit he talks of things that concern the other world. His theory is

that we are all so many pagans. My wife and Blanche give in to all that. As for me, I fight against them all. There must be somebody to keep his senses! However, we talk to each other of our various affairs; now we agree, and again we argue. He has a level head on his young shoulders, and he is a true friend. His manner is full of simplicity and dignity. Despite his youth and his lack of courtly ways, there is something about him, whatever it may be, that commands respect —a dignity, either acquired, or given him from on high, compared with which the dignity of the best born in the land is truly a very trifling thing."

It is not, however, without trial, disappointment, suffering, unceasing daily endeavor, that the curé really wins his people's trust and love. And it is the charm of his simple, steadfast, onward progress that gives this quietly written story its power over the reader. The way in which, with childlike, implicit faith, the curé combines prayer and preaching with practical, work-a-day endeavor to uplift the humdrum and hard life of his people, the way in which he steers his course through the trying waters of French political movements, the beautiful simplicity he shows in bringing together, in plans for the common good, the sensitive old nobleman, stung to the quick by insult, and the people who have misunderstood and deserted him and his, the Christian Unity which the curé, filled with Christ-like love for his fellows, awakens likewise in their souls; all this is well worth attentive study, even though France is not our home nor our field of labor. The stress laid upon frequent, plain, practical preaching would have delighted a St. Philip Neri; the care taken of the children in catechism classes would have gladdened a St. Charles. There may be only fifteen or twenty people at his instruction sometimes, on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent; but what of that?

"However small the number, I still want to speak to them. I tell them of the fall of man and of the mystery of the Incarnation. I try to be clear; I am a little more familiar than on Sunday; I tell them some lovely stories from the lives of the saints, trying to make my hearers feel that this was the true life that God's servants led; I would make them touch with their finger, as it were, the reality of the Gospel and of the saints' lives. I would persuade my parishioners that Jesus, Mary, the apostles, the saints, lived really a flesh and blood

existence like themselves; and where once these simple folk saw only history, formulas, precepts, I would make them feel the living reality and penetrate the spirit. They seem interested, and occasionally some of those dull peasant faces relax and a light comes into their eyes. This is the reward of my toil and of my anguish."

It is by the religious regularity of his daily life, sustained by Mass and meditation and the Divine Office, that this humble priest accomplishes the multiplied and multifarious duties he imposes more and more upon himself as the opportunities and needs around him make themselves clear to his observant eyes and his undaunted heart. God's work, God's will, God's people—that suffices him. He sets himself diligently to rouse in his flock the real endeavor to lead a life like that of Jesus Christ and his saints; and for this purpose he prepares carefully his sermons by diligent, prayerful, personal meditation on the life of Christ, reduced afterwards into graphic yet simple words that shall touch his hearers' hearts.

He seeks, too, more and more to enter into the daily life of his people, not mingling too familiarly with them, yet ready to aid and comfort each and all. He becomes a scribe to the unlettered; he finds out for the farmer modern improvements in farming methods, and then he makes marquis and farmer meet on this common interest, and thus forget their small political disagreements. He sends his school sisters among the sick and poor, he exerts himself to keep the younger element in his parish from dangerous amusements. He endeavors, in fine, to realize the teaching of the Master, and to be indeed the friend and shepherd and true spiritual father of the flock given into his keeping; to be able to say of them: "I know mine, and mine know me," and to draw rich and poor, high and low, learned and ignorant, into one family, one household, one Catholic love and union in Jesus Christ.

Yet, as to his great Exemplar, so to him, the hour of agony comes; he is insulted, calumniated, publicly hooted at and despised. His friend writes to him:

"Show no ill humor, but also show that you fear no one. If conversation turns upon your misadventures, do not avoid the subject; speak of your enemies with gentleness mingled with a certain compassion. And especially, lose nothing of your cheerfulness; any air of melancholy would be fatal to

you. In a word, change nothing in your habits or your usual way of living."

This, however, is easier said than done. "I can," he replies, "read and re-read my *Imitation;* but it is under trial that one finds out how weak one is; and it is then that one experiences how necessary for the good conduct of life are the virtues that the world esteems the least. If I had been more humble, if I had had less horror of public humiliation, if I had only had more strength of soul, I would have altered in no way my former manner of living, and I should find myself, so to speak, less paralyzed. Certainly I should have suffered less. Fortunately for me, in this respect at least, I am to leave Saint-Julien on September 4, for some weeks, for my twenty-eight days of military service. Otherwise, I really do not know how I should gather myself together again, so as to resume my work and come into contact with my parishioners once more."

During his absence, the good bishop takes advantage of a visit, made by his vicar-general to the Marquis of Saint-Julien, to bring about a careful investigation of the affairs of the parish, with a result decidedly in favor of the young pastor's methods and work. The vicar-general writes:

"In the course of recent pastoral visitations a good deal has been said about the curé of Saint-Julien. Rightly or wrongly, his methods have excited the emulation of many of our young priests, and were no less vigorously blamed by a great number of older ones. Your Grace, with that just sense that you possess of the exigencies of our times, has long recognized that our priests ought to emerge from the reserve in which they have retrenched themselves, and, without preoccupying their minds with the contingencies of politics, should yet work in closer touch with the people for the betterment of the flock committed to their care."

He then proceeds to give an account of what the pastor in question has done. Among other things, he says: "He has carefully organized his catechism classes, and has been very exact in giving Christian teaching from his pulpit on Sunday. Mlle. Blanche de Saint-Julien has shown me the notes she has taken, and I ended my reading of them with a deep sense of respect for the priestly soul of the preacher. He has laid before his people this year the complete ideal of the Christian life,

making use of the Gospel and of the lives of the saints. In Lent, too, and in Advent, and during the month of May, he has given special instructions on week-days. He has thus acquitted himself of the ordinary duties of his charge with exactitude, with zeal, and with piety. . . .

"The only objection that could be made to Monsieur X—— is that the works undertaken by him are too many, too various, and that they absorb all his time. But a very simple calculation will dissipate that objection. . . . Perhaps it would be running a risk to exact from all priests the same amount of work, yet one cannot blame a man whose zeal imposes it upon him, but who does not appear to fall beneath it. He has thus avoided the greatest danger of our country priests—the search for occupations exterior to the ministry; or, which is still worse, idleness. Besides, all these occupations are not equally absorbing, and their very variety makes them counterbalance each other. I see no confusion in these various works; all appear to be useful, and none of them hinders the others. The results, besides, prove the value of the methods. . . . Finally, Monsieur X—— is everywhere respected, and in some families he is actually venerated. It is true that he has had a very disagreeable experience lately at the hands of some ill-disposed persons, who dislike him for the good that he is accomplishing; but their action is offset by the unanimous good opinion in which he is held on the part of all respectable people, even of those who have forgotten the practise of the faith.

"To sum up everything, your Grace, the curé of Saint-Julien seems to me to have given proof of zeal, activity, and intelligence. I do not believe that he has wasted his energies, or done anything that a man of ordinary ability is not capable of doing without overworking himself. Possibly his example has been a reproach to certain consciences. It does not seem to me that the diocesan administration can find anything reprehensible in him for a reason of that sort.

"Permit me to express to your Grace the profound respect with which I have the honor to be your Grace's most devoted servant, L——, *Vicar-General.*"

We lay down this simple story, deeply impressed by the spirit of peaceful, holy earnestness that pervades it. It pre-

sents to us the picture of a soul entirely consecrated to the Master's work, entirely devoted to his church's interests; self-forgetful and strong; undeterred by any rebuffs; persistent in spite of failure and suffering; wonderfully calm and gentle and sweet, like a St. Francis de Sales, through all. This volume sets forth in strong light not only good works to be done, but—and this is far more important—the spirit of love and of holiness in which they should be accomplished. There is nothing, perhaps, more noticeable about the entire book than the open and fearlessly expressed love of Jesus Christ and the souls for whom he died, a love wholly free from self-consciousness, unabashed and unashamed, thinking that it is the simplest thing in all the world to glory, like St. Paul, in the service and the cross of the great High Priest himself.

ICE-CUTTING AT NIGHT.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

LOVELY? Yea; lovely, friend, beyond all thought—
Over the snow-wreathed hills and hollows deep,
Over the river's pale transparent sleep,
The mist comes sweeping down; behold, how fraught
With ghostly splendor! For to-night is wrought
Day labor; straining, half-chilled workers keep
Their fires ablaze, bent, eager-nerved, to reap
Their icy harvest. Thence the haze has caught
Its opalescence! 'Mid the world's turmoil,
Her mists of doubt, O Christian! are thy lights
Thus burning fair and beautifying toil?
Thy torch of Prayer ablaze upon the heights
And in the valleys though the nights be late?
Lo, Heaven's sun-glories come! Thus serve—and wait.

A FORGOTTEN RENAISSANCE MONUMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE H. COURSEN.

ALL tourists who have visited Innsbruck remember the magnificent tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the Hofkerche, or Court Church, but it is safe to assume that comparatively few of them are aware that in Innsbruck there is another beautiful Renaissance tomb, though far less imposing, which was erected to the memory of another Maximilian of the House of Hapsburg.

His tomb is, unfortunately, not placed as it was originally. In fact it was, with inconceivable lack of consideration, dismantled when the parish church of St. James, in which it stands, was rebuilt in 1717–1724, and it was arranged in separate parts, as at present, to suit the architectural demands of the new building.

The objects which we see unexpectedly often make more impression upon us than those about which we have heard.

Straying one day into the church of St. James, I stood still in mute surprise before the high altar. On either side of this there is a door leading to the sacristy. Each doorway is adorned with two bronze columns of masterly workmanship, a maze of delicately sculptured grapevines, among which birds flit and snails and caterpillars crawl. The columns rest on marble bases carved with spiral flutings. Over the doorway at the left kneels a grave, mail-clad warrior; over the doorway at the right stands an ideal Teutonic knight, also in armor, while near him writhes a dragon of artistic realism. On the four corners of the lintels sit genii holding lighted torches. All of these figures are finely cast in bronze.

"What does it all mean?" I thought. "And is this the dragon of Wilten, Innsbruck, about which revolves the legend of the giants, Haimo and Thyrsus?"

No; it is the dragon of St. George, and the young Teutonic knight is St. George himself, and the kneeling warrior is the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor Maximilian II.,

Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, and for sixteen years (1602–1618) Regent of Tyrol. Maximilian now lies beneath the pavement in front of the steps leading to the high altar, but originally he was placed, by his own request, in a separate chapel of this church to which he had granted large bequests. Over his grave in the chapel was erected the tomb executed by Caspar Gras and Heinrich Reinhart. The four columns supported an oblong platform upon which knelt Maximilian in adoration before the high altar, while St. George, at whose feet the dragon writhed helplessly, stood near him, with hand extended in protection. The genii graced the four corners of the tomb.

Maximilian was appointed Regent of Tyrol by his brother, the Emperor Rudolph II. He loved the country and was beloved by the people. His life at Innsbruck is interesting from its association with the Capuchin convent where, as chief of a militant-ascetic order, he spent much time in religious retirement, although his official residence was the Hofburg, or Imperial Palace. In the convent he had a small suite of rooms, a "hermitage," built for his own use. Over the entrance-door of the ante-room hangs a portrait of Maximilian, beneath which are the words:

"Kurz ist der Traum der Zeit! In End' die Ewigkeit!
Wie ist mein Herz daran? so dacht 'hier Maximilian."

"Short is the dream of life! Eternity endless!
What is my share in both? here Maximilian pondered."

Beyond is an audience room where Maximilian attended to affairs of state during his periods of seclusion. His remaining rooms were strictly private, and here he lived as a hermit, wearing the Capuchin dress. From one of them a window opens into the convent, near the high altar. The oratory is a veritable hermit's grotto. In the little kitchen he prepared his own simple food, and in a grotto-like cell he slept. Another apartment he used as a study.

The Teutonic Order, so closely connected with the early history of Prussia, was abolished by Napoleon in 1809. In 1840 it was revived in Austria as an honorary order, so that, although the same thing was done in Prussia in 1852—under the designation of St. John—Austria is now the true home of

the Teutonic Knights. The present Grand Master is the Archduke Eugene. A palace on the Vienna Ring Park, belonging to the order, has been placed at the Archduke's disposal, but as he is still young, and free to engage in active military service, it may be some time before he avails himself of this palace as a permanent residence.

Another important work of art produced by Caspar Gras and Heinrich Reinhart is the so-called Leopold Fountain in the Burg Platz at Innsbruck, arranged as it now stands in 1893. Until then the only portion of it placed in view was the admirable bronze equestrian statue of the Archduke Leopold V., brother of the Emperor Ferdinand II., who succeeded Maximilian, the *Deutschmeister*, as Regent of Tyrol in 1619. The six beautiful bronze statues of sea gods and goddesses were finally rescued from the semi-oblivion which had befallen them at Castle Amras, near Innsbruck, and were grouped on a modern marble basin as adjuncts to the equestrian statue of Leopold, approximately in the manner originally intended more than two hundred and fifty years before.

Would that the too long neglected tomb of the Archduke Maximilian could also be restored to its complete and harmonious form in a chapel of its own! The suggestion has often been made, but never yet carried out. If these few words can help at all in the right direction, the writer will feel a keen pleasure at the thought that possibly a long cherished wish is somewhat nearer to realization.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MARTYRS.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AS our readers are aware, the religious condition of France at the present day is calculated to sadden all Catholic hearts; the expulsion of the religious orders, the break with Rome, the cruel and crafty persecution that is being waged against God, his ministers, and his servants—all these things make us wonder if the future of France as a Catholic nation is not irretrievably ruined. Unless Providence chooses to interfere, by one of those swift and sudden upheavals of which we have many examples in history, it seems humanly impossible that a country that is being slowly, but deliberately, unchristianized should escape from the moral shipwreck to which it is drifting.

It is far from our thoughts to ignore or to minimize the generous efforts that are being made to stem the tide of evil. If the French Catholics, taken as a body, have allowed political differences to hamper their activity, individually they continue to present noble examples of devotedness and enlightened zeal, and we gladly turn to this bright side of a dark picture when the clouds ahead tempt us to grow discouraged.

We remember, too, and this is a powerful incentive to hope for better things, that the eldest daughter of the church, whatever may be her errors, is still the mother of missionaries and of martyrs, and that, as such, she has a special claim upon the mercy of him who is mindful even of a cup of cold water bestowed in his name and for his sake. Throughout the world, for the last two hundred years, French missionaries have been, and are still, to the front among the pioneers of the Gospel, and the mother house of the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres," their cradle and training school, is one of the most interesting and admirable institutions in Paris.

It is, however, little known and seldom visited by the passing stranger, to whom the more intimate features of Catholic life in the gay capital are naturally a "terra incognita," "*Le bien ne fait pas de bruit et le bruit ne fait pas de bien*," says St.

Francis de Sales, and the quaint and pithy sentence is curiously suited to the Paris of the twentieth century. Its evil aspects are loudly and aggressively brought forward, while its better features are kept out of sight and have to be sought for to be understood and appreciated.

On the left bank of the Seine, in the part of Paris known as the Faubourg St. Germain, which retains here and there certain old world aspects, is a monastic building. It stands in a large garden, at the juncture of the Rue de Babylone and the Rue du Bac, close to a church, belonging to the same institution, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. On the opposite side of the street, in strange contrast to the solemn looking edifices, is that huge emporium of modern fashion, the "Bon Marché."

The gray house and church are the property of the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres," and the former is, in a very literal sense, a training school for martyrs, one of the noblest foundations bequeathed to Catholic France by the seventeenth century, "le grand siècle," as it is fondly called by French historians. Without ignoring the hidden evils that lay under the splendor of the reign of Louis XIV., evils that in the end were to bring about the terrific catastrophy of 1793, it cannot be denied that the church of France, at that time, was singularly rich in wise and holy men. St. Vincent de Paul, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Massillon, M. Olier, and others, were model priests, possessing intellectual gifts of a high order, and their influence was naturally exercised upon the younger clerics, who looked up to them as their leaders. Belonging to this school, that represents the French ecclesiastical spirit of the day at its best, were the founders of the celebrated society, whose history we are about to relate to our readers.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, there stood in the old Rue St. Jacques, in the very heart of the learned quarter of Paris, an inn called the "White Rose." Among the students who made this hostelry their temporary home were four or five young students between whom there existed a close friendship. They seem to have been, one and all, men of exemplary life, studious, grave, the stamp of men among whom St. Vincent de Paul recruited his Lazarists or M. Olier his Sulpicians, very different to the conventional "abbé" of the old régime.

One of them, François Pallu, was a canon of St. Martin's, at Tours; another, François de Laval, was archdeacon of Évreux; a third was Henri Boudon, whose ascetical writings are famous. Their studious habits finally induced them to seek for a more retired dwelling place than the "White Rose," and they ended by taking a small house in the Rue des Copeaux, whence they continued to attend the classes of the university. At home they formed a kind of community, each member being superior in his turn.

Their only object was to sanctify, as far as might be, their student's life, and they little thought that they were unconsciously laying the foundations of an institution whose influence would be world-wide, and to whose existence thousands of souls would owe their eternal salvation.

One memorable day the little household received the visit of one whose example and whose words were to direct the lives of several of these young men into new and unexpected channels. The visitor was Father Alexander de Rhodes, of the Society of Jesus, one of the most famous missionaries of his time. At the cost of almost incredible exertions, he had succeeded in establishing a Catholic Church in Tongking, and he was now making use of his stay in Europe to give a solid foundation to his work.

He began by describing to his young listeners the misery of the heathens who, by thousands, were waiting in darkness and distress for the pioneers of the Gospel; then he unfolded a scheme that the Holy See had encouraged and approved, the object of which was to promote the welfare of the Eastern missions.

Although many religious of different orders, sons of St. Dominic, of St. Francis, and of St. Ignatius, were successfully laboring for Christ in those far-away lands, it was essential, in his opinion, to organize in the missions, as in Europe, a regular, ecclesiastical hierarchy, consisting of bishops and priests. Above all, he was anxious, in order to insure the stability and development of the work, to recruit a native clergy, the extreme usefulness of which could hardly be justly estimated, save by those whose experience had taught them how valuable was an intimate acquaintance with the language and customs of an unknown country. Moreover, he argued, native priests, in case of a persecution, could exercise their ministry more easily than

foreigners, in whom the suspicious Eastern despots were prompt to see the political emissaries of a hostile power. But it was necessary to find European priests able and willing to train these native clerics; priests who possessed the gifts of mind and heart that must characterize the organizers and rulers of an ecclesiastical community.

Father de Rhodes had been commissioned by the Holy See to recruit these chosen apostles, the future vicars apostolic of the Eastern missions, the foundation stones of a hierarchy, whose members aspired to the perils and sufferings, rather than to the honors, attached to the purple.

The venerable Jesuit had the matter deeply at heart; he spoke with intense earnestness, and, as the words fell from his lips, visions of glorious labors accomplished for the honor of God, visions perchance of a martyr's crown, passed before the eyes of his hearers; one and all they eagerly proposed to follow his lead. On leaving the Rue des Copeaux, the old missionary met Père Bagot, one of his fellow-religious: "Oh! Father," he exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "I have found my first bishops!"

Alas! the young and ardent spirits, who so generously volunteered to leave their country and their friends for the love of Christ, had yet to learn that in all the works of God there are periods of darkness and of stagnation. In many cases these are but heavenly appointed trials of faith, which, if bravely endured, are often followed by unexpected victories; it is as though God, before crowning the noblest schemes, wished to make his instruments realize their weakness, and to assert his all-powerful and all-wise Providence.

Father de Rhodes died in Persia, in 1660, without seeing the practical result of his earnest appeal; the volunteer missionaries seemed at first unable to carry out their vocation; delays and obstacles, independent of their will, hampered their plans, till, at last, they wisely decided to lay their case before Pope Alexander VII.

They knew that the Spanish and Portuguese governments were strongly opposed to the introduction of a French element into the Eastern missions, and that this opposition naturally weighed upon the decisions of the Holy See. On the other hand, they had, in accordance with what they believed to be the will of God, consecrated their lives to a work which they were loath to relinquish.

Five of the associates started for Rome, where, after long waiting, the result of deeply rooted habits of routine, the Propaganda finally entered into their views, and decided to make use of these eager laborers, whose enthusiasm had been tried by delay and disappointment. In 1658, Mgr. Pallu was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Tongking, Mgr. de Lamothe-Lambert, Vicar Apostolic of Cochin China, and Mgr. Colotendi, another member of the little group, Vicar Apostolic of Northern China, Tartary, and Korea.

The three left France to take possession of their distant posts in 1660, the same year that Father de Rhodes, the inspirer of their noble undertaking, died in the far-away Persian missions, where he had labored for the last six years. Mgr. Pallu was the last to start and, before leaving Paris, he impressed upon his friends the necessity of founding a seminary for the training of future missionaries, who would be capable of assisting him and his fellow-workers in their stupendous task, and of eventually taking their place.

The idea was carried out after his departure, chiefly through the zeal and generosity of a holy Carmelite monk, Bernard of St. Teresa, Bishop of Babylon, who had been a missionary in Persia. A pious lady, Madame de Ricouart, having given him a large house and garden, situated at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Rue Petite Grenelle (now called Rue de Babylone), he offered it to the friends of Mgr. Pallu on one condition, that the future seminary should provide priests for the Persian mission.

Whatever may have been his faults, private and political, Louis XIV. had an instinctive sense of all that might add to the outer influence and "prestige" of his country, and this made him look favorably upon the new foundation; in 1663 he settled a handsome annuity upon the seminary, and the same year a group of clerics, under the government of M. de Meur, took possession of the house. The opening sermon was preached by Bossuet, and from that day, October 27, 1663, the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres" had a distinct and official existence. It is a common saying among the members of the society that its founders were "Christ the Redeemer and the Holy Virgin, His Mother"; and in truth it grew up, and gained a firm footing, without having a nominal chief. Its inspirer was Father de Rhodes; its organizers, the young

priests in whose souls he had kindled the divine spark of missionary zeal; its helpers, the king, the religious, the charitable men and women who contributed to the foundation by their donations, but, curiously enough, it owed its origin and development to the combined efforts of a group of generous souls rather than to the activity of one man.

The "Societé des Missions Étrangéres" is an association, not of religious, but of secular priests, who are bound together by a common purpose. Its centre is the old gray house in the Rue du Bac; this is, at once, a training school for future missionaries, the headquarters of those who return to Europe, the centre and the home whence material assistance and fatherly counsel are sent to the far-away workers.

The government of the society is vested in the persons of the Vicars Apostolic, the Superiors of the different missions, and the Directors of the Paris seminary; these last have the responsibility of the the training of the young missionaries, whom they send, according to their judgment, to the posts that are vacant.

Each group of missions is represented at the Paris seminary by a director, qualified to serve the interests and provide for the wants of the particular mission with which he is personally acquainted. The young clerics who are trained in Paris become members of the society only after three years of mission work; they make no vows beyond those that are common to all secular priests, but they bind themselves, the day they leave the seminary, to persevere until death in their heroic vocation; only the claims of obedience can henceforth interrupt their self-chosen task.

The directors of the Paris seminary are, it is almost needless to state, in constant correspondence with Rome, and it is from the Propaganda that they receive their directions.

The first vicars apostolic, whose departure we have noticed, laid the foundations of this organization, and, moreover, gave a bright example of generous devotion. Mgr. de Lamothe-Lambert labored for twenty years in Cochin China, where, alas! the Spaniards and Portuguese, even more than the heathen, hampered his efforts; Mgr. Pallu, his fellow-student, died in China; the words he wrote when he felt himself dying, give us the keynote of his character: "I wish to impress upon you," he wrote to the priests who worked under him, "that a

close understanding and perfect charity must exist between the vicars apostolic and their priests. . . . Let nothing divide us, neither poverty, danger, opposition, nor crosses. Let us act in all things with charity and from motives of charity."

The society continued to prosper in the eighteenth century. In France the spirit of faith had grown weak, free thinking and irreligion were the fashion, and, with few exceptions, the men and women of the day were hurrying towards the tremendous catastrophy of 1793 with a careless gaiety that contrasts painfully with the fate that awaited them. But the workers sent from Paris to the distant missions were faithful to their vocation; far removed from the demoralizing influences of the age, they carried on their heroic work with undiminished zeal. Mgr. Pottier, in China, of whom his priests said that "he was a golden bishop with a wooden crozier"; Mgr. Gleyo, a saint, who was a prisoner for eight years; Mgr. Bregot, who sold his episcopal ring to buy food for his starving flock; these and many others did good work for the church at the cost of superhuman efforts.

As our readers know, the revolution of 1789 began by suppressing and confiscating the religious and ecclesiastical houses in the kingdom; the methods employed were much the same as those of M. Combes at the present day.

The seminary of the Rue du Bac was pillaged and sold, its members were obliged to disperse, some sought a refuge in England, some in Rome, but one and all seem to have been firmly resolved to resume their work as soon as it was possible to do so, and when, in 1805, Napoleon reopened the seminary, they hastened to take their place in their old home.

Four years later the house was again summarily closed by the despotic emperor, but in 1815 it once more opened its doors, and the directors anxiously set to work to build up the ruins caused by twenty-five years of political troubles.

The prospect was anything but promising: in the seminary itself there were only four or five recruits, and in the far-away Eastern missions, where the members of the society had retained a footing, thirty priests had to minister to three hundred and fifty thousand Christians!

Happier years were in store; during the first half of the century the society developed steadily, but slowly; whereas,

after 1860, its progress was extraordinarily rapid. In 1822 there were only five or six seminarists in the old house of the Rue du Bac, in 1860 their numbers had increased to sixty, in 1886 to two hundred.

The statistics for 1902 inform us that the society now serves thirty-three missions; it is represented by thirty-five bishops and one thousand two hundred and thirty-six priests; all these are French, the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres" being an essentially French institution.

To all these missions are attached schools, hospitals, orphanages, churches, and chapels; in the course of one year, 1902, over thirty-four thousand adults and one hundred and thirty thousand infants were baptized, either by the missionaries or by their catechists.

The crowning glory of the society are its martyrs, many of whom have been beatified; their memory is kept fresh in the home were they received their training, but anything like a detailed account of their trials would carry us far beyond the limits of this paper. We must be content with gleaning, here and there, among the heroic records of the society, a few anecdotes and incidents relating to these noble confessors of Christ.

Between the years 1833 and 1860, a large number of missionaries were put to death in Tongking and Annam, and the history of their sufferings reads like a page from the annals of the early church. M. Marchand, in 1830, underwent the horrible torment of the "hundred wounds," the mere name of which sufficiently expresses its lingering horrors. Another missionary, M. Matheron, suffered a somewhat similar torture. He worked for several years under Mgr. Retard, one of the most remarkable missionaries trained by the society, and of whom his fellow-workers used to say that it was a joy and an honor to labor under such a chief.

During the first years of his residence in Annam, Père Matheron was able to exercise his ministry in comparative safety, but towards 1857 a violent persecution broke out, the missionaries were obliged to conceal themselves in the dense forests that covered the country.

Mgr. Retard and Father Matheron, his faithful companion, spent many months in a hut, made of grass and leaves, surrounded by pestilential marshes and thick jungles, through

which their faithful Christian neophytes used to force an entrance in order to bring them food. Here in October, 1858, the Vicar Apostolic breathed his last, exhausted by fever and privations; Père Matheron assisted his bishop to the last and buried him, with many tears, in the wild spot where he had found a refuge. "Our mission loses Mgr. Retard at the very moment when his presence is most necessary," he writes.

Two years later Father Matheron and Father Charbonnier, one of his fellow-missionaries, were arrested and imprisoned with several native priests and a large number of Christians, all sufferers for the faith. The prisoners were fed on rice, but in such small quantities that several of them died of hunger, and it was afterwards found that they had gnawed the wooden pillars that supported the roof of their prison. Cruel as this torture seems, worse sufferings awaited Father Matheron. He was tied to a post and, during several days, according to the good pleasure of the mandarin who was appointed to judge him, large pieces of his flesh were twisted and torn out with iron pinchers, or else tiny bits of wood were inserted between his fingers, which were then pressed together until the bones were crushed. When the excruciating pain caused the patient to faint away, the torture was suspended and he was carried back to a wooden cage in which he was kept for ten months. His sufferings in this cage were even more severe than those he had endured in the common prison, where he had the company of his fellow-sufferers; it was so built that he could neither sit down nor stand up, but had to remain crouched up day and night. The cage was placed in front of the tribunal, and at some distance was another, exactly similar, in which Father Charbonnier was confined. The two priests could see each other and, by shouting, were able to communicate, and even to make their confession to each other. Their one object was to prepare for death, the governor having informed them that he was waiting for instructions from headquarters to execute them both. One evening they noticed that the native soldiers who surrounded the cages were unusually excited, and they made sure that the hour of martyrdom had come; they spent the night in prayer, and next morning joyfully followed their jailers, who conducted them to the tribunal.

Here they were informed that, in consequence of a treaty of peace that had just been signed with France, their lives

were spared; they were to be put on board ship and taken to Saigon.

The scene must have been curiously pathetic; the two missionaries, it appears, heard the decision of the judge with genuine consternation. They stood silent, bewildered, bitterly disappointed, and it required no small effort on their part to take back with unmurmuring submission the lives they had so joyfully sacrificed. With heavy hearts they turned away from the radiant visions that had already dawned upon their wistful gaze, and bowed their heads in obedience to the mysterious designs of Providence.

However, Père Matheron may be truly said to have given his life for the faith; the fearful ordeal he had undergone left its mark upon him, he was a sufferer to the end, and died in 1882, blind, paralyzed, but ever cheerful and resigned. His companion became Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Cochin China.

Other noble sufferers in the same country were M. Poirier, a Breton, who, in 1885, was killed in the midst of his Christians, to whom he had just given Holy Communion; M. Guyomard, who, the same year, was beheaded in Cambodge; M. Chatelet, a young missionary, who, at the age of twenty-seven, was stabbed to death in Cochin China.

More lingering was the martyrdom of another apostle, Father Garin. As a boy he was obstinate and headstrong, but a wonderful sense of generosity lay under these external defects. "I must become as gentle as St. Francis of Sales," he used to say; and, by dint of heroic efforts, he kept his word. In 1878 he was ordained, and, shortly afterwards, sent to Eastern Cochin China, where he labored for seven years. "I have not come here for long," he often said, "I must work for God and then die when it pleases him."

In 1880 Father Garin baptized 260 adults and 3,000 children, he built several churches, and with an activity that seemed almost miraculous, governed the vast district that had been committed to his care. When the terrible persecution of 1885 broke out, he was arrested and tortured. During three whole days he stood, bound to a stake, while the pagans came with pinchers, knives, and red hot tongs, and deliberately hacked him to pieces, taking care not to inflict a deadly wound on their helpless victim. Only the evening of the third day did the martyr's soul wing its flight to heaven.

During many years the kingdom of Korea, upon which the attention of the world is now concentrated, was, of all the missions directed by the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres," the most difficult of access.

The history of the church in Korea is one of singular and pathetic interest. It presents an example of a Catholic community, deprived of the presence of priests, and consequently of the assistance of the sacraments, clinging to the faith through long years of desolation, during which many of its members gained the martyr's crown. The Catholic religion was introduced into Korea at the end of the eighteenth century by a layman who was converted and baptized during his stay at Pekin. He made many converts among the learned men of his country, and the little community seems to have observed the practises of the Catholic faith with unswerving fidelity until 1834, when the first French missionary, M. Maubant, was able to force an entrance into the jealously guarded "hermit kingdom."

After him many devoted priests, all of whom had received their training in the old house of the Rue du Bac, succeeded in landing on the coast of Korea, but, with few exceptions, they were arrested after some years of labor, condemned, tortured, and executed. Among these heroic soldiers of God and of the church were Bishop Berneux and his coadjutor, Bishop Daveluy, both of whom were executed in 1866 with seven other French priests, all belonging to the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres." One of the victims, Just de Bretenières, was a young man of unusual holiness, whose life has since been written by the friend of his youth, Mgr. d'Hulst. His father and mother, who had generously consented to their son's sacrifice of himself, were living in their old family "hotel" at Dijon when news came that Father de Bretenières, after enduring cruel tortures, had been beheaded on March 8, 1866, at the same time as Mgr. Berneux, his spiritual chief. The Bishop of Dijon undertook to break the news to the bereaved parents; he did so gently and kindly, and, although deeply moved, the father and mother proved themselves worthy of their son. M. de Bretenières wept bitterly, but his wife, silent, motionless, and tearless, seemed at first not to realize that God had accepted the sacrifice of her child. By degrees the truth dawned upon her and, falling on her knees, she joined her

husband and the bishop in the recital of the "Te Deum"; the oft-repeated words came fraught with a special meaning to those, whose son had joined "the white-robed army of martyrs."

The next Vicar Apostolic of Korea, Mgr. Ridel, has left a thrilling account of his adventures. He worked for some time under Mgr. Berneux. After the martyrdom of his chief, he and the two surviving missionaries, Fathers Ferón and Calais, lived for some time in concealment; finally Mgr. Ridel was despatched to China to seek for help on behalf of the desolate mission.

From China he went to Rome, where he was made bishop and vicar apostolic, thence he returned to Manchuria and settled close to the frontier of Korea, seeking for an opportunity to enter his diocese. In 1875 he made an attempt to land on the inhospitable and closely guarded coast, but his efforts proved vain, and he narrowly escaped with his life. The following year, 1876, two of his priests were more successful, and, in 1877, Mgr. Ridel and two other missionaries at last set foot on a soil where the blood of martyrs had been poured forth like water for the name of Christ.

Mgr. Ridel gives a heart-rending description of the mission: thousands of Christians had perished, some under torture, others of hunger and misery, others had been sold as slaves. Three months later the bishop's hiding place was betrayed; he was arrested and thrown into prison. From the conversations he overheard he made sure that his hour had come, and in his breviary he wrote these words: "In a few minutes I shall probably die; I belong to God. Long live Jesus! In a few moments I shall be in heaven!"

The crown which seemed within the prisoner's grasp was not, in the mysterious designs of Providence, to be his after all; instead of a brief, sharp struggle, he was to experience long years of disappointment and weariness, and to be a martyr in intention, but not in reality. His imprisonment itself was a torture. He was confined, with other Christians, in a tiny, low hut, filled with straw, where the sight of the gentleness, patience, and forgiving spirit of his fellow-prisoners filled him with joy. He used to say Mass in spirit, and divided his day between his different spiritual exercises. "It is easy to pray in prison," he writes, "God seems nearer, and one realizes one's utter

helplessness." At the end of some months Mgr. Ridel was released and expelled from Korea, in consequence of the intervention of the French Minister at Pekin.

Although obliged to abandon his diocese, Mgr. Ridel remained devoted to its interests; to the end of his life he never ceased to write and to labor on behalf of his faithful Christians, and to cherish the hope of being able one day to return to his post. This last joy was denied him; he died in 1884, having by his prayers, his moral and physical sufferings, even more than by his ministry, worked for the salvation of his flock, and who shall tell what share his long years of patient submission have had in bringing about the success that has been achieved by those who took up the task that he was forced to relinquish?

The statistics of the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres," for the year 1902, inform us that there are now in Korea over 52,539 Catholics, 44 churches or chapels, one bishop, and 41 missionaries belonging to the society, 11 native priests, one seminary and 33 seminarists, two religious houses for women, 53 Catholic schools with 623 pupils, two orphanages with 870 children, one hospital, and two Catholic "dispensaires," where medicines are given to the poor free of cost.

Times are changed since the evil days when Mgr. Berneux landed alone, at night and in disguise, to take possession of his diocese, and since Mgr. Ridel, his successor, suffered months of weary imprisonment that ended in life-long exile.

An interesting episode is connected with the work of the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres" in Japan.

When, after two hundred years of isolation, Japan opened its doors to Europeans, it was to the society that the Holy See entrusted this portion of the Lord's vineyard. At first, it is true, the missionaries were subject to many restrictions, and the utmost caution was needed to avoid arousing the suspicions and jealousy of the government. In 1865 Mgr. Petitjeau, a member of the society, was allowed to open a Catholic chapel at Nagasaki, but he was strictly prohibited from preaching the faith beyond the precincts of the city, the chapel being, to all intents and purposes, meant for the use of the Catholic traders.

Although he made it a point of observing the regulations which it pleased the Japanese government to lay upon the mis-

sionaries, Mgr. Petitjeau, who had not at that date been invested with the episcopal dignity, cherished a secret hope that one day he might be allowed to extend his sphere of action. In common with all those who had studied the past history of Japan, he believed that the Catholic faith had not completely died out of the country, where it had borne such glorious fruits of heroism and self-sacrifice.

When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a curtain fell between Japan and the rest of the world, it was well known that the native Christians were still numerous, and the hearts of European Catholics had thrilled with enthusiasm on hearing of the superhuman joy with which men, women, and even little children laid down their lives for Christ.

Several attempts had, at different times, been made to reach these isolated children of the Universal Church, but, in every instance they had failed. Vague rumors were afloat, however, that the divine spark kindled by St. Francis Xavier was not completely extinguished, and Mgr. Petitjeau, hampered by the stringent regulations that he was forced to accept, longed to communicate with the descendants of the seventeenth century martyrs. He relates, in a deeply interesting paper, how Providence came to his assistance, and how the souls whom he was not permitted to seek eventually discovered his whereabouts. Only a month after the new chapel at Nagasaki was consecrated, on March 17, 1865, the missionary perceived a group of men and women, unknown to him, who, standing at the door of the chapel, seemed anxious to enter. By a sudden impulse, he went toward them and, opening the door, introduced them into the church. When they were within the building, three elderly women came forward; kneeling at the priest's feet, with their hands on their breasts, they said in a low voice: "The hearts of those who are here are the same as your heart; in our village nearly every one is what we are."

"Be praised, O my God!" wrote Mgr. Petitjeau, "for the intense happiness that filled my soul when I heard those words!"

His new friends seem to have speedily opened their hearts; they informed him that they knew it was then "the time of sadness"—Lent; that they had lately kept the feast of Christmas; they spoke of "Yaso"—Jesus; of "Santa Maria"; of

St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord; and, on leaving, promised to return before long and to bring their friends. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday, April 14 and 15, they returned in large numbers, and devoutly kissed the crucifix and the statue of our Lady; a few days later the missionaries learned that in the neighborhood there were over two thousand Christians; indeed their visits became so frequent that Mgr. Petitjeau kept the chapel closed in order to avoid attracting the attention of the officials, and compromising his new-found children.

On the 15th of May came the delegates of a Christian colony living in a neighboring island; the chief of the deputation was named Peter, and from him the missionaries learned all that they wished to know respecting the exact condition of the Japanese Christians. They ascertained that the latter had kept the words and practice of baptism correctly, and were therefore, in spite of their long isolation, truly members of the Catholic Church. They had also preserved many other fragments of Christian doctrine, which were handed down from father to son; thus they inquired who was now "the great chief of Rome," and they asked, with evident anxiety, whether the priests were married. "No"; was the reply, "we are not allowed to marry." Peter then bowed down to the ground and, in the name of his companions, unhesitatingly acknowledged the missionaries as the rightful representatives of the former pastors of Japan.

Three months later Mgr. Petitjeau was in direct communication with twenty-five Christian villages, where the essential truths of religion, and the practice of baptism, had been preserved through the separation of two hundred years. His work among these new-found children of the church absorbed the best years of his life, all the more so that, in 1867, the government issued a decree prohibiting the practice of Christianity among the natives. The atrocious tortures inflicted on the seventeenth century martyrs were not renewed, but the Christians were imprisoned and exiled; in the space of three months 4,500 among them were either sold as slaves or banished.

In 1873 the government seemed inclined to relent and Mgr. Petitjeau, who had suffered in sympathy with his spiritual children, seized the favorable opportunity and proceeded

to organize the mission. His efforts in this respect were successful; he built churches and schools and, when he died at Nagasaki, in 1884, there were in Japan two vicars apostolic, over thirty thousand Christians, fifty-three European missionaries, eighty-four chapels, two seminaries, and sixty-five Christian schools, which were attended by two thousand three hundred pupils.

This wonderful development was the result of only twenty years' labor; when, in 1863, Mgr. Petitjeau landed at Nagasaki, there were four priests in the town, who said Mass in a poor room, and who were debarred from exercising their ministry beyond the precincts of the city.

The latest statistics published by the "Societé des Missions Étrangéres" tell us how, since 1884, the Catholic faith has continued to expand in a country where the blood of martyrs has brought forth its usual harvest; there are now in Japan more than fifty thousand native Catholics, a hundred and eighteen European missionaries, and more than thirty native priests—a marvellous result, when we remember that forty years ago the Empire was still closed to outer influences.

Before closing this brief account of "A Training School for Martyrs," we must say a word of the touching ceremony that takes place when the young priests, who have completed their course of studies, leave their home in the Rue du Bac, probably forever. On the day of their ordination, they are told the name of the mission to which they are appointed, and they generally start a month later, after spending a fortnight with their relations.

When the hour of their final departure dawns, the directors and students, with the chosen band of "Partants," as they are called, assemble in the garden of the seminary, before a time-honored statue of the "Queen of Martyrs," at whose feet generations of confessors of the faith have knelt in turn. A "cantique," le "Chant du départ," the music of which was composed by Gounod, is sung, a procession is formed and proceeds to the church, which by this time is filled with worshippers.

This church itself is impressive in its simplicity; a large wall-painting represents the beatified martyrs of the society, bishops, priests, and laymen; the tombs of several confessors of the faith, the portraits of others, keep before the minds of

the young clerics the object of their vocation and the fate that may possibly be their portion.

On arriving in the chapel, the "Partants" place themselves in a row on the steps of the high altar, and while the choir sings the verse: "Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!" all the men present pass before the departing missionaries and, kneeling down, kiss their feet. When, only a few weeks ago, we witnessed this ceremony, we were struck by the gentle, earnest, calm expression of the sixteen young men who stood facing us, while white haired priests, old men, soldiers, and children, fathers, brothers, and friends of the chosen apostles, reverently kissed the feet that, in a few weeks, were to tread the distant shores of Japan, India, China, or Manchuria. In the chapel many women were weeping; there were mothers there whose loving hearts ached at the thought of the sufferings in store for their beloved ones, while they nevertheless gloried in the heroism that prompted the sacrifice.

After Benediction, during which the "Partants" recited their consecration to the task they embraced until death, we passed into the seminary court, and realized the atmosphere of simple, matter-of-fact heroism that pervades the place. In a corner stood the boxes and traveling wraps of the sixteen travelers who, a few hours later, were to bid adieu to their old home; here and there were the young priests surrounded by their families and friends, their faces wore a brave smile and their brightness seemed to react upon their relations. One group was especially pathetic; an elderly man and woman were on their knees on the gravel pathway, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, they begged the blessing of their boy; perchance the hand thus raised over their bent heads was that of a future martyr.

A few hours later, a row of omnibuses stood at the door of the gray house; full of ardor and hope, a smile on their quivering lips, the "Partants" drove off to tread the thorny paths that their elders have trod before them.

The memory of these confessors, the pride and example of their brethren, are kept before the eyes of the future missionaries during the years that they spend at the seminary. The "Chambre des Martyrs" is a sight which is, alas! comparatively unknown, even to Catholic tourists. This large room,

which any visitor to Paris may see for the asking, is full of painful and precious memorials; it is a perpetual reminder of the glorious destiny to which every student of the house aspires. Here are kept the instruments of torture, the blood stained clothes, the books, pictures, that belonged to the martyred missionaries, and a series of realistic pictures, the work of native artists, that represent their passion and death. Some of these are deeply interesting, not indeed because of their artistic merit, but from the thoughts and feelings that guided the artist's unskilled brush. Thus, in one picture the martyrs are represented as impossibly tall, the apostate natives, who have just consented to trample on the cross, as mere pigmies; better than any words these contrasts tell us that the painter's heart was filled with admiration for the former and with contempt for the latter. Scarcely less impressive than these trophies of a glorious struggle, is a small silver medal of our Lady that was found in Japan when the closely guarded Empire opened its gates to foreigners forty years ago. In how many heroic and pathetic scenes this tiny medal may have played a part! As we gaze upon it, visions rise before us of the men and women, young and old, gently born and bred, who went to martyrdom as to a feast, and we wonder, somewhat sadly, what, under similar circumstances, would be the attitude of our twentieth century Catholics.

The young priest who serves as our guide is, in himself, an excellent specimen of the spirit that reigns in the training school for martyrs. Simply and gravely—simplicity and gravity are the characteristics of the society—as far removed from false sentiment as from self-consciousness or pride, he explains the history of the different relics and pictures, enlarges in a matter-of-fact way upon his predecessors' sufferings, and, in reply to our questions, tells us that in a few months he too will be a "Partant."

Coming out of the chamber filled with tragical memories into the busy, crowded street, we carry away the feeling that the labors of these missionary sons must bring down a blessing, not only on the land of their apostleship, but also on the country of their birth.

DIFFICULTIES OF SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANS.

THE recent decision of the House of Lords in the appeal made to it to settle the dispute between the Free Church and the United Free Church of Scotland has many points of interest to Catholics, especially as an instance of the perennial conflict between the church and the state.

During the Middle Ages this conflict was waged on such questions as Investitures; and in our own times it is chiefly on such questions as the education of the children, whether it is to be religious or purely secular.

Although there may not be on either side any animosity, or any desire to enter upon a conflict, yet it is certain that at some time or upon some occasion there will arise such a divergence of interests that a decision can only be arrived at by the admitted superiority of one to the other. This is true in so intimate a union as that between husband and wife; still more is it true as between church and state. One or the other must have the right to decide and to settle the limits of jurisdiction. This is what renders the question in Scotland interesting, for such an occasion has here arisen. There is no bad feeling or wish to dominate on either side, and yet the necessity has arisen for an authority. Now, if the church is an association of subject units voluntarily entering into a society, it is but logical that the state, which is a divinely constituted natural society, should be the authority; but if the church is a divinely constituted supernatural society, with divinely given rights to protect religion and morals, the claim of the church to be the authority is equally right and reasonable.

From the history of the movement which led up to the present conflict in Scotland it will be seen that the principles held and maintained by the Catholic Church afford the only true solution. In fact it seems to us in the highest degree desirable that Catholics should give to the religious questions, which are discussed among the Protestants by whom they are surrounded, a more careful and sympathetic study. The church has lived many hundred years, and the answers given by her

teaching contain the true solution for all the questions which are ever likely to arise; and if we would take more pains to make this clear we should be able more easily to help and assist those who are in search of truth.

This must be our apology for calling the attention of our readers to the present troubles of the Free and the United Free churches of Scotland.

In Scotland there are not so many sects as in England. Baptists, Methodists, and other denominations have adherents somewhat insignificant in number. There is a faithful remnant of Catholics, but whatever strength the Catholic Church possesses is due to immigration from Ireland. Episcopalians have an organization, but do not seem to appeal, with any marked success, to the Scottish mind. A fairly large number of the nobility and the upper classes are included in the ranks of the Episcopal Church, but the democratic instincts of the Scotch people find in the Presbyterian form of church organization the system best adapted to their tastes. Presbyterianism, accordingly, embraces the great majority of the Scottish people. But Presbyterianism itself contains in itself, as everything outside the true church must do, the elements of disunion; for although it claims authority to teach, it disperses that authority among so many persons that there is no definite centre and depositary. Accordingly, there are several Presbyterian organizations, the Established Kirk, the recently formed United Free Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, the Eastern Reformed Synod, the United Original Seceders, and, we believe, a few smaller bodies. The Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland embrace far the greater number of those who profess Presbyterian principles, the number of communicants in the former in 1900 having been 661,629, in the latter the total membership in 1901 exceeded 495,300. It is with the latter, the United Free Church, and the Free Church that we are concerned.

The origin of the Free Church of Scotland is one of the most interesting events of the last century, and affords a striking instance of devotion and sacrifice for the sake of principle, refreshing in a period devoted to the sordid search for gain, in which, as a rule, religion is a mere matter of sentiment and emotional feelings, and an adornment of a self-indulgent life.

The Free Church was formed in the year 1843. All its

members, its ministers, and elders had been members of the Established Kirk. They left it on account of the law which gave the right to appoint ministers, not to the congregations, but to lay patrons. There was absolutely no other point of divergence. Their claim was that the church had an absolute and exclusive right to govern herself. Rather than sacrifice this claim 474 ministers gave up their benefices, renouncing endowments worth five hundred thousand dollars a year. They abandoned their homes and the churches, and started life afresh, relying, and, as the event proved, not relying in vain, on the voluntary offering of their followers. But, and this is the important point to be noted, although they sacrificed state connection and the emoluments of office and became dependent on free-will offerings, they did not adopt the notion of a free church within a free state; on the contrary, this notion was distinctly repudiated by the leaders of the seceders. Dr. Chalmers, who was the moderator of the first assembly held by the Free Church, in his address to that body enunciated the principles of the seceders in unmistakable terms: "The Voluntaries mistake us if they conceive us to be Voluntaries. We hold it to be the duty of governments to give of their resources and their means for the maintenance of a Gospel ministry in the land; and we pray that their eyes may be opened, so as that they may learn how to acquit themselves as the protectors of the church, and not as its corruptors or its tyrants. We pray that the sin of Uzziah (Oza), into which they have fallen, may be forgiven them, and that those days of light and blessedness may speedily arrive, when kings shall be the nursing fathers and queens the nursing mothers of our Zion. In a word, we hold that every part and every function of a commonwealth should be leavened with Christianity; and that every functionary, from the highest to the lowest, should, in their respective spheres, do all that lies in them to countenance and uphold it. That is to say, though we quit the establishment, we go out on the establishment principle—we quit a vitiated establishment, but would rejoice in returning to a pure one. To express it otherwise, we are the advocates of a national recognition and a national support for religion, and we are not Voluntaries."

We have quoted this at length for several reasons: because it states clearly the position of the seceders, and was accepted

by them as an authoritative statement; because it forms the basis of the decision of the majority of the judges in the House of Lords; and because it shows how Catholic principles are held and enunciated by those who are outside its border.

The seceders who formed the Free Church, as we have said, had no difference in doctrine on any point from the members of the Established Church which they left, and as the Westminster Confession was the creed adopted as being in accordance with the Word of God before the separation, so it remained after the separation, and in particular they accepted the following articles: "Chapter III. Of God's eternal Decree; III. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained unto everlasting death; IV. Those angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." This doctrine laid down by the Westminster Confession, which makes of God an iniquitous tyrant, was nevertheless accepted, in 1843, by the Free as well as by the Established Church of Scotland.

In process of time the Free Church grew and prospered. In numbers it rivalled the Established Kirk, it built new churches, new manses, new colleges. It sent abroad foreign missions. It formed a sustentation fund for the support of its ministers which is looked upon as more excellent than that of any other body. The feeling for union, which has manifested itself of late among various Protestant sects became strong in the Free Church and led to its absorption of one or two minor subdivisions of the Presbyterian form of church government. This feeling grew and became ever stronger and stronger. It was not, however, a pure love of Christian unity which led to the union with the United Presbyterians which formed the cause of the present trouble. The rivalry with the Established Kirk and the desire to disestablish her became, under the dominating influence of Dr. Rainy, an equally potent motive. The United Presbyterian Church—called United because it was itself formed out of the coalition of two minor bodies—had become numerous and powerful. Union with this church would make a body more powerful than the establishment. But how was this to be brought about? The United Presbyterians held contradictory doctrines to those of the Free Kirk on the question of Estab-

lishment. As we have seen, the Free Church disavowed the Voluntary principle, holding it to be the duty of the state to support the church by every means. The United Presbyterian Church enunciated the opposite doctrine in the following unmistakable language:

"It is not competent to the civil magistrate to give legislative sanction to any creed in the way of setting up a civil establishment of religion, nor is it either its province to provide for the expense of the ministration of religion out of the national resources. It is Jesus Christ, as sole king and head of his church, who has enjoined upon his people to provide for maintaining and extending it by free-will offerings; that this being the ordinance of Christ, it excludes state aid for these purposes, and that adherence to it is the true safeguard of the church's independence." From this is seen the direct opposition between the Free and the United Presbyterian churches, and that the former asserted the right and duty to maintain and support an establishment, the latter asserted that Christ's ordinance excluded state aid.

Not less opposed were the United Presbyterians to the Calvinist doctrine of the Westminster Confession, to which the Free Church at its formation had maintained its adhesion. The United Presbyterians maintained that the free offer of salvation to men without distinction was a matter vital to the system of Gospel truth, that the doctrine of the divine decrees and election to eternal life must be held in connection with the truth that God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; there is a salvation sufficient for all, adapted to all, and offered to all. In this point, too, it is evident that the teaching of one church was opposed to that of the other.

This then was the position. The problem was to bring into the community of one church two bodies, one of which held to the voluntary system, the other was opposed to it, one was Arminian in its theology, the other ultra-Calvinistic. After negotiations, which extended for many years, the problem was solved, not by the conversion of one or the other party, but by the modern lapse into indifferentism and comprehension and a mutual agreement to differ. The union was effected in the year 1900, and the declaration in which the principle of the union was effected, made by the United Church at its

formation, affirmed that the union took place on the footing of maintaining the liberty of judgment and action theretofore recognized in either of the churches uniting, and it was thereby declared that members of both churches should have full right, as soon as they should see cause, to assert and maintain the views of truth and duty which they had had liberty to maintain in the said churches. The peace which they had found was not through the truth but from a mutual agreement to look upon as non-essential and unimportant, points which at the beginning had been considered vital and essential. The vast majority of the governing element of the Free Church acceded to this plan. The United Free Church was formed. The property was passed over to the new church. But a small minority of the ministers of the Free Church, about thirty in number, would not accept the union. They looked upon it as an abandonment of the truth. The majority, however, did not feel much concern. In our days minorities must bow down to majorities. Not to do so was to exemplify that total depravity which they both professed. Considerable injustice was done to this minority. They were called upon to give up their churches and manses. But, though small in number, they were firm in purpose, and were determined to maintain their rights. The matter was brought before the courts. Two of the Scottish courts, a lower and a higher, gave judgment in favor of the majority. But, "Thank God there is a House of Lords." To this the minority appealed and, after a hearing of fourteen or fifteen days, five against two of the Lords gave judgment in favor of the twenty-eight who had refused to depart from the traditions of their fathers. The ground of the judgment was that the union of the churches involved a dereliction of trust, the doctrines of the Free Church which were essential, having in consequence of the union and the terms on which it was made become non-essential. It was not as judges of doctrine directly and of proper right in such matters that the decision was rendered; it was only indirectly, but no less effectually. The question which the House of Lords had to decide was whether the trusts upon which the property was held had been violated. To decide this question they had to examine, not into the truth of the doctrine, but into the question as to which of the two parties was faithful to the declarations made in 1843.

In order to decide this point, however, inquiry was made as to what were the doctrines held by the Free Church at the disruption in 1843; whether these doctrines were essential; whether the Free Church in forming the union in 1900 had abandoned anything essential; whether, too, the church had a right to change her doctrines. And the church which had to submit to this was the very church which, in 1843, had left the Established Kirk because it would not submit to having its ministers nominated by lay patrons. The descendants of the seceders, whether they keep or whether they give up the property, do so in virtue of the decision given by a secular tribunal by the very state, the jurisdiction of which they had made such sacrifices to escape.

The decision, if carried out, will cause almost a revolution in Scotland. The Free Church brought to the union churches, manses, and colleges, the capitalized value of which amounts to at least twenty millions of dollars. This property was held by 1,100 ministers. It is now decided that it belongs in its entirety to the twenty-eight ministers who refused to join the union. The faithful few are so poor as not to be able to pay insurance and taxes on the churches. The decision carries along with it the right to several colleges and the administration of various funds and the control of the missionaries in fifteen fields of labor. Homes and churches will have to be abandoned, and a new start in life commenced, unless some arrangement can be made. But how can an arrangement be made? The judgment of the House of Lords is supreme. It declares that the 1,100 were guilty of a breach of trust, and that they could not validly apply the property to other uses; and if this is so, it is clear that the minority to whom it now belongs are equally unable to part with it—to give it or any portion of it to the majority. To go to Parliament would be to be unfaithful to the headship of Christ, would be invoking the secular power, would be an absolute departure from the fundamental principles of both parties. How it will be decided remains to be seen; but it is a clear instance of the evil involved in every abandonment of the principles of the Catholic Church. Those principles, as enunciated by Boniface VIII., are proved to be the only principles on which the church can maintain her proper place, even in matters of such small importance as the possession of worldly goods.

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AUBREY DE VERE.
By Wilfrid Ward.

The world will be better for knowing the life of that gentle, lofty, and religious soul, Aubrey de Vere;* and Mr. Wilfrid Ward deserves our gratitude for writing it for us. Men of the present day need nothing so much as the fair spectacle of great minds to whom unseen and spiritual things are real and familiar; and in whom we may behold a pure and perfect character springing from the soil of devoted faith. The world, despite a widespread scepticism that would cast ridicule on such an argument, is altogether ready to accept at a very high value the proof from "Christian experience" which such lives illustrate. Let one read the sermons of Newman, so quiet, so steady, so penetrating as they fall on the inward ear; let one explore the thought of Wordsworth; let one follow a speculation of Malebranche or Pascal; let one learn from this biography what manner of man was Aubrey de Vere; and from such an exercise one will come, unless one's soul has been utterly crushed and choked and stamped to death, persuaded that these finer spirits have seen the realities of the universe of light, which surrounds and swallows up this speck of our present darkness; and that they are witnesses to those realities too sure and stately for any captious, cross-questioning infidelity ever to discompose.

Strange as it may appear, this higher, this apologetic view of Aubrey de Vere's calm and well-ordered life, is the one that most caught our attention in this memoir. Not that there is on Mr. Ward's part any preoccupation to delineate the poet's interior and spiritual life as such, but because in Aubrey de Vere's writings, correspondence, and mode of thinking, the truths of religion were so real and so absorbing, and because, together with this, his character was so unworldly and winsome, we could not help saying as we laid the book down: "That life is a great moral proof of faith."

Religion, indeed, was the chief study and the greatest

* *Aubrey de Vere:* A Memoir. By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

consolation of the life of Aubrey de Vere. Visiting Oxford in 1838, he came under the spell of the great "movement," and under the charm of its mighty young leader whom he learned to love, according to his own phrase, "with a love that was almost idolatry." Heart and soul he entered, though undemonstratively at the same time, into the hopes that then warmed the old blood of Oxford.

> Of forms they talked that rose as if in joy,
> Like magic isles from an enchanted foam;
> They prophesied (no prophet like a boy)
> Some fairer Oxford and some freer Rome.

But Aubrey de Vere's mind was too keen not to see that these Catholic tendencies in Anglicanism should be the possession of a mighty historic church, not of an isolated group of students; and should be safeguarded by a supreme authority and not abandoned to private judgment. With his inborn love for the past, and with his strong hold upon the social as opposed to the individualistic view of religion, he could not remain a Protestant. So in 1852, at the mature age of thirty-eight, he submitted to the Catholic Church, one of the noblest of that great company of converts who during those days sought peace within her pale.

Once a Catholic Aubrey de Vere's interest in religion grew greater than before. Having found the peace of God himself, he wished ardently to lead others to it also. He studied profoundly the religious conditions of our time, and in some of his essays he utters zealous and prudent counsels which it would do well for all Catholics to know. He saw from an early date the grave crisis which modern biblical learning has flung into the face of Christianity; and he desired that in the church there might appear a school of critics who should guide scholarship into truth and away from disaster and destruction. His sympathies were with the progressive students of Scripture; but he never lost sight of the necessity of a supreme authority which should not only check excesses but should encourage legitimate research.

In dwelling as we have dwelt upon the religious feature of Aubrey de Vere's life, we think we are taking no far-fetched view. For, as we have said, he was predominately a religious

man, as he was characteristically a religious poet. However we need not say that the literary interest of his career is also very great. A friend, an intimate, a worshipper of Wordsworth, a correspondent of Carlyle, a companion of Henry Taylor, Hartley Coleridge, and Tennyson, and a great figure himself in the world of letters during three-quarters of a century, Aubrey de Vere stands out as a very notable man in the history of the last century's literature.

Mr. Ward tells the story of his subject's life chiefly in the form of letters. There are many advantages in such a method; but we think it may readily be carried to excess. We have been disappointed somewhat in this volume to find so little of the biographer. Mr. Ward is eminently capable of giving us brief critical studies on such matters as Aubrey de Vere's poetical ability; his prose writings; and a more full analysis of his religious development. But of all this we have only fragmentary notices. A biographer, as we conceive his office, should not only procure and exhibit the material that bears on the life of the man he writes about, but should philosophize on it a little, should interpret, appreciate, and criticize it. It is a loss to us all that Mr. Ward has been so modest in this respect.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCRIPTURES.
By Fr. Gigot.

In bringing out an abridgment of his *General Introduction to Scripture*,* Father Gigot has opened a wider field of influence for a highly useful book. Biblical Introduction occupies in our day a vast field which only an experienced traveler therein should attempt to survey. Its subjects are generally, the Canon, the Text, Methods of Interpretation, and the great problem of Inspiration. To treat all these requires profound study, considerable candor, and a large measure of prudent reserve and cautious judgment. In all these qualities Father Gigot is notably proficient, and his work exhibits throughout the temper and the method of sound scholarship. We are pleased at seeing it in such demand.

Glancing through the chapter on apocryphal writings, we come upon this passage: "It is plain that the two collections

* *General Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.* Abridged edition. By Rev. F. E. Gigot, S.S. New York: Benziger Brothers.

of books, known as the Book of Enoch and the New Testament, are not absolutely independent of each other; and since it cannot be doubted that the former existed before the latter was composed (Enoch was compiled between 200 and 65 B. C.), the great influence of the Book of Enoch upon the writings of the New Testament must be admitted." We cannot help suggesting that Father Gigot has gone rather unwarrantably far here. It is not by any means certain that the "Three Allegories," which is the chief portion of Enoch, in which there are indications of Messianic doctrine, is a pre-Christian composition. Such scholars as Hilgenfeld, Colani, Vernes, Volkmar, Drummond, and Tidemann are of opinion that this section of the Book of Enoch belongs to the first century of the Christian era. And at any rate, whether we approve such a view or not, we have not sufficient scientific basis for asserting that the Enoch literature had a great influence on the New Testament authors. As to this sort of apocrypha we may almost say of it, in regard to the New Testament, what Jost rather extravagantly declares concerning its influence on Jewish history: "Sind alle diese Erscheinungen ohne Bedeutung für die jüdische Religionsgeschichte."

THE TALMUD IN ENGLISH. The translation into English of the entire Babylonian Talmud* is a memorable event indeed for both scholarship and religion. Up to the present only selected passages of the Rabbinical literature had been put into a modern language, notably the Pirke Aboth and some of the Haggadic compositions. For Dr. Michael Rodkinson was reserved the eminent distinction of bringing out the first complete version of the Talmud in any living tongue. The labor involved in such a task can be appreciated only by one who has ever consulted the tomes upon tomes of Rabbinical Hebrew and Aramaic which contain the commentaries and the casuistry, the exegesis and the theology of many generations of learned scribes.

When Israel returned from the Babylonian captivity, one great lesson had been engraven upon its heart by the sharp

* *The Babylonian Talmud.* Translated into English. With a Preliminary volume on the History of the Talmud. By Michael L. Rodkinson. 17 volumes. New York: The New Talmud Publishing Company.

iron of its fearless prophets. These austere preachers never ceased to drive home to the people that their woes came from neglecting Yahweh and his righteousness, and from following after other gods in ways of manifold uncleanness. Long had the prophets thundered forth this message before, and long was the heart of Israel hardened. But when in distant Babylon they ate the bread of exile; when they hung up their songless harps by the rivers of a strange land; when they saw the country promised to their fathers of old by the Lord God overrun with those that knew not the law, and worshipped not Yahweh but abominable Baalim; then were they at last repentant; then they listened and made no reproach or remonstrance when God's great servants, the prophets, told them that all these griefs had come to pass because of the nation's sin. Through the prophets faith in Yahweh was kept firm; and sorrow for infidelity struck deep. Accordingly, when at last, after seventy weary years, they were permitted to return to Palestine, the children of Israel were almost fanatically determined to obey to the very letter the laws of Yahweh revealed to Moses. Under Ezra and Nehemia they became a theocracy jealous, rigid, exclusive. Of this theocracy, the Thora, the law was the constitution. Every line of that law, every word, was directly spoken by the Almighty, they believed, and only in strict obedience to it could there be righteousness. A passion to learn, to teach, and to apply the law grasped hold of Israel; and a book-religion held sovereign sway among them.

Obviously the law when thus made the standard of daily life had to be expanded, developed, explained. A literature of moral theology inevitably grew up on the one hand, and a literature of homiletics on the other. The former, to which the name of Halacha is given, covers nearly every possible event in public, private, and religious life which can be brought under the Thora. The latter, called scientifically the Haggada, consists of edifying amplifications intended to illustrate the power and the wisdom of the great men of Israel. These commentaries on the law were called Mishna, and for a long time remained unwritten, for the reason that it seemed a derogation to the exclusive glory of the Mosaic law that another should be written beside it. But the elucubrations of the scribes, the theologians of the Thora, became at last an excessive burden

for the memory, and so at the end of the second century after Christ the Mishna was codified and written down.

There came to be two chief centres of Mishna-study, Palestine and Babylon. On the basis of the Mishna a vast amount of juristic discussion arose in turn, which has also been collected and put into writing. It is this latter collection which constitutes the Talmud. There is both a Jerusalem or, more properly, a Palestinian Talmud, and a Babylonian Talmud. This latter is about four times as voluminous as the former, and is universally held to be the more important. And this Talmud it is which Dr. Rodkinson has just put into English. As on another occasion we trust we shall have more to say on this mighty work of the Jewish scribes, we shall not now delay upon it longer. Let us merely mention, in this place, that one of the most fascinating lines of Rabbinical study is the extent to which Christianity affected the writings of the scribes. As the mighty movement begun by our Lord in the bosom of Judaism had filled out the measure of a world-power just as the Talmudic literature was settling into final form, it was inevitable that many traces of the conflict, and the apostasy—as pious Jews regarded Christianity—should remain in the Talmud to this day. Just what these traces are THE CATHOLIC WORLD will sometime discuss within limits less irksome than those of a book-review.

Dr. Rodkinson's introductory volume on the history of the Talmud is hardly so instructive as we should have expected; although it certainly contains a large store of historical and literary information. A curious error is contained in the phrase: "The fanatic flagellator and preacher, Vincent Ferrer." For libraries which make any pretence to an Oriental department this translation is indispensable; and equally indispensable will be the consulting of it for students of Jewish religion who cannot make use of the Rabbinical original.

CONSCIENCE AND LAW.
By Fr. Humphrey.

To translate literally sections out of a moral theology manual may be a very useful if not a strikingly original exercise of human intellect. And, while a book fashioned out of such translations will probably be of deplorably stiff and uncomfortable English, it may at the same time minister to higher needs than our

need of good style. So if we can say little from the point of view of independent thought or literary merit, regarding Father Humphrey's book on *Conscience and Law*,* we doubt not that it will be useful in more practical departments. It consists of chapters on Responsibility, Conscience, Law, Dispensations, Justice, and Restitution; all translated with utmost fidelity to the Latin originals. A far more profitable work on the same subject we dare say would be a treatise more psychological and less *systématisé* in method and point of view; that is to say a work devoted to the education of the conscience from within, rather than to the harnessing of it from without with the complicated trappings of innumerable distinctions and puzzling technicalities. But as a book should be judged from the standpoint from which it was written, rather than from one from which it might have been written but was not, let us conclude with saying that those who wish to read fundamental moral theology in somewhat easier form than Lehmkuhl or Könings presents it in, will be helped by *Conscience and Law*.

FROM DOUBT TO FAITH.
By Fr. Tournebize.

In a little work† of eighty-nine pages the Rev. F. Tournebize, S.J., includes many weighty subjects on the relations of intellect to religious belief. The book is intended for those who have lost or who never possessed Christian faith; and with such an aim there is no one who will not sympathize. But the treatment is too summary to be very efficacious, we fear. The moral considerations given are irreproachable; but the intellectual discussion is too scanty to satisfy the downright unbelievers for whom the work professes to be written. In assigning the causes for the perversion of Renan, the author omits the most powerful one of all; and Father Tournebize's suggestion that there was also a lurking immorality hidden among Renan's motives contains a most unfortunate charge. It is too bad also that our author indulges in the unseemly gratification of calling Renan a peacock.

* *Conscience and Law.* By William Humphrey, S.J. Second edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *From Doubt to Faith.* By Rev. F. Tournebize, S.J. From the French, by Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Pius X.

M. Julien de Narfou's book* on Pius X. is as fascinating a composition as has come to this magazine for a long time. Brilliant in style, filled with authentic history, fearless in estimating measures and men, independent in criticism, though never ceasing to be loyally Catholic, it is, so far as our knowledge goes, the truest, fullest, and keenest account yet given us of the late Conclave, of the character of the new Pope, and of the tendencies which have already appeared in his public policy. M. de Narfou had exceptionally fine opportunities to do his task well. He is one of the editors of the *Gaulois;* is highly trained in journalistic methods, as well as thoroughly educated; and has access in Rome to ambassadors, cardinals, and Vatican attachés, such as puts him in close touch with the subject-matter of his sketch. But he is a man of plain speech; and we dare say that he will be blamed by a great many for temerity. He talks frankly about parties, deals, and compromises in the Conclave of last year. History, like many another science, demands a certain robustness in whosoever desires honestly to learn it. Likewise in regard to some manifestations of recent Papal policy, M. de Narfou uses very vigorous language; with which of course we may differ if we so desire. Notwithstanding this he is, as we have said, loyally Catholic, and sincerely devoted to the best interests of the church as he conceives them. For Pius X. he expresses veneration and love. He dwells with eloquence upon the Holy Father's saintly simplicity, gentle kindness, and apostolic impatience with ceremony, obsequiousness, and splendor. These pages confirm the impression already cherished throughout the Catholic world, that in our new Pope we have a true pastor, a single-minded shepherd, and a benevolent father. If only he is permitted to carry out all the inspirations of zeal and all the projects of reform which lie deep in his heart, his place in history will be indeed exalted. And as for this first extended account of Pope Pius, we repeat, it is a fine specimen of historical monograph, brilliant, courageous, and searching, for which the author deserves congratulation. There are in the book a few minor slips to which it may be for the benefit of a second edition to call attention. For example, T. Barley Saunders should be T. Bailey Saunders; then the Domini-

**Pie X.* Par Julien de Narfou. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

can New Testament scholar is not Père Rou, but Père Rose; Father David Fleming is not a Dominican but a Franciscan; and finally, we are sure that M. de Narfou is at fault in giving the name of one of Merry del Val's English ancestors as Brodie MacGhic Wilcox.

In order to show how the verdict of history is settling with regard to a defunct controversy, we will cite, in conclusion, M. de Narfou's words on Americanism. He says, speaking of the relations between Rome and America: "A misunderstanding arose concerning the pseudo-Americanism against which the heresy-hunters of France flung themselves in frenzy. The Pope's famous letter to Cardinal Gibbons is still fresh in every one's memory. The answer sent to Leo XIII. by the Archbishop of Baltimore, who had already reconciled the Pope to the Knights of Labor, was that the errors condemned by Rome under the unwarrantably usurped name of Americanism were, so far as the United States was concerned, simply a myth. That sufficed. Good feeling continued untroubled thereafter between Rome and America; although the heresy-spectre ceased not to make night hideous for Delassus, Meignen, and others of their clan."

HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By Dr. Kemp.

The need for a consistent text book in the history of education seems to have been met at last. In this book * Dr. Kemp, leaving the land of unreality in which many of his predecessors have been content to dwell, has devoted his attention to educational institutions and educational developments as they have existed and do exist in the world of facts. Just as a book, purporting to be a political history, but in fact given over to the record of the dreams and fancies of individual theorists, would meet but little favor from serious students in an age like ours, so should it be in the field of educational history. The theories and the whims of educators, which fill up so many pages of books bearing a title similar to the one before us, are interesting, it is true, and valuable in so far as they furnish data for psychological study; but to students in the history of education they are of little worth as compared with a fair, conservative, systematic treatise outlining the positive move-

* *History of Education.* By E. L. Kemp, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

ments in the progress of education, and giving an account of the important efforts of teachers and educational workers that have actually contributed toward the perfection of our present systems. Such a work Dr. Kemp has given us in his *History of Education.* The book deserves a critical analysis and a more extended review; this we hope to give in a future issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE AFFAIR AT THE INN.
By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Others.

Mrs. Wiggin is always delightful. She has some of the best gifts of the story-teller; wholesome, interesting, humorous, easy narrative, with never a strain on the probabilities, a clever and sure touch in character-sketching, and the whole clothed in English that is as perfect as it is rare; these are the qualities that have won for Mrs. Wiggin so high a place in contemporary literature.

And though the author of lovable, unforgettable *Rebecca* called three of her friends to assist her in the production of *The Affair at the Inn,** these same qualities are found in the book, and the result of their combined labors is a distinct success. It is a triumph of collaboration. Indeed, so adroit is the workmanship that the book might readily be credited to a single writer. Of course the story is not a complicated one, nor do its characters call for deep or subtle analysis. Miss Virginia Pomeroy, a bright American girl accustomed to have her own way in almost everything, is staying with a convalescent mother at a quiet inn on Dartmoor. There they meet with a fussy, self-indulgent old lady, her faded, long-suffering companion, and the young Englishman known to fiction, wealthy, reserved, athletic, and with thoroughly conventional views on what is proper for the young woman. Out of these elements a love affair very easily develops, yet the authors have contrived to give to this simple story an abundance of incident that flows quite naturally out of the circumstances. The reader is charmed with the humor of the delightful little comedy, as he is struck by the skill with which it has been fitted together by its four writers.

* *The Affair at the Inn.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE.
By Fr. Sheehan.

Father Sheehan's little drama* shows the practised hand of the literary artist in almost every line. The dialogue is perfect; the plot excellently contrived; the interest cleverly sustained; and the denouement attended with fine elements of tragedy. The villain of the piece is a very subtle rascal, whose character does not dominate so much as it pervades the action; his dupe, a jealous wife, is likewise feeble rather than wicked; and the two heroines are genial enough, but with only a small touch of the heroic. As a quiet, well-composed minor tragedy, the work is in a high degree praiseworthy, and is a creditable testimony to Father Sheehan's literary versatility and skill. The profits from the sale of the book are to be given to a Convalescent Home for Children in Dublin.

POEMS.
By Henry Abbey.

The fourth edition of the poems of Henry Abbey† gathers up for final presentation all the poems which the author cares to retain. The volume shows a slight increase over the contents of previous editions. Mr. Abbey is not a poet of the first order, nor yet of the second, but he has a pleasing way of telling a story and of pointing a moral in verse. He fails, however, to "add the gleam, the light that never was on sea or land." His language is so unmistakably poetic that its forced or trite lines detract greatly from the beauty of his sentiments and reflections. Wordsworthian simplicity is not a characteristic of Mr. Abbey's diction, but in moral sentiments and love of nature he follows the great master.

IN MANY LANDS.

In Many Lands‡ is the title of a new book by a Member of the Order of Mercy, who is widely known as the biographer of Catherine McAuley. It contains a minute account of her travels in the British Isles, France,

* *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise:* A Drama of Modern Life. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans Green & Co.

† *The Poems of Henry Abbey.* Fourth edition, enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ *In Many Lands.* By a Member of the Order of Mercy. New York: O'Shea & Co.

Italy, and other European countries, with a running comment on all she saw and heard. There is a vast amount of information in the volume, most of which is of the guide book variety. There are, however, some exceedingly interesting pages, notably her recollections of a visit paid to Cardinal Newman just before the great prelate's death.

Evidently the book was written from journal notes diligently taken, and gathered into book form without great literary effort. The writer is strenuously partisan at all stages of her journey and is never sparing of praise or condemnation.

An interesting letter from the Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R., to the publishers, serves as an introduction to the volume.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.
By C. R. Dryer.

When one compares the text books now put in the hands of students with the school books of fifty years ago, the superiority of the former cannot be denied by the most pessimistic critic. *Lessons in Physical Geography*,* by Charles R. Dryer, M.A., F.G.S.A., of the Indiana State Normal School, embodies all the merits of the best of modern text books. Good type, clear, well-chosen illustrations, valuable appendices, a bibliography of nearly all the geographical literature available in English, and, above all, accurate and scientific presentation of the subject treated, make this book a valuable one. It has been written with a view to the needs of teachers as well as students, and the exercises suggested, the exhaustive treatment of certain subjects, and the completeness of its list of reference books make it a valuable addition to books on this subject.

Father Lasance's book of prayers for Religious is a very useful work.† Within its eleven hundred pages the chief vocal prayers of the liturgy may be found; and also extensive directions on the Ignatian and the Sulpician method of meditation. As a handbook of devotion it ought to do a great deal of good.

* *Lessons in Physical Geography.* By Charles R. Dryer, M.A., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geography, Indiana State Normal School. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

† *Prayer Book for Religious.* Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A small catechetical manual * in English, on the administration of the sacraments, is so obviously useful to priests, that there is no need of many words in commending it. The one before us is written in simple language—although "funeral obsequies" is a reduplication that would pain a purist—and takes cognizance of all late Roman decrees bearing on the matter it treats. At the end there is a chapter on rites for the dead; and some practical directions *de binatione*.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1905 is full of interesting sketch and story, and is excellently illustrated. Reverend T. J. Campbell, S.J., gives an interesting account of Catholicity, past and present, in Japan; Mary E. Mannix writes on a subject always fascinating, the early missions of California; a group of well-known Catholic novelists contribute stories; and there is a summary of the leading events of Catholic interest of 1904.

* *The Parish Priest on Duty.* A practical manual for pastors, curates, and theological students preparing for the mission. The Sacraments. By Rev. H. J. Heuser. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Library Table.

The Tablet (17 Sept.): Last Thursday the Holy Father received over sixteen hundred French pilgrims, under the leadership of the Bishop of Toulouse. They formed the fourteenth annual pilgrimage instituted by M. Harmel. Unusual enthusiasm was displayed together with the utmost reverence and attention. The Pope praised them highly for their attachment and loyalty and reminded them that, amid the difficulties and sacrifices which they are to-day called upon to encounter, they should look for inspiration to the noble achievements of their country when she merited the glorious title of the eldest daughter of the church. Furthermore, they were assured of the love and deep concern which the Holy See, always and in spite of everything, retains for France. The pilgrims were deeply moved by the Holy Father's words, and departed for their much distracted country with strong courage and lively zeal.

(24 Sept.): The *Matin*, a favorite organ of M. Combes, recently published certain alleged confidences made by Mgr. Geay, formerly Bishop of Laval, to M. Mouthon, one of the said paper's representatives. The confidences consisted of a very plausible and quite pathetic account of the monsignor's sufferings and persecutions prior to his deposition, and of his interviews with Cardinal Merry del Val and the Pope. The whole purpose of the sensational and highly-colored story was evidently nothing more than an attempt to discredit the character of the cardinal. Shortly after, however, the monsignor spread abroad a blank denial of the statements thus attributed to him, and wrote to M. Mouthon a letter of indignant protest, saying that the reporter had broken his promise and done him a most serious injury. Thereupon Mouthon reaffirmed the correctness of his report, and stated that the conversation had been faithfully and integrally rendered, and had been published at the express wish of the ex-bishop, furthermore he demanded a speedy retraction by the monsignor; which retraction

was made by return telegraph. The whole affair is most curious and bewildering.——In a speech delivered very recently at Lincoln, Lord Rosebery stated that all schools assisted by the state must be placed under public control. This is an open menace to the Catholic schools, and means that Catholics are to be robbed of their right of securing teachers of their own faith for the education of their children.

(1 Oct.): The Catholic Truth Society has just completed its annual conference at Birmingham. When his Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, the Rev. Bishop of Birmingham, and several prelates and laymen of renown, entered the hall, the welcome was enthusiastic and the cheers of applause most hearty and impressive. The proceedings began with a selection of church music rendered by the Oscott choir. This concluded, his Grace the Archbishop delivered the opening address, choosing for his subject, the "Result of the Education Act of 1902." Next in order was a paper read by the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J., entitled "A Leaf from the Enemy's Book." The learned father brought out the evil which is being done by the cheap press in its propagation of unbelief, and insisted that Catholics must offset the pernicious influence by publishing *cheap* works from a Christian and Catholic standpoint. The Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J., contributed a thoughtful and very suggestive paper on the nature and magnitude of, and the remedies for, the education peril. Then followed many other works on education, all manifesting the keen alertness and timely zeal of the English Catholics. The whole tone of the conference was healthy and vigorous, its spirit scholarly and fair, and its good results far-reaching and unmistakable.——Almost contemporaneous with this great meeting was the Council of Free Thinkers at Rome, yet very unlike it in effect, the latter being entirely and woefully unsuccessful. According to the Roman correspondent, it was a babel and pandemonium combined. The chief figure in the proceedings seems to have been Haeckel, famous in the eyes of many for his strange production, *The Riddle of the Universe.* The gathering, at first purely anti-clerical, ended by being violently

revolutionary, and the proposed processions to the statues of Giordano Bruno and Garibaldi were suppressed by the police. That these excursions should have been planned was to be expected, but the interference of the government was quite unusual and noteworthy.

The Month (Oct.): Devotes an article to Abbot Gasquet's book *Vita Antiquissima S. Gregorii.* The new publication is deemed "a supremely interesting monument of English hagiography." After speaking of some inadvertencies in the abbot's text, the reviewer considers the relative antiquity of the "Vita" as compared with other accounts of St. Gregory.——The present attitude of different parties in the Anglican body towards the Athanasian Creed leads Rev. S. F. Smith to trace out the growth of the struggle for the retention and abolition of the Creed. Dissatisfaction with the "damnatory clauses" manifested itself in the seventeenth century, and has since been developing among divines and laity. The damnatory clauses denounce in uncompromising terms the sin of heresy, and such a formula cannot be but distasteful to those who, as upholders of private judgment, have come to think more and more leniently of dogmatic error. The writer goes on to consider the Creed in itself, its history, and antiquity. The author of the Creed is not known, but it certainly was not St. Athanasius. From external evidence, the Creed seems to come from an age previous to Charlemagne's time, and internal evidence leads us to suppose that this profession of faith is the production of the fifth century or thereabouts. The article closes with an exposition of the Catholic view regarding the Creed commonly ascribed to St. Athanasius.

The International Quarterly (Oct.): In describing the critical position in which Russia finds itself at the present time, Vladimir G. Simkovitch predicts the overthrow, in the near future, of the whole system of Russian autocracy. ——The Socialist party, according to the views of Wolf von Schierbrand, has reached its high tide in Germany. Henceforth it will gradually lose power, yet it will remain in politics and for many years to come will influence

Germany and the world. The writer believes that it has brought to the German people many valuable advantages both political and social.——In an article on "The Religion of America," Dr. Edward Everett Hale calls attention to the signs of union among the different religions of the country. He holds that the present century will sweep away forever the greater number of the lines that now mark off the many ecclesiastical organizations. ——Peter Roberts, in an interesting paper on "The Sclavs," dwells upon their undeveloped capabilities and says that the hundred millions of that race await only a great master to lead them to magnificent and unsuspected victories in religion, art, and science.

The International Journal of Ethics (Oct.) A paper on "The Bias of Patriotism," by Dr. Alfred Jordan, is a psychological analysis of especial interest. Patriotism is, he says, an outgrowth of the affection that the individual feels toward his own. It rests, for the most part, on a love for native speech, for physical surroundings, for national achievements, and for great men. One of these motives predominates among one people, while another is foremost in other nations. The effects of the bias of patriotism are both good and evil; yet, in the character of patriotism that is usually cultivated among the lower classes, the evil results far outweigh the good. The beneficial effects are the stimulation of art, the inducement for self-sacrifice, the encouragement of sympathy for individuals of the same country, and finally, the emulation for greater effort. On the other hand, the evil effects as enumerated are the retarding of knowledge of other peoples and countries, the hatred of foreigners, the hindering of communication, the concealing of the results of discovery and invention, and, most of all, by teaching men to accept with readiness evidence for enmity; and to hold in suspicion evidence for friendship, the encouragement of intellectual dishonesty.—— In an article on "Moral Instruction in Schools," Herbert M. Thompson brings forth argument to prove that a logical system of morals may be built on a non-theological basis.——Halbert H. Britan shows that music develops in the mind a quality which makes for moral progress.

——Ralph Barton Perry discusses the relation of truth and imagination to religion.——Other articles in this number are "Human Pre-existence," by J. Ellis McTaggart; "A Japanese View of American Trade Unionism," by Hoito Ito; and "English Prisons and their Methods," by H. J. B. Montgomery.

The Critical Review (September): Sabatier's *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit* is reviewed by Rev. S. D. Salmond, who characterizes it as a work fired with a genuine passion for religion, and for the religion which is really and vitally inward. Every discussion embodied in the work abounds in observations suggestive and illuminating. There is, however, in the reviewer's opinion, a notable lack of completeness in the treatment of such subjects as the Baptismal Formula, the Apostolic Symbol, and various questions concerning the Bible. He calls attention to the treatment of the Puseyite movement as betraying a very inadequate acquaintance with the sources and literature.——Other papers of more than ordinary interest in this issue are "The First Sadducees," by Rev. C. H. Thomson; and a review of Wernle's *The Beginnings of Christianity*, by Rev. David Purves.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.–Oct.): Apropos of the disdain which modern science usually accords the scientific knowledge and *a priori* reasoning of the Middle Ages, Father Gérard, O.P., enters upon a review of the "Cosmography of Albertus Magnus" as the illustrious doctor has left it to us in his works. The writer finds that the master of St. Thomas, while following indeed the lead of Aristotle in his cosmography, has yet been far from blindly accepting the Stagirite's statements, but has sought proofs of these from experience and made the best use of the physical sciences possible in his day.——"Extrinsicism and Historicism" is the title of an article contributed by Father Allo, O.P. These two formidable neologisms were used by M. Blondel, writing in the *Quinzaine* early this year, to designate what he considered to be two very dangerous tendencies of modern Catholic apologetics in France. The "Extrinsicist," according to M. Blondel, endeavors to construct all religious history

upon a plan dictated exclusively by the convenience of dogmas, while the "Historicist" would, on the other hand, trim down and even suppress dogmas according to the demands of an historical criticism; the results of which would finally be incompatible with the fact of a discernible supernatural revelation. Father Allo in this article doubts the existence of the tendencies described, but adds that Historicism and Extrinsicism are not altogether phantoms, and neither are inoffensive. He then goes on to outline a method of apologetics which will strike a happy medium and will be proper for our age.

La Quinzaine (16 Sept.): Abbé Klein, continuing the sketch of his last year's visit to America, tells of his experiences at Baltimore and Philadelphia.——Writing on the existing religious condition, M. Fonsegrive says: France is no longer a Catholic nation.——The Baron von Hügel replies briefly to M. Wehrle's criticisms, says the difference is one of viewpoint, and that it is not advisable at present to attempt to develop an agreement.

(1 Oct.): "The Evolution of a Sect," by A. Koszul, is an account of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" founded by Edward Irving. The article, beginning with a sketch of the Scottish preacher's life, is concerned mostly with his doctrines. The constitution of this sect, perfected by the successors of Irving, claims to be the perfect development of that of the early Christian Church. Its characteristic feature is the fourfold ministry of "apostles, prophets, evangelists, and pastors," of which St. Paul speaks in his Epistle to the Ephesians. Following out this text, confirmed in an especial manner by the Holy Ghost, their twelve "restored apostles" were chosen. Then under the direction of the "apostles," the inspired "prophets" were charged, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, "to predict future events and to console and edify their brethren." Next in order came the twelve "evangelists," whose duties were to look after the "salvation of the Gentiles, the twelve tribes of humanity," and finally, the twelve pastors, guardians of "the flock of saints," thus "completing the great apostolic college." The ritual was composed

of portions of those of the Greek, Roman, and Protestant churches. The great hope of all the members, who believe in a second coming of Christ, is to live for that coming. Needless to say none have seen the realization of that hope. The sect has spread from Scotland to all the British Isles, to Germany, Switzerland, France, Sweden, and to the United States and Canada.——"Is France Sufficiently Preoccupied with the Actual Commercial Evolution?" is a question treated by Georges Blondel. The writer reviews the recent transformation in commerce; shows the relation between France and the other great nations; and cites the new obligations of the French republic in the commercial line.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Sept.): Contains an article by Mgr. Justin Fèvre on the "Restoration of Church Music." The writer's object is to set forth the principles upon which a distinctive sacred and religious music has in the past been established, as well as those which should underlie and direct its present reform and restoration.——R. Père At contributes an interesting article on the "Apologetic" of Père Gratry. Though not a born apologist, the gentle but sterling character of Père Gratry, his clear perception, his fairmindedness and sympathetic disposition, made him a very effective defender of the Truth. His able work against such men as Hegel, Scherer, Vacherot, the dangerous errors of whose systems he pointed out and refuted, gives to Père Gratry a place of honor amongst the Catholic apologists of the nineteenth century.

(15 Sept.): "Socialism or Catholicism" is the title of a lengthy article by M. J. Santoni, called forth by a recent controversy between M. F. Brunetière, the distinguished writer and convert to Catholicism, and M. Renard, one of the leaders of socialism in France. M. Santoni treats with unconcealed disdain the efforts of M. Brunetière to effect a reconciliation between the church and socialism, characterizing as puerile his attempt to prove that the opposition which at present exists between Catholicism and the socialistic movement is not in reality an essential or irreconcilable opposition, but only an apparent and temporary one, due largely to exaggerations and mis-

understandings which can easily be removed. The writer goes on to prove (in his own broad minded and masterly manner) that there is on the contrary a necessary and irreconcilable opposition between the two organizations, and that to undertake the reconciliation of socialism and Catholicism is, like the squaring of a circle, to attempt the impossible. Socialism, far from having any affinity to the Catholic Church, is, in the mind of M. Santoni, in essential antagonism to it, being founded upon principles which are the negation of the basic principles of Catholicism. As the synthesis of all the force of evil and error it stands in essential opposition to the Church of God. One or the other must survive. The struggle between them, the writer remarks, will be terrible, but it is inevitable. He predicts the final overthrow of socialism and victory of the church.

Études (20 Sept.): Augustin Noyon writes of the origin in Europe of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and traces its development throughout European countries during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. By way of introduction the writer says that the feast was observed in England before the time of William the Conqueror. The coming of the Normans seems to have suppressed the feast. The legend of the Abbot Helsin is the cause commonly assigned for the revival of its observance. The writer tells how the feast spread from England to Normandy and the other continental countries. The opposition of St. Bernard to the observance of this feast is explained on the grounds that he regarded it as an unauthorized and uncalled-for innovation. A great storm of controversy arose, in which figured the strenuous Abbot of Clairvaux, Comestor, Jean Beleth, and Pierre de Celle. Despite all controversy the feast spread among the people, the popular faith developed gradually, thus paving the way for the definition of 1854.

Hibbert Journal (Oct.): Professor Percy Gardner has an article on Loisy, declaring that there are certain vital weaknesses in the great Frenchman's method and conclusions. In the first place M. Loisy is in a perilous position in maintaining that a truth of faith, for example, the Resurrection, can be without a respectable *locus*

standi, from the standpoint of criticism, and yet be the object of infallible certainty from the standpoint of faith. Dogmatic certainty falls to pieces if its support in historic authority is destroyed. And in the second place, M. Loisy is too advanced in some of his critical views. For example, his statement that the apocalyptic discourses of Christ are as certainly genuine as Christ's existence itself, is utterly extravagant. These sections of the Gospel show indications of the evangelists' inability to grasp a certain thought of the Master, and indications consequently of an undue elaboration of our Lord's words.——Sir Oliver Lodge answers some of his critics who object to his "re-interpretation of Christian dogma." He insists that too much is made of a literal blood-redemption; likewise there is too much insistence upon certain literal conceptions of the Trinity. Mystery, in Sir Oliver's view, should be pushed as far back, and clothed in as vague terms, as possible. This especially holds in the matter of attributing human passions to the Deity, such as anger, repentance, jealousy. Finally, the author repudiates in formal terms the atonement and propitiation of the Cross, as ordinarily understood.——"A Catholic Priest," animadverting upon Sir Oliver's recent articles, explains the Catholic doctrine of sin and sacrifice, and incidentally declares: "The Catholic Church, it is scarcely necessary to point out, rejects the doctrine of evolution in the form in which it is stated by modern science."——Mr. Edmund Gardner says that Dante and Savonarola are two mighty prophets of Catholicism, but that Dante's aspirations were higher, more spiritual, and more primitive than those of the Florentine Dominican.——Professor Goldwin Smith points out that the Anglicans and other Protestant bodies are presenting to their candidates for the ministry creeds which these candidates falsely swear to. This insincerity is rapidly moving on to a crisis of utmost moment for these sects.

Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): *Religion in Cambridge:* in type a strong contrast to Oxford's; Roman Catholics not strong numerically, but liked and respected; many scientific students agnostic, but Cambridge science not

antagonistic to Christianity; a thoughtful man's faith will be tried, but if unscathed will be all the stronger. *Christina Rossetti:* deserves to be admitted as an equal to the company of poets like Herbert, Vaughan, Keble, Heber, Milman, Trench. *Return of the Catechist:* sixteen recent catechetical publications are the little clouds forecasting rain after a long spiritual drought; the clergy are beginning to carry out the duties of their office and to instruct diligently. *Oxford School of Historians:* no other university can claim so many recent historians among her alumni as have appeared at Oxford since the appointment of William Stubbs in 1866. *The Virgin Birth of Christ:* those who suggest that the church should declare belief in this article not essential for Holy Orders forget that to do so would cut her off from the rest of Christendom; she will guard this belief both because the fact has not been demonstrated to be impossible, because the evangelists must still be reckoned with, and because close study shows the intellectual coherence of this doctrine and the Incarnation.

Le Correspondant (10 Sept.): The article by E. Hourst is a moving recital of the dangers to which he and his companions were exposed while navigating the numerous rapids which must be met between Shanghai and Tchou-King, in a vessel badly fitted for accomplishing such a task. The writer praises in the highest terms those who contributed to the success of his voyage, while he speaks with admirable indulgence of those who, through hatred or jealousy, raised a thousand obstacles.——General F. Canonge, in "Le Sentiment religieux dans l'armée de Crimée," demonstrates by many extracts from private letters of the officers and soldiers, and from leading articles on the war, that the sense of religion was very deep in the French army, and showed itself in a thousand circumstances, especially at the hour of danger; and that in consequence of this sincere faith, made practical in daily life, the times bred heroes who were the honor of their country.——In "Colonies de Vacances," Paul Delay sketches the foundation, organization, and working of this important branch of the Christian apostolate. He urges the necessity of increas-

ing the number of Catholic Fresh-Air Societies, so that their influence may surpass that of non-Catholics, and do away with the prejudices against this charitable work.——J. E. Bourg, in "Rélevement economique de l'Espagne," more than hints that Spain has not lost but gained by parting with Cuba and the Philippines, since from these losses date the awakening of the national conscience and the turning over of a new leaf. Moreover, it gives capital and labor to the much distressed agricultural districts at home, and, thanks to important reforms in drainage, improved methods of irrigation, and similar indispensable conditions of good farming, the country will soon supply the home market and dispense with imported produce. Commerce and the industrial arts, says M. Bourg, have progressed beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

(25 Sept.): A well informed writer, (André Chéradame), with more than a trace of sympathy for the Russian side, compares the economic conditions of the two countries, and the results achieved thus far in the war; he reaches the comforting conclusion that Japan cannot utterly crush Russia, and Russia cannot utterly crush Japan.——Commandant Hourst continues his narrative of the French relief expedition, under his command, during the Se-Tchouen revolt in Central China.——A series of extracts, ably edited, from the unpublished diary of Baron de Hübner, Austrian ambassador to the Court of Napoleon III. (1857–1859), is replete with that shrewd diplomatist's estimates of the events of the times, especially of the signs which preceded the Italian war. ——M. l'Abbé C. Marchand furnishes a typically French estimate of religious conditions in London.——M. Raffalovich submits some observations that he has made, during a recent visit to Chicago, on the ways and means of the workingman, chiefly the workingman of German blood, as he is to be seen in the metropolis of the lakes. ——The movement in Bretagne for the restoration of the old popular drama is discussed by M. Anatole Le Braze.

Razón y Fe (Oct.): P. Murillo defends the traditional methods of dogmatic theologians against modern criticisms, and

shows the fatal conclusion that can be deduced from P. Legrange's admission that the Synoptic Gospels represent the ideas of an obscure multitude who received the apostolic preaching and transmitted it to the evangelists.

La Instruccion Primaria de Habana (10 Sept.): This fortnightly publication of the Cuban Secretary of Public Instruction contains several articles of interest. Dr. Solares shows how closely one's success in life is proportioned to the thoroughness of one's education.——M. Najera writes enthusiastically on the flag.——To the Teachers' Association is addressed a manifesto in which they are exhorted to unite and strive valiantly—with Love as a starting-point; Morality and Justice for means; and Work as an end.

Civiltà Cattolica (1 Oct.): Criticism of Loisy continued.—— The corner-stone of scientific socialism is declared to be "historical materialism," or the principle which finds the economic structure of a society to be the basis of its political and juridical institutions.——Describes the evidences of Catholic achievments to be found at the St. Louis Fair; a testimony less prominent but really more significant than that of the Chicago Fair, which was intended to commemorate the deed of a Catholic.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Oct.): G. Prato writes on recent phases of agricultural progress in the United States.——Ludwig Pastor's discussion of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel is translated into Italian by C. G. C. G.—— Gino Anas exposes the social causes of the Russian-Japanese war.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

OUR Clergy and the Reading Circle is the title of the leading article in the October number of the ever-welcome *Ecclesiastical Review*. It is written by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., whose study of this important movement has been continuous for many years. He advances strong arguments to show the intimate relations between the Champlain Summer School, when started in the year 1892, and the most devoted workers for Reading Circles. No other movement aims at doing so much for intellectual and social advancement among Catholics, for its purpose is to awaken an interest in the rich heritage that is ours in the world of letters, philosophy, and art; to create a love of good reading among our people, and to encourage the diffusion of sound literature. It is especially designed for the period of development that should follow after school days; or to meet the requirements of those who have had limited opportunities for education, and are desirous of self-improvement. Such a movement is of the highest importance, and must appeal strongly to the Catholic clergy of the world at large. Without their continued and earnest support it will not have the full measure of success which it deserves. In one way the Catholic Reading Circle may be considered the most available force against the spread of pernicious literature which endangers faith and morals.

According to Cardinal Manning, a bad book is falsehood and sin in a permanent and impersonal form; all the more dangerous because disguised and tenacious in its action on the soul. There are books professedly against Christ and the teaching of the church which may be less harmful than the furtive, stealthy, serpentine literature, penetrated through and through with unbelief and passion, false principles, immoral whispers, and inflaming imagery. It has been well stated by another writer that the outward action of the church upon the world, the incidental details as distinct from the principles of her apostolic organization, the literature through which she impregnates an age or a country with Christian ideas, the methods by which she Christianizes education, the degree in which she commands the homage of art, the relations maintained with ruling powers, are all subjects in which progressive improvement is possible, and to be desired. For this broad scope of work the Catholic Reading Circle may be utilized. Intellectual assimilation takes time. The mind is not to be enriched as a coal barge is loaded. Vigorous antidotes are needed to check the modern habit of swift and careless reading. As print grows cheaper, thinkers grow scarce. Properly fostered the Reading Circle movement will help to give us more scholars, writers, and thinkers to appreciate truth and add new glories to the record of Catholicism in the literature of the age.

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A very interesting paper was read at the recent meeting of the Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, by Miss Rosemary Rogers, on the Growth and Development of Catholic Literature. It opens with a rapid review of the history of Catholicity on this continent, and suggests reasons for the slow growth of a literature among Catholics. Miss Rogers regards Bishop Eng-

land as a pioneer in this domain of intellectual activity. He labored for the first Catholic periodical printed in the United States, *The United States Catholic Miscellany*. He also wrote important works on religious subjects, and stands forth as one of our brightest writers.

The debt which literature, as well as religion, owes to Archbishop Hughes is strongly emphasized. His pastorals, addresses, and writings, as well as his oral discussions, were infused with vigor, manliness, and a sense of the greatness and dignity of Mother Church, and he is still ranked as one of the master minds of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century. Miss Rogers gave expression to some pertinent remarks on the utility of novels as an agent of culture, as indicated by the following:

The novel, in the hands of a conscientious writer, becomes a power for good; and in the hands of an unscrupulous author, a power for evil. Good novels, then, are stepping-stones to higher things, for they teach the reader, lifting his mind, and elevating his thoughts. An author should have a purpose in view when he begins his story. He should have accomplished that purpose before the last line of his story is finished by the reader. One who writes thus will live in the minds of his readers. Beauty of form, genius, and inspiration must all be combined, and the author must preach in his works without appearing to do so. Our Catholic novelists have been most conscientious, most brilliant in descriptive writings, most psychological in character sketching, most correct in scientific research, most just in criticisms, most reliable in historic writings, yet they are not given the recognition their works deserve by outsiders even in these days when the boast of broad-mindedness is made. Let us see if we, too, are not to blame. Our Catholic books should be much cheaper. This is a well-known fact. Catholic book firms charge more than the department stores. Cheap literature is one of the signs of the times. It brings good works within the reach of all. If our books were cheaper, there would be more sold, thus benefiting the reader, the publisher, and the author.

The influence that Catholic thought has exerted on modern literature has been wide-spread. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the philosophy of Kant was leading men to materialism, his followers spread his views, and rationalism began to reign. The influence of Catholic writers has convinced modern thinkers of the dangers of Kant's doctrine. For awhile it was quite the fad among educators to quote such men as Kant, Richter, and Spencer. Now these men have been relegated to their proper places, and principles always propounded in Catholic philosophy prevail. Before the Reformation nearly all the writings were in a Catholic vein. The ideas of modern authors can be found in the early works of our church. Since the Reformation those ideas have been used by non-Catholic writers who, separating the mind and the soul, have in their study of the workings of the mind become agnostics. Pope Leo XIII. influenced modern thought by the profundity of his encyclicals. He urged the study of the writings of St. Thomas, and he changed many modes of thinking outside of our own faith to more Catholic thought.

Perhaps Miss Rogers goes a little too far in her statement that Catholic writers are not recognized by outsiders. Certainly there are a good many exceptions. Not to speak of Crawford and Harland, it is doubtful whether

such authors as Miss Repplier, Miss Tinckner, Miss Guiney, and a number of others, have much reason to complain of their reception by the public. It is unfortunate that books issued by Catholic publishers should be so dear; but are the Catholic publishers to blame? Cheap editions are only possible when they are sure of a large circulation, and there are still Catholics so intellectually defective as to regard the name of a Catholic author, however distinguished, on a book-cover as anything but a recommendation. In fact—and the writer knows whereof he speaks—certain Catholic authors are much read by non-Catholics. There are very few private libraries belonging to studious young men, with a taste for the more elevated kinds of poetry, in Yale and Harvard, in which the works of Aubrey de Vere are not to be found. American non-Catholics, with some pretention to culture, are familiar with the leading Catholic poets of the age, and numerous copies of Father Sheehan's two great Irish novels have been purchased by American Protestants. Indeed, we have heard it stated that they have a wider circulation in France and Germany—into the languages of which countries they have been translated—than even in Ireland itself.

We have no doubt that when cheap editions of Catholic books have a moderate prospect of being renumerative Catholic publishers will be ready to supply them. In the meantime the Catholic Reading Circles are doing a good deal to bring about this wished-for consummation, and such papers as that of Miss Rogers will be effective contributions to the work of showing that Catholics have, in the English language, a noble literature, and that no mean part of that literature has its origin in the United States.

Miss Rogers deserves cogratulation for her industry in compiling an extended list of the books written by Catholic authors, and published on this side of the Atlantic. She then gives a number of useful suggestions to all friends of Catholic literature in these words: Among the names mentioned are many famous for their works on religion, art, history, literature, philosophy, science, travel, politics, and controversy, as well as writers on social topics. How many of these authors do you know through their books? If you, in your heart, cannot say all, or at least some, begin now to look them up. Ask for their books in the public libraries. Ask and ask again, thus creating a demand for them, until our Catholic authors are given the place before the public which their meritorious work deserves. See that these books are placed on file amid those of other authors whose works are given a prominent place because they are non-Catholic. Remember that these Catholic authors are inspired by the grace that comes from purity of life, and that they preach to us as poets in their songs. They wish to convey to us some of the gifts with which the Lord has endowed them, and this good will only be felt when each reader who has received entertainment or instruction from a book or poem will pass the good word on to his neighbor. Sometimes one sentence, one single thought, will cause you to think seriously about a subject hitherto uninteresting. Do not let it pass by, but turn it over in your mind, read about it, and think of it until it broadens your understanding, thus enlarging your power of appreciating the good, the beautiful, and the true.

One of the evidences of literary advancement is the revival of the Gaelic language. This study has been stimulated by publishing poetry, essays, plays,

and stories in the language of the olden time. This is really a revival of a movement started as far back as 1857, when a professor in Maynooth College compiled a Gaelic grammar to aid the students. To Father O'Growney much credit is due for the present interest. A visit to any of the Gaelic schools in New York is well worth the trouble of getting there. One is charmed by the simplicity of the method of teaching, the aptness of the scholars, and the earnestness of both teacher and pubils. Songs, long familiar in English, have been translated into Gaelic, and are sung with an ardor that only the Irish can feel.

A word more; Catholic literature has developed in proportion to the education of our people, but it has not grown in proportion to the increase in population. There should be more co-operation between the press and the readers. Catholic papers are needed, and more up-to-date ones, dealing with live topics of interest. The secular papers deal broadly with religious questions, and, with some exceptions, are careful not to hurt the religious feelings of their readers. What is needed is a Catholic daily paper, with an enterprising man at the head, assisted by bright writers on the events most pertinent at the time. The daily press is a powerful weapon for defence, far-reaching in its influence. Our Catholic people are in the front rank to-day, needing but our own efforts to put into prominence our best men and women, and compel the public recognition of their worth. Co-operation is needed. Let us co-operate with the public, the press, the writer, and the reader.

The praise of the *Edinburgh Review* may be here quoted in regard to the works of Cardinal Newman:

It is impossible to open a page of Dr. Newman's works without being carried away by the delightfulness of their style—clear, easy, direct, expressive, felicitously executive in all its turns. They stimulate the mental taste by their literary finish—a finish which evidently comes not from effort but from the natural play of a mind that instinctively clothes itself in the happiest forms of expression, exactly fitting the thought and brightening it with the finest effects. A writer like Dr. Newman will always reach above the theological or ecclesiastical world in which he may move, and take his place in the world of letters.

Thomas Arnold thus wrote:

For all the ordinary purposes of prose style, Dr. Newman's manner of expression, considered as a singularly direct and lucid medium of thought, has probably never been surpassed.

* * *

For some time past the History of Ireland, from the earliest times to the death of O'Connell, by Dr. P. W. Joyce, has been welcomed for supplementary reading in Parish Schools. By its excellent typography and attractive pictures it appeals to the child's mind, though it may be read with profit by grown folks as an invaluable handbook containing a most attractive narrative of the different epochs of Ireland's wonderful history. The latest approval for this book has come from the New York Catholic School Board, which recommends that it be used in every school, particularly among the children of Irish descent, to encourage appreciation for the heroic struggles of their forefathers for faith and fatherland. By the special discount allowed to patrons of The Columbian Reading Union the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., No. 91 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will send, postpaid, a copy of Dr. Joyce's *History of Ireland* for one dollar and five cents ($1.05).

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., New York:

Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling.

JAMES DUFFY & CO., LTD., Dublin:

What Eloquence Is and How to Acquire It. By A Public Speaker.

CHARLES AMAT, Paris:

La Science. By Le Vicomte de Bourbon-Busset.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Balance, The Fundamental Verity. By Orlando J. Smith. Price $1.25. *Trixy.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price $1 50. *Science and Immortality.* By William Osler, M.D. Price 85 cents. *The Private Tutor.* By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Price $1 50. *Compromises.* By Agnes Repplier. Pp. 277. Price $1.10. *Where Does the Sky Begin?* By Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D. Pp. 335. Price $1.25.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. *The New Testament in the Christian Church.* By Edward Caldwell Moore. *An Irishman's Story.* By Justin McCarthy. *Whosoever Shall Offend.* By F. Marion Crawford. Price $1.50.

JOHN MURPHY, Baltimore and New York:

An American Missionary. By A Priest of St. Sulpice.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:

Studies in the Gospels According to Mark. By Ernest DeWitt Burton. Pp. 248. Price $1. *A Short Introduction to the Gospels.* By Ernest DeWitt Burton.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:

The Wandering Twins. By Mary Bourchier Sanford. Price $1.25.

SCOTT-THAW COMPANY, New York:

The Science of Life. By Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs). Price 50 cents.

GERMAM LITERARY BOARD, Burlington, Ia.:

The Deathbed of Darwinism. By E. Drunert. Translated by E. V. O'Harra and John H. Peschges. Pp. 146. Price 75 cents.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & CO., 64 Essex St., Boston, Mass.:

The Holy Family Hymn Book. By Francis J. Butler.

LIBRERIA E IMP., LA MODERNA POESIA, Habana:

La Instruccion Primaria Revista Quincenal. Publicada por la Secretaria de Instruccion Publica. Fundada por el Sr. Eduardo Yero Buduen, Exsecretario de Instrucción Pública. Director: Dr. Leopoldo Cancio Y Luna. Redactor en Jefe: Dr. Lincoln de Zayas. Third year. No 3. September, 1904.

JOSEPH BERNING PRINTING COMPANY, Cincinnati:

American Federation of Catholic Societies. Proceedings of the Fourth National Convention.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

The Method of the Catholic Sunday-School. By Rev. P. A. Halpin. Paper. Price 40 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

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THE INTELLECTUAL APOSTOLATE IN JAPAN.*

BY REVEREND WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

THE *Pilot* of October 15 gave an account of a French missionary to Japan, who is now in this country in the interest of one of the most remarkable enterprises ever undertaken for the conversion of a pagan people. Father Claudius Ferrand is the name of this priest; and he is an alumnus of that seminary of heroes in the Rue du Bac, which has given to the church and to heaven so many legions of converts, and so glorious a company of martyrs unto blood. Father Ferrand's project is this: to build in Tokio and Kioto, the two university cities of Japan, students' dormitories, which shall be homes of Christian morality, and, by means of frequent conferences to be delivered there, centres also of Christian instruction for the young men who are to be the future scholars and statesmen of the empire. Already one such house has been built in Tokio; and so notable a moral influence has it exerted, that it has received the commendation of high government officials; and so excellent a missionary instrument has it proved that many of the names entered upon its register have later been inscribed in the baptismal record of the Tokio mission.

* For the information contained in this paper, special recognition is due to an article by Francis Marre, in the *Correspondant* of July 25; and to two articles by the Abbé Verret, in the *Revue du Clergé Français* of May 1 and June 15.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1904.

But such a plan seems certainly, at first sight, a strange device for converting to the faith a people whom, but as yesterday, we hardly recognized as civilized, and who to-day are pagans. Moreover, a very roundabout and tedious way of working it would appear for a church so deplorably poor in resources and so insignificantly small in numbers as Catholicity is in Japan. For of the kingdom's entire population of 44,000,000, the Catholics can count only 59,000, little more than one-tenth of one per cent. Why consume so slender an energy in cultivating a very narrow field; a field too that has ever been of ungrateful soil and of scant harvest? Why deprive the teeming towns of a single one of the one hundred and twenty-one European or of the thirty-one native priests in Japan, in order to attempt the forlorn hope of a university apostolate? Is it wise? Is it like anything ever done in a foreign mission before?

Like anything done before? No. Wise? Yes. Wise we might indeed know it to be, whether we saw it so or not, since those seasoned veterans of heathendom, the priests of the Foreign Mission Society, have thought it best to adopt it, and are asking our help to complete it. And wise we shall certainly convince ourselves that it is from evidence incontestable; if we give a little study to the present condition of Japan, we shall find this remarkable nation in a very fever of ambition to be educated. Gifted with keen minds, indefatigable energy, indomitable courage, and robust physique, the Japanese are flinging themselves into the strife of intellect with all the *élan* which characterizes their superb onslaughts on the battlefield. They are determined to be as influential a factor in the higher elements of civilization as in the lower; to be cultured as well as powerful; to have schools, no less than armies and navies, which shall be unsurpassed. To-day they are working towards this end unwearied and tireless. They have been, and still are, sitting at the feet of masters from the West. They are pupils of the Occident as yet; for they are but children in that new life of which the schools, the books, and the laboratories of Europe and America mark the stages of mature age. But their fixed purpose is to be independent of foreign teachers. Their own Japan must have great universities, learned societies, crowded libraries, and every facility for research. And then some day, not very far distant, they

hope to say to the Western world: "All the gains of civilization, which you have been wearily hewing out of the rough for more than a thousand years, we have achieved in the span of a single life. We have learned your methods; we ask no more. For as we always had our warriors equal to any you have produced, so now shall we have our teachers, scientists, philosophers, and poets, as illustrious as the greatest of great names upon your scroll of fame."

That this is an honorable ambition no one can gainsay. That the Japanese are capable of following it to success few will venture to deny. The educational progress already made in Japan is astonishing; and, as past achievement is always a sure ground for estimating future possibilities, it must be clear to every one that the highest prizes of intellectual excellence are fairly open to the ardent students of the Mikado's empire. A scientific system of popular education did not exist in Japan until about thirty years ago. Not till 1871 was a ministry of public education created; and from about the same time dates the admirable legislation on the subject which is now in force. This legislation provides for three grades of instruction—primary, middle, and university. The primary training comprises eight years of study, taking the child at the age of six, and fitting him for the middle schools at fourteen. Attendance at the primary branches is obligatory, delicate health and extreme poverty being practically the sole grounds of exemption. However, even very poor children may find a way of going to school; for in a community or municipality of fairly flourishing finances the public treasury, in the stead of such pupils, pays the small assessment levied upon nearly all school-children. Free instruction is also offered, it will not surprise us to learn, to children whose fathers have died for the flag. The support of these schools is derived from the contributions of the pupils, the appropriations of the local commune, and the subsidies of the imperial government. This last-mentioned source contributed, in 1902, the sum of eight million dollars for primary schools alone.

The middle grade of schools corresponds to our high school and college courses. It takes the pupil through six years of study, and places him at the threshold of the university at the age of eighteen or twenty. During this period he is made to study hard, a large part of his labor being expended on

French, German, and English. As the expenses of a Japanese boy can scarcely be less than eighty to one hundred dollars for each of these six years, only the sons of prosperous families can as yet profit by this intermediate department. However, the time seems to be approaching when, by the increase in the number of burses or, by what is still more likely, the general lightening of the burden of tuition-fees, every young Japanese of bright mind and energetic ambition may find a way open to the advantages and honors of a collegiate education.

There are two universities in Japan; one in Tokio, founded in 1877, the other in Kioto, founded in 1897. In each there are six main departments, science, engineering, agriculture, letters, medicine, and law. The course in letters, science, agriculture, and engineering lasts three years, except that at Kioto engineering lasts six; law extends through four years; medicine through five at Tokio, and eight at Kioto. The schools of medicine are the most thorough and scientific of all. Not in the most highly specialized colleges of Eurcpe and America is better work done for the theory and practice of medicine and surgery than in Japan. The recent report of Major Seaman, U. S. A., on the astonishing skill of the Japanese army surgeons at the front gives timely testimony to this.

Besides all these schools, which, properly speaking, fall under the general scheme of national instruction, there are many private schools of both middle and superior grades. Some of these are cheaper than the corresponding public institutions, and in many branches their education is fully as good. A fine example is the Senmon School, founded and still governed by Count Okuma, where a young Japanese may learn law, literature, political science, or journalism, at an expense of only four dollars a month, including board and lodging. Naturally an economy so rigid is hand in hand with hardship; and if the minds of the students may range through fat pastures, their bodies have to pick up a scant subsistence from rice and vegetables, with dried fish only rarely, and meat less than once a week. Still we may feel sure that in Japan, as elsewhere, genius will win in the strife with poverty, and that many a future hero of Nippon will owe his best training to these schools of courage, and will have learned his most useful lessons from the manual of misery.

We trust that the bearing of all this upon the missionary problem which we are chiefly interested in studying is perfectly obvious. A nation which can build, organize, and equip a system of schools, colleges, and universities within thirty years from the time when it first adequately learned what these things are; which at the end of only three decades of mental emancipation is educating five million children in its lower schools; which can boast to-day of its capital city being the home of one hundred thousand human beings exclusively occupied with study; such a nation will demand of any man or institution that comes to it in behalf of social scheme, political reform, or religious creed, the one supreme recommendation of intellectual superiority. And if those who would set themselves up as guides and teachers to such a people, hold aloof from the mental activity now predominant among them, they will be guides without followers, and teachers who will vainly listen for any response save the echo of their own voices. No religion of sluggish intellectual endeavor can long hold the attention and respect of the modern Japanese. A similar state of affairs would not of course astonish us in the Western nations of older civilization and of long-established Christianity. But that it should prevail in a pagan country; that a struggling foreign mission should need nothing more urgently than printing presses; that a recent writer on the church in Japan should have ground for saying that the country calls for "*une élite sacerdotale ayant en surabondance non seulement de la force morale et du devouement mais du savoir*," that is to say, the most learned priests that our seminaries can produce; this is a phenomenon altogether unique in the intellectual and religious history of the world.

The Catholic Church in Japan, therefore, however poor in means and small in numbers, must do intellectual work which shall be respectable both in amount and in merit, as a condition of permanent progress. On this point the Archbishop of Tokio, Mgr. Osouf, uses language which would be considered wanton exaggeration from the pen of any one less competent in the matter. He says in his report for 1901:

"To speak of the press in a mission like ours, seems to many only idle talk. Nevertheless the fact is indisputable that nearly every one in Japan is reading; and that, in consequence, there is not a pernicious error known in two hemi-

spheres which these people may not learn. Never mind sending us missionaries, it costs a good deal to come here; and after all a preacher can reach but a small number; and how little a grain of seed is an hour's sermon! But a book goes everywhere; and it costs hardly anything to send it to some one with a card of introduction. Its pages, if well-written, contain matter that sermon after sermon could not give; and it admirably prepares the way for a personal meeting with the missionary. Our countless foes here have deluged the country with publications for the last twenty years, and they have profited well. Some of our own confrères have been unsparing of themselves in a similar work for Catholicity.' And one of Mgr. Osouf's most zealous priests writes back to France saying that Tokio is a city of the mind, like Alexandria of old, and that like Alexandria it urgently needs an Origen.

The brave little band of priests at work in Japan have not been behindhand in meeting the situation thus portrayed. Indeed, considering their number, their poverty, their discouragements, and their missionary labors, their work with the pen confronts us with inspiration and reproach. No isolation for them; no running away from the challenge of science; no closing of the doors against the modern spirit; no dismal repining for ages that have gone. Missionaries they are in the very substance of their souls; and missionaries are ever in the forefront of their time, fearless, vehement, modern; at work always, at rest never; seeking what is good in the life around them, that they may build thereon foundations of the life to come; lifting their voices in clear calls to holy duty, but opening not their lips to be prophets of despair. If any one of us have lost hope; if any one of us have contracted the disease of dissatisfaction; if any one of us be giving his love to the past and only his lamentations to the present, let the example of these priests of Japan set us right and hearten us. The past will not live for our tears; and the present is perishing for the help of our right arms.

Glancing at the intellectual work accomplished by the Japanese missionaries, we may consider the year 1881 as the starting-point of this peculiar apostolate. In that year the mission of Southern Japan began publishing apologetic and devotional literature, and also a semi-weekly paper called the

Catholic Monitor. At the same time a school was founded in Tokio for the instruction of catechists, which has done great good. In 1885 the *Monitor* was enlarged, and much space was given to essays on philosophy, politics, and history. As a result it became a regular exchange of the leading Japanese journals, and its articles have been frequently reproduced in them. The next step was the establishing of a monthly publication for catechists, also in 1885. This paper is happily named *The Soldier of God.* In 1891 a bi-monthly magazine was founded in Tokio, which gives especial care to the counteracting of the anti-Catholic influence created and sustained by the heretical books, pamphlets, and periodicals, which swarm from the presses of the sects. In 1898 a monthly magazine was set on foot which publishes papers of such scholarly merit that from its first issue it stepped into the front rank of Japanese reviews.

Besides all these enterprises which sufficiently witness both to the priestly devotion and to the intellectual ability of the missionaries, there have been other projects of similar character eloquent with heroism, sanctity, and pathos. Since 1881 the missionary press has been issuing books and brochures to the limit of its slender capacity. In that renaissance year were published an enlarged catechism; an *Introduction to the Christian Religion;* the *Lives of the Japanese Martyrs;* an *Explanation of the Sacraments;* and a *Life of Our Lord* in four volumes. And in almost the quarter-century from that time to the present, every succeeding year has seen greater growth, wider development and richer results in the apostolate of the printed word. Meritorious as are all of the small band of workers in this field, one seems to call for special mention. Father Ligneul, the superior of the seminary at Tokio, has done a work of writing and translating which, considering the other labors which incessantly beset him, seems hardly credible. In 1902 this heroic priest wrote to a friend in France: "We are now engaged on our forty-second work." The "we" refers to one or two priests and seminarists who assist him; but he has been himself the chief factor in this enormous labor. Not all his books have been distinctively religious. He has wisely aimed at winning attention and respect in the purely intellectual order, so that his words may be twice-charged when he speaks formally for Christian faith. Accordingly he

has written an *Abridgment of Philosophy;* an *Introduction to Philosophy; The Influence of Woman on Civilization;* and two books which have given him wide reputation in Japan—*The Ideal Youth* and *The Ideal Family.*

"The ablest controversialist in the Christian Church of Japan," a newspaper in Tokio recently called Father Ligneul; and so well established is his reputation for scholarship that, in 1901, he was invited to give a series of lectures before the Imperial Educational Society of the capital. He took for his subject, "The Philosophy of Teaching," and in treating it he showed himself thoroughly familiar with the methods and conclusions of modern experimental psychology. The lectures were taken down in shorthand, and published by the society. A month later Father Ligneul was asked to give another course before the students of philosophy in the University of Tokio. Needless to say, he gladly accepted. He spoke on "The Place and Function of Philosophy in Modern Society"; and the conferences appeared later in the Tokio *Philosophical Review.* So pleased was the Imperial Educational Society with one priest-lecturer, that it shortly afterward secured another. Father Clément received the second invitation, and he addressed them on "Human Character." He too brought honor to himself, his vocation, and his faith.

We have not yet reached the end of this strange and inspiring story. The missionaries, observing the great desire of the Japanese to learn European languages, determined to turn it to the advantage of religion, by becoming teachers of these languages. To-day, as a result, the apostolate of teaching is in full career throughout Japan. Father Ligneul writes to a friend in France: "I am teaching French to some young men between twenty and thirty years of age, who are journalists and public officials. I find them thoroughly informed on European affairs and in the higest degree eager to learn; especially to learn philosophy, history, and literature. I take occasion of the theme assigned for French composition, to let fall a few remarks that may enlighten them, at least to the extent of removing their prejudices."

Another priest of the diocese of Hakodate writes: "One evening I was invited to the barracks. A corps-commander and a brigadier-general, to whom the colonel presented me, received me with positive affection. I am teaching French

to several officers, army surgeons, engineers, public officials, and to some professors in the normal school and college here."

And this extract from the report of a native Japanese priest of the diocese of Nagasaki, tells its own story of holy courage and pathetic zeal too sublimely for comment: "To-day unbelievers know perfectly well that Christianity is the true religion of civilized man. Especially are our young students aware of this. But from that to conversion is a long road. In order to get these young men to come to us we must first draw them by the prospect of material advantage. Hence nearly every day I devote the afternoon to teaching English to a number of students; at present I have twelve. During the lesson I speak of religion; and as a result some are already catechumens. Then in the evening I visit their homes, and generally manage to lead the conversation around to some religious subject, which gives me opportunity for useful explanations of Christian doctrine."

In connection with this matter of teaching languages, there occurred a few years ago an extraordinary incident. A Franco-Japanese association for the study of French was established in Tokio, and was taken up by the highest society, both native and foreign, of the capital. The inaugural meeting was attended by a brilliant and distinguished audience. Six hundred Japanese of high station were present; two state ministers and a prince imperial among the rest. We need not be told that in the midst of these great ones of the world, were our humble missionaries seeking souls. An infidel European ambassador made the first address. The style of his silly speech may be judged from his opening sentence: "Gentlemen, in my Western country, our creed is to worship women." After him a French scholar rose to give a lecture on political economy. In the course of his observations on the factors of national progress, he spoke in the highest terms of the Christian religion.

The missionaries were enraptured. "*C'était un triomphe,*" wrote one of them afterward. The Japanese were favorably and profoundly impressed; when suddenly a group of Frenchmen leaped to their feet, protesting vigorously against this eulogy of the faith into which they had been baptized. The speaker continued, undaunted by the blasphemous interruption,

and, in still stronger language than before, he emphasized the position he had taken.

Whereupon, to the amazement of the cultured pagans, the mulierose ambassador just referred to cried out: "I am a freethinker and a Freemason, and I will not tolerate that Christianity be thus advocated in my presence." When the disorder had calmed down, some one arose with the motion that for the future the society forbid the speakers addressing it to make any mention of religion. This proposition was vigorously combated by many of the Japanese themselves. But the greatest eagerness was manifested to hear one of the missionaries on the subject. Father Ligneul came forward, and in words of noble simplicity he told the meeting that religion was the greatest earthly concern of himself and his confrères, and that if the motion before them was intended to cast contempt on the Christian faith, he must protest against it; but that if, thus understood as a blow to his belief, it should be passed, he would not shrink from the blow; for he was the successor, upon the soil of Japan, of missionaries who had been glad to suffer greater things for the sake of the Lord whom they preached. The motion was at once rejected, and Father Ligneul was asked on the spot to be the principal speaker at the next session.

Is there in the whole history of missions any incident of more shocking infidelity or more abandoned apostasy than this?

We might continue with many similar illustrations of how great is the need of an intellectual apostolate in Japan, and how well the heroic priests there are responding to the need. But we must pass over all such instances save one, which is too unusual not to notice. In the diocese of Osaka a missionary discovered that the *élite* of his district, officials, professors, and others above the common lot, were kept away from his conferences and sermons simply by human respect. How could he reach them? A letter of his to his bishop tells of his extraordinary device. He writes: "I have just founded a society. Don't be alarmed though; it is not a society that it requires money to manage. It is a *tea-drinking society!* The higher class of persons, whom human respect keeps away from my sermons, meet at my house on certain days, and we talk

freely together over a cup of tea. I reserve the right of the final word in all discussions on religion."

It is one of these mission heroes that is now, or has been recently, among us. Enough surely has been said to prove that Father Ferrand's scheme for reaching university students is not only practical, but that it is the best possible project for converting the people of Japan. To win to the faith these Japanese, to whom learning gives its immense prestige, means the transformation of public opinion, means the downfall of the fortified prejudices still standing across the path of Christianity, means the speedy conversion of multitudes, and means, ultimately, the gaining of this new world-power to the sovereign truth of Christ. With all our heart, therefore, we second Father Ferrand's appeal for help in his apostolic purpose; and we trust that our country will not be without some share in cultivating as fertile a field of souls as exists in the whole wide vineyard of the Lord.

THE VIRGIN OF ISRAEL.

BY LOUISE F. MURPHY.

Long did the royal maids of Israel hold
Rare visions of the virgin of their line
Who would fulfil Jehovah's great design,
As David and the prophets had foretold:
Oft in their dreams her beauty would unfold,
Upon her breast they saw the jewels shine;
They saw her clad in robes surpassing fine,
Soft-woven with the purest threads of gold.
But heaven's envoy came unto a maid
At humble prayer—in simplest garb arrayed;
He saw the gentle beauty of her face,
Made glorious with Jehovah's added grace;
Her richest robe, her sweet humility;
Her rarest gem, her virgin purity!

ON HALOS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE narrow golden ring, or full golden disc which we see painted around the sacred personages of Christian art, is implicitly accepted, we know, as a mere early convention, invented by some bold hand, then admired, and generally adopted. We do not necessarily paint our saints thus nowadays. No; but that we do not attests our sheer lack of observation. With the spread of irreverance and materialism, the senses have grown grosser, not finer. We have become blinded to the circumambient light of human bodies. It is a sort of personal equation existing in nature, and only asking to be faithfully copied. Certain passers-by in a city street give off an even dry light, abrupt as a glow-worm's, but diffused. These come into a room at evening, and all the candles go pale. The clean effulgence of them, the unpremeditated little spiritual rockets, like Chatterton's orchard fruit,

"Do dance in air, and call the eye around."

It would seem as if some sort of spark is frequently kindled at the core of character, which shoots outward, and would, perhaps, shape itself into a complete life-sized nimbus, were it not for the unfortunately non-transmittent nature of polite attire. So it comes about that only hands and faces tell truth; we know our stars of the morning only by their faces and hands. Such persons are quite unconscious of their beautiful translucency, without being in the least irresponsible for it: there must be tinder in their bosoms, though the flame, and the fanning of it, came from without, or rather, from above. If, as Spenser thought, "soul is form and doth the body make," it would seem as if any sort of genuine superiority must inevitably tell upon its carnal sheath, and must produce, let us say, an expressiveness unique both in kind and in degree.

And so indeed it does. Great expressiveness in faces of itself, in fact, conveys to us the idea and effect of light. Every one must notice, at one time or another, the stolid, moveless, uneducated rural countenance, and how it spreads (in a singularly correct indication), like the void blackness of the heathen underworld. But towards genius or great goodness we who approach it feel as if we were nearing a beacon across our own low-lying sea-mist. It is to be doubted, however, whether that aspect as of white fire be ever an attribute of genius, independently of some distinct ethical elements kneaded in with it; and just what these are, who shall say? The subject is one for an expert psychologist at play, and the speculations of us others are likely to be in vain. The point to be kept in mind is that halos are rather common, and sacred to no class. Children often have them, as well as most men of supreme intellect; enthusiasm, or health, or mere human good fellowship, may be seen wearing that ethereal vesture, which ought, we think, to pertain only to the saints. And it ultimately does pertain only to them, because they are the only persons who have it inalienably and always. Dr. Watts, in his *Remnants of Time*, broaches the very widely-held theory that there is nothing in the figure or countenance of saints to distinguish them. That cannot be the verdict of those who know: for upon a saint there is ever a distinct seal of light, to all who can really see. It is unlike any other light in being deeply and perfectly fixed and serene, like a lamp shining evenly through a wide globe of thinnest opal. It is light, and not heat. It would simplify matters if illuminated bodies belonged to saints only; but clearly they do not. They are as common to all sorts of men, as natural virtues are, and with quite as startling a difference in the development and the application. One cannot imagine a saint without the natural virtues, nor without a certain physical subdued brilliance which may be, or may not be, beauty. Both of these possessions, far from marking them off from humanity, serve to confound them with it.

Many, to this day, are in the case of Mr. Vavasor Powell, the Welsh itinerant evangelist of the seventeenth century: "his head," we are quaintly told, "did ever throw out a strong bright Smoak when hee preached." Is it irrational

to conjecture that this well-attested exhalation from a presence not of especial dignity, has, in its inferior measure, some kinship with that which of old made Moses seem horned, and Stephen's face to be, as it were, the face of an angel? But there need be nothing supernatural, nothing even dependent upon moral excellence, in the look which glorifies very many historic and not a few living persons. The origin of it is as whimsical as it is varied and secular. Individualism, emotional mood, or habit of mind, must help or hinder the generation of interior light, and much of the latter must waste away before it reaches the surface. Strange compounds go towards its making. A sense of humor (as against the mere narrow sense of comicality) would certainly promote it; so would disinterestedness, that daring, blithe, abstract quality which lies next to humor, and can be only as heroic as that is. Several selfless revolutionaries, it cannot be denied, are brighter beings, to the eye, than their fellows: Camille Desmoulins is one modern instance; Robert Emmet is another; Shelley (much more radically mistaken than either), is a third. The sweet mouth and the steady lids are intrepid and care-free in these young faces, and show what they are in a sort of smile in which a never unwise scorn is yet all inblended with pity, and eventually lost in it; thus they look forever on a world which could not rest until, by murder, it had saved itself from them.

The supernatural element, even the element of moral excellence, as we have said, may be counted out when we come to enumerate the necessary qualities which give a real lustre and a half-mystical attractiveness to men. But some preoccupation with the things of the spirit, whether the outcome be doubt or faith, would seem a prerequisite: it is most curious to note that Erasmus, Voltaire, Pascal, Wesley, Priestly (and indeed all the early Unitarians, notably Channing, Martineau, Emerson), Clough, Manning, Leo XIII., have much the same keen vital gleam. But likewise, by way of partial contradiction, Locke had it, Nelson had it, Alexander Hamilton had it, Poe had it, in rags and tatters. And, on the other hand, Goethe has no shed-out splendors, despite his Olympian comeliness; nor Renan; nor Carlyle; nor Browning. Surely it is difficult to dogmatize upon elusive subjects!

The natural halo belongs, like most graces, to spectral persons rather than persons of Falstaff's and Luther's build. Perhaps your self-lit flame is a shy thing, and refuses to break through any huge barrier of flesh and bone. Perhaps the thin and fair have their innings here. The English, with their persevering racial tints of rose, gold, and blue, are now, as in the slave-market of the great Gregory's time, of somewhat unduly angelic look. Were any celebrated Englishman (chosen among those of whose appearance we have accurate knowledge) to be called up from the near past as an example of a born halo-wearer,—were some revered head to be shown, by whom the dullest of us, once the hint were given him, could not fail to be, as it were, dazzled, who would not name one or other of the great Oxonians of seventy years ago?

We need but glance at Richmond's long gallery of portraits of the Tractarians in their youth and prime, to see the exact truth of Mr. Mozley's remark—or was it Dean Church's?—that they were men of "unearthly radiance," to see even the explicit justification of Newman's boyish fancy that he himself might be an angel among fellow-angels, conspiring to cheat one another with the semblance of Georgian humankind. When one gazes into the eyes of these gentle, fearless, poetic, and potent spirits, *Dominus illuminatio mea,* the motto of their loved university, comes interpretatively to the lips. It is true of them all, and truest of Newman. Richmond limned them as he saw them, with a silver wand. They glisten and flow. Like Lovelace's Amarantha, they

"Shake their locks, and scatter day,"

and long will do so, hurling their own lovely, victorious weapons against the ugly strongholds of Cranmer's Reformation. Newman's is the perfect pattern of a haloed face, in its candid austerity, its dedicated power, its unborrowed ray, energized from within, and impossible to confine.

In art, one can but remember that there are the most singular incongruities between some halos and the imagined brows under them. Any of the earlier Madonnas which has no indicatory diadem yet may need none, can never be taken for a mere mother of a child; and the walls of the *Salon*

now, as we all know, may be covered with so-called Madonnas which fail, despite every pictorial and traditional adjunct, to approve themselves as holy. It is a baffling trick of Leonardo's that he put almost every head he so divinely drew, into a halo of thin beaten star-gold; did it, like the sorcerer he was, in a way to baffle scrutiny, and awaken curiosity and debate for all time. The unfathomed mystery of his great type, the Monna Lisa,—what is at the heart of it, if not this wild sweetness of the light which clothes her, and has never been earned? It is a seamless-woven *amictus amoris;* her eyelids and finger-tips are arrowy moonbeams, her hands like asphodels in dew; but her heart is a dark heart. An unaffected critic cannot but guess at something wrong in that infinitely alluring and infinitely perplexing masterpiece, at the malign element in that faëry beauty. It is Master Leonardo's sleight-of-hand, his delicate Uranian jest, that he has made his Lilith sit like a virgin anchoress forever. He has given us, through her, implications which are so many lies; for he has dipped her, steeped her, in a subtle effulgence she never could have borne, alive. He has endowed her with a true saint's halo (the more so because not localized, not labelled), when he knew perfectly that not for one moment could her strange intelligence ever have been preoccupied innocently, or even exclusively, with the things of the spirit.

There are diabolic halos about, because devils were, and are, angels. But we shall learn, in time, to see the million others which adorn our fellow-creatures, and may at any moment give us visions, despite wigs and matinée hats, of the New Jerusalem. It is a haunted place, this Presence-chamber of earth. A mortal may go about under his "strong bright Smoak" of immortality for a whole lifetime, and escape uncatalogued, thanks to our general dulness and crass inattention. But once he is dead, and there is, as it were, nothing of him now but the aureole, lo! we begin to chatter: for every man jack of us somehow thinks that he has seen that property before. It is as though a Catholic should come suddenly upon one of the modern copies of Holbein's More, in which the great Chancellor appears with the added emblems of his martyrdom, and a frank ring of light painted about his unforgettable face: and that is so fit, so becoming, so indigenous to

him, that the spectator falls to wondering half angrily why Holbein did not draw and color that in the very first instance, even at the cost of omitting some furred velvet which might be anybody's? So with older painters and older saints. The touch added on canvas is our premise for some odd arguments. That meek countenance set in that oval glory, conveys so powerful an impression of not being for the first time thus! The collocation is actual; it is not the vagary of a romantic imagination. If there is anything established by the hagiologies, it is that the saints were quite literally a burning and a shining light. In every century, at one juncture or another of their lives, be it at prayer, or going the common round of daily duty, "thy flaming-breasted lovers" are caught at white heat, transfigured, aglow. Witnesses who have so trapped unawares the darlings of eternity are as sure of the physical fact as they would be of capturing living summer fireflies from a hedge. To them, no halo of saints can be merely a symbol. By origin (though plebified and debased since, as everything high is likely to be, in this world), the halo must have been nothing less or more than the beatific smile, the centrifugal kiss, of some rapt soul at peace with God and man. *Sua luce se signat.*

MR. DAVITT'S HISTORY OF THE LAND LEAGUE.*

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

THE story told in Mr. Davitt's great book will arrest the attention of the philosophic student of democracy; but it will have a still greater interest for the student of Irish history. It records a struggle that, in many respects, stands alone, with nothing like to it among the many struggles that make up the history of Ireland since the English invasion. The Land League movement effected a union of all parties and factions for one common end; this was not a characteristic of Irish endeavor. The men engaged in it, one and all, proved faithful to the trust placed in them; no defection of leader or followers disgraced its course and defeated its purpose; this was still less Irish. And, what is least Irish of all, it has been gloriously successful. It has wrought, by constitutional, if not always by technically legal means, what had over and over again been vainly attempted by force of arms. By it the tongue and the pen have reversed and rectified the decision delivered by the sword at Tredagh, Wexford, the Boyne, and Aughrim; it has undone the work of Oliver, and given back the land to the Celt. In short, to avoid falling into the dithyrambic, its achievement may be concisely put by borrowing, sneer though it was, a pithy phrase from an institution that has a flawless record of uncompromising hatred towards Ireland, the London *Times:* Now Paddy at last has got his wish; for *Paddy is the landlord.*

The result of the conflict in which, to quote again the authority just referred to, Irishmen have dared and done as they never did before, is not confined to the sphere of economics; it has wrought a psychological change in the people. The spirit of self-reliance and optimism which is abroad in the land, finding vent in the industrial and literary revival, is, in

* *The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland; or, the Story of the Land League Revolution.* By Michael Davitt. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

great part, a result of the land revolution. In the bad old times the sense of insecurity, the danger of eviction, the ever-present spectre of cureless ruin, incarnate in the land agent and the bailiff, stifled in the peasant's soul every germ of initiative, and blighted every budding desire to improve his condition. Not till he had some security that his industry should not be turned into a claim for laying a heavier burden on his oppressed back, was it possible for the Irish farmer to make any resolute effort towards improving his condition, either economically or intellectually. Furthermore, the agrarian agitation taught the people the much-needed lesson of self-reliance, and the resources that lay in self-help and organization. Some promoters of the Gaelic revival, and at least one of the most efficient leaders of the present industrial movement, have expressed some disparagement of the value of political agitation in the past. But had not the political agitator played his part so persistently, from the year 1879, in union with the agrarian agitator, it is safe to say that there would be neither an industrial nor a literary national revival to chronicle to-day.

I.

With one possible exception, no man was so well qualified to become the historian of this memorable conflict as Mr. Davitt. No one was better acquainted with everything that concerned the League, its inception, its spirit, and the many complicated phases and vicissitudes of its career. To him, more than to any other man, was due the direction of Irish effort into the fresh channel, which, when it was first entered upon, became known as the New Departure. This intimate personal acquaintance with the genesis and genius of the League has conferred on his narrative that grasp of the sequence and significance of facts which the late Lord Acton, who is an authority on the subject, declared to be the very essence of good historical writing. It was his personal influence that enlisted and retained for this "moral-force" movement the support of the revolutionary party which, but for the persuasive presence of the man who had suffered penal servitude as a Fenian, and was known to be still in sympathy with the policy of physical force, would have broken out in

other forms of activity that would have imperilled, if not nullified, the efforts of the ultimately victorious organization.

In his Preface Mr. Davitt refers to the movement as one which sprung, without leaders, from the peasantry. This modest expression must be interpreted in a large sense. Not to mention others, he himself deserved the title of leader. He was a very efficient one; and, though at a supreme crisis he was withdrawn from the field to be again lodged safely in prison for more than a year, his personal energy in the movement was not exhausted before he again returned to the lists. If Mr. Davitt was never, strictly speaking, an Irish peasant, he is of the peasantry, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. A victim of landlordism, he left Ireland at the age of four, to face, with his parents, the utmost rigors of destitution in an English manufacturing town. The recollection of the eviction scene, the homestead levelled to the ground, the family and its poor belongings flung into the gutter by the officers of the landlord and the law, burned into the mind of the child, filling him, as similar memories filled thousands the wide world over, with a quenchless hate of the system which, for generations, had perpetrated such atrocities on a colossal scale in the name of justice. At an early age he had lost an arm in a mill; so when the Fenian attack on Chester Castle was made, as he could not carry a gun, he converted his pockets into an ammunition wagon for the party, with the result that he was sentenced to fifteen years of penal servitude. He was released in time to become the father of the Land League, of which he is now the biographer. In the book before us, although he is by no means preoccupied to conceal his feelings towards landlordism, he does not permit them to bias his estimates of men and events. If he does not invariably maintain himself on the plane of absolute impartiality, he at least tells his story in a straightforward, honest fashion. Only with reference to one body of men does prejudice seem to take control of his pen—but of this more anon.

As a necessary introduction to his proper theme, Mr. Davitt devotes a few chapters to the various phases of Irish agitation and its results during the close of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries up to the great famine. The next chapter, dealing with that event, is one of the

most important in his book; for it was amid the ferment of ideas to which that catastrophe gave rise that appeared the germ from which the Land League subsequently sprung. That terrible calamity aroused the civilized world to pity for the victims, and indignation against the system which made such an occurrence possible. For, while the people were dying by thousands from hunger, grain sufficient to feed the entire population was shipped out of the country through the operation of land laws that bled the people for the benefit of the land owners. In 1847 food to the value of £44,950,000 was grown in Ireland, and a million persons died of famine. Meanwhile the bailiff snatched from the starving peasant every stook of oats, every calf, or pig, or fowl, that he could lay his hands upon to satisfy the claims of his honor, the agent. The priests preached submission to the will of God; till, in distant New York, Archbishop Hughes protested against the blasphemy of saddling the Almighty with the crimes of men. In the steps of the famine followed the crowbar brigade; one hundred and ninety thousand families were evicted; one hundred and ninety thousand rooftrees were pulled down, to make way for the shorthorn and the southdown. State trials, by packed juries, followed by the gallows or transportation for life of the men who raised a voice against these doings, were the epilogue of this terrific drama. The closing years of the famine saw the Tenants' League established, whose programme was popularly expressed as the three F's—Fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale of tenants' interest—to be obtained by parliamentary effort. But the land question was made subordinate to the question of repeal of the Union. One man only, with a fiery soul lodged in a dwarfish, deformed body, James Finton Lalor, urged that the true policy for Ireland was to attack landlordism without waiting for legislative independence. His plan was neglected; but years after, when the little hunchback was in his grave, the seed he had planted blossomed forth as the Land League.

II.

A series of bad harvests, culminating in 1879, threatened to renew the scenes of '48. The people were unable to pay the rents. The Land Act of 1870, contrary to the expectation

of its author, Gladstone, had failed to provide the tenants with any adequate security against eviction; clearances had been going on as usual, and now the landlords were preparing to take advantage of the prevailing distress to get rid of tenants and their newly created limited right to compensation for disturbance. From 1870 the Home Rule Party, inaugurated by Isaac Butt, who was soon compelled to abdicate the leadership to a younger, abler, but not more devoted leader, was, by a persistent, systematic employment of the tactics of obstruction, making some impression on the English parliament, and raising hopes in Ireland. But were the peasantry to be decimated again while waiting for the problematical issue of the political agitation?

The practical answer to this question was the Land League. An immediate agrarian agitation, organized on an effective plan, the promoters argued, could alone save the people. "It is exhibiting a callous indifference," said Mr. Davitt in a famous speech at Mechanics' Hall in Boston, when the propaganda invaded America, "to the state of social degradation to which the power of the landlords of Ireland has sunk our peasantry to ask it to plod on in sluggish misery from sire to son, from age to age, until we, by force of party power, may free the country." He and his associates argued—and the event has justified their wisdom—that a popular movement against the land system would appeal more strongly than the political issue to the Irish people at home as well as to their kin abroad. The grinding injustice of the land system had eaten into the souls of thousands whose interest in legislative independence was merely sentimental. The farmer, to whom the prospect of a restored parliament in College Green was little more than an abstract idea, saw inestimable concrete benefits in the prospect of a modification, not to say an abolition, of landlordism. With his usual penetration Parnell saw this fact; he once said that if the land question were settled the peasanty would be but little concerned in the political one. The present leaders of the Home Rule agitation have some reason to believe that this opinion was correct.

The struggle lasted about a decade, and had many phases. It became linked with the parliamentary agitation, and the united energy of the two movements was greater than the sum of their separate forces. After some time, the Land League

was suppressed, but its soul, like John Brown's, went marching on in the Ladies' Land League, the National League, and the Plan of Campaign. Its successive war cries were: *Keep a firm Grip on your Farms; Hold the Harvest; Boycott; Pay no Rent.* Resistance to the landlord's claims was met on the part of the government by coercion acts that suspended every constitutional safeguard of personal liberty. Evictions were met by boycotting; boycotting by further coercion; and from this fell conjunction issued social disorder and a myriad of crimes, ranging from dastardly maiming of cattle to open assassination, perpetrated, to-day by the people, to-morrow by the upholders of the law. In every instance the government yielded; and partial success encouraged the people to press for full justice. It was the curse of the situation that, as Gladstone acknowledged, by the English parliament no concessions were given unless Ireland had just reached a stage bordering on revolution. Then some measure would be urged through the Houses by a Liberal or a Tory minister, on the ground that the Irish land tenure was essentially pernicious and unjust.

At critical periods, English leaders appealed to Rome for assistance, and Rome intervened. The people, at different times were ordered to abandon Parnell and all his works and pomps; to desist from the uncharitable conduct of boycotting, and from loading distinguished persons with insult; to pay the rents, which were just debts; and to submit to their rulers; for Rome had confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the men in charge of the country. But the Dark Rosaleen was in a naughty mood. She took pattern from St. Paul, and resisted Peter to his face. A new hope was dancing in her eyes; and her soul was thrilling to a different Gospel, that had found lyrical expression from Miss Fanny Parnell:

Now, are you men, or are you kine,
  Ye tillers of the soil?
Would you be free, or evermore
  The rich man's cattle toil?
The shadow on the dial hangs
  That points the fatal hour—
Now hold your own! or, branded slaves,
  Forever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—
  Ye writhe within the dust.
Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill,
  Ye grovel for a crust;
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels
  Upon your shameful heads,
Yet they are kind—they leave you still
  Their ditches for your beds!

Oh! by the God who made us all—
  The seignior and the serf—
Rise up! and swear this day to hold
  Your own green Irish turf;
Rise up! and plant your feet as men
  Where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps,
  Or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering round,
  The vultures wheel and swoop—
They come, the coroneted ghouls!
  With drum-beat and with troop—
They come, to fatten on your flesh,
  Your children's and your wives';
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands,
  And if ye can, your lives.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung,
  By murdered corpses fed;
Your butchered sires, your famished sires,
  For ghastly compost spread;
Their bones have fertilized your fields,
  Their blood has fall'n like rain;
They died that ye might eat and live—
  God! have they died in vain?

This was the spirit which animated the movement from first to last; its persistence convinced English politicians of both parties that it would not down until the land question had been finally settled in favor of the people. The Home Rule cause was shattered, for a time, by the Parnell tragedy; Gladstone devoted in vain his closing years to its prosecution; Parnell passed away; Gladstone followed him. But before they went

they had written the doom of landlordism. The passing of the Wyndham Act in 1903, by which one hundred and twelve million pounds sterling were voted by parliament for the extinction of the system, was the final capitulation to the demands of the people, which, if it had come, as it ought, two generations earlier, would have spared the muse of history the task of recording a page that she has written in blood and tears.

III.

How much would the land agitation have achieved without the co-operation of the parliamentary agitation, under the leadership of Parnell, is a question that may be left to the otiose who delight to voyage in the realms of unverifiable conjecture. The value of Parnell's actual services can scarcely be overestimated. From the moment of his appearance the great leader is the central figure in the drama; planning, directing, achieving; turning the contempt of opponents into fear, fear into respect; and the hesitating approbation of friends into boundless confidence. He made every temporary defeat a stepping-stone to subsequent success. He compelled the most powerful conspiracy of implacable enemies against his character and authority but to strengthen his hands and set his integrity in a more conspicuous light. With matchless courage, skill, and determination he steered the ship of his party's hopes through numberless storms, in and out of parliament. Then when the haven was in sight he wrecked the vessel upon the rock of his own insensate pride; and, after teaching his countrymen the irresistible power of union and organization, he bequeathed them as his final gift a suicidal faction fight the most squalid and rancorous in their history.

The picture of Parnell drawn by Mr. Davitt is, probably, the truest that posterity shall have of him. It is to be seen only by a perusal of the book; though there is one chapter devoted entirely to an appreciation of him. The author does not permit hero worship to restrain him from adverse criticism where there are solid grounds for it; at the same time he recognizes the greatness of the man. He analyses the many anomalies in the character and career of that striking personality.

A Protestant, a landlord, a man of haughty reserve, cold,

calculating, and indifferent to public opinion, except when it affected his purpose; treating his docile and reverent followers as we might conceive Cæsar to have treated the plebeian soldiers of the Tenth Legion; without a single Celtic quality in mind or manner, he was trusted and obeyed unreservedly by emotional, impulsive, unpractical, Catholic Ireland. He was, in fact, as Mr. Davitt observes, "a paradox in Irish leadership, and will stand unique in Irish history as bearing no resemblance of any kind to those who handed down to his time the fight for Irish nationhood." The secret of his power is concisely stated: "He was above and before everything else a splendid fighter: He had attacked and beaten the enemies of Ireland in the citadel of their power. It was here where he loomed great and powerful in Irish imagination. As Wendell Phillips put it on one occasion, Parnell was the Irishman who had compelled John Bull to listen to what he, on behalf of Ireland, had to say in the House of Commons; and the personal force which had done this, and flung the Irish question and representatives across the plans and purposes of English parties, in a battle for the Irish people, appealed instinctively to the admiration of those in whose name this work was accomplished." For the traditional policy of making Irish party efforts wait upon the convenience of some English leader, and of accepting small and deceptive mercies with almost servile thankfulness, he substituted agressive boldness and calculating disrespect.

It was not to him, however, that was due the invention of the instrument which he used to bring the British legislative machinery to a standstill. The policy of systematic obstruction was started by "the hunchback pork butcher of Belfast"—wee Joe Biggar, as his townsmen called him—Biggar, who, when Butt was still leader, began, to the consternation of the Irish, and the amazement of both English parties, the famous policy of obstruction. Undaunted by the authority of the Chair, the threats and sneers of an exasperated House, and torrents of abuse from the entire English press, Biggar persisted, night after night, in moving irrelevant resolutions, which had for their sole object the delay of public business; and in making, for the same purpose, interminable speeches, "sometimes," as Gladstone in disgust once said, "rising to the level of mediocrity, and more often grovelling amid mere trash in unbounded profusion." Parnell elaborated the method to a

system. Some collector of curious coincidences, or some philosopher advocating the superiority of brain over brawn, may, perhaps, one day, make something of the fact that the Irish people, who are almost extravagant in their appreciation of muscular manhood, owe the idea which won their parliamentary and the idea which won the agrarian agitation to two physical nonentities, Joseph Biggar and James Finton Lalor.

IV.

One note that vibrates steadily through Mr. Davitt's epic will grate harshly on a large section of his audience: it is his censure and disparagement of the Catholic clergy. Everywhere that an opportunity seems to offer he interrupts his narrative to make faces at them; and one entire chapter he turns into a pillory for the highest ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church. When dealing with facts, indeed, he does not set down aught in malice that is not true; but he fails to notice much that extenuates; and his interpretation and inference are often one-sided. The judicial spirit which prompts him to acknowledge handsomely the good qualities of his arch enemy, W. E. Foster, and to express eloquently Ireland's spacious debt to Gladstone, deserts him when he weighs the deeds of Irish priests and, especially, of Irish bishops. True, he does not fail to recognize the merits of individuals who conspicuously assisted, at one time or another, the national campaign. But a stranger can scarcely read the work without carrying away the impression that, on the whole, the influence of the clergy was thrown against the interests of the people.

The opposition of the bishops to the various secret combinations violent in purpose, during the earlier part of the century, is presented as evidence of pro-English sentiments. Mr. Davitt does not state, in his charge, that the bishops were aware that these societies invariably swarmed with traitors and spies; so that they resulted in attempts characterized by reckless folly, and ended by bringing great numbers of their members to the gallows and the prison. The policy of the bishops who favored the Union because English ministers had promised that a united parliament would grant the Catholics relief from their chains, is held up to odium. Nobody would attempt to say a word of apology for what Gladstone termed the base-

ness and blackguardism of the Act of Union. There is, however, in the kind of oratory which Mr. Davitt once wittily designated as sunburstery, a great deal of sentimental fustian about the old House at home. But, as Mr. Davitt knows very well, that same old House was, even more than the English House of Lords, the *Urbs intacta*, the impregnable citadel and home of the landlordism whose downfall he celebrates. The landlords and their parasites who composed it regarded the Celtic peasantry in much the same light as the Southern planter regarded his slaves. When they asserted the liberties of Ireland, they no more intended in the phrase any rights of the tillers of the soil, than the signers of the Declaration understood their proclamation of human equality to include social and political equality for the negro. And if Irish bishops did think that the destruction of an institution that had forged, and continued to maintain on the Catholic Irishman, the most galling of his chains, would be no very extravagant price to pay for religious emancipation, they were but interpreting the deepest feeling of the people who, like every other people, prized liberty of conscience as the first and most precious gem in the crown of freedom.

Again, Mr. Davitt lashes the clergy because they did not stir up the people to resistance in '48 and '49, as the Land League did in '79 and '80. It was scarcely the part of the clergy to take the initiative in exciting an utterly disorganized, dejected, helpless population to try conclusions with a merciless antagonist, who had behind him a merciless law backed up by all the forces of a kingdom. Besides, if Mr. Davitt makes anything plain, it is that the Land League was victorious because it was supported by a mighty moral force, at home and abroad, that was created chiefly by the memories of the famine. It would be mere officiousness to undertake here any defence of the Irish clergy; they can look with serenity to the calm judgment of history.

Some prelates are marked out for special denunciation—Cardinal Cullen and his successor, Cardinal McCabe. Yet even Cardinal Cullen was a patriot in his own way. The hardest thing that can truthfully be said of him is, not that he loved Ireland less, but that he loved Rome more. As to Cardinal McCabe, nature never intended him to be a hero; and neither episcopal consecration nor the scarlet hat is wont to work any

great psychic change in the recipient. It might, however, be a tactical blunder to press Mr. Davitt too hard for his severity towards Archbishop McCabe, for the harshest reference to him that the volume contains is the following regarding his condemnation of the Ladies' Land League: "His Grace will not be allowed in future, I apprehend, to use his lance so freely as he has hitherto done, or to ventilate unquestioned the peculiar political theories which he is known to possess in opposition to the cherished convictions of a great, and, indeed, overwhelming majority of the Irish people." These are, however, the words, not of Mr. Davitt, but of a brother prelate, the great Archbishop of Cashel.

When the name of John McHale entered his story Mr. Davitt lost a splendid opportunity of exhibiting his chivalrous superiority to petty personal grievances. At the rise of the Land League, the venerable archbishop of Tuam, O'Connell's "Lion of the Fold of Judah," was a very old man, with fifty years of patriotic endeavor, and, it might be said, fifty years of disillusionment behind him. He knew little of the new men; but he knew enough to fear that the advocates of physical force might get the upper hand in the party; he remembered the issue of every former violent activity; he remembered the oath of Keogh and Sadlier, and what came of it. And in a letter that appeared over his name, there was a very undeserved attack upon the motives of the Land League promoters. Now old age is not plastic; it looks askance at new methods; it is inclined to suspect men with panaceas for evils which itself had failed to cure. Butt did not take kindly to Biggar and Parnell. Yet, to his honor, Mr. Davitt has adequate praise and a word of tender remembrance for the noble heart that has moldered into dust in the obscurity of Stranolar churchyard. Surely, even though Archbishop McHale lacked the apocalyptic glance necessary to detect the sterling quality of men and measures whose worth was yet to be proved, his long and honorable devotion to Ireland might have saved him from being adjudged, in Mr. Davitt's court of history, a foe to the people's right to deliver themselves from the scourge of landlordism!

The charge advanced against the Irish hierarchy of failing to counteract English influence at the Vatican is one that will not carry much weight with those who know just what Irish

bishops have done in that respect, and the obstacles which they have encountered. Roman statesmen, very wisely, have never permitted themselves to think that their absolute confidence in the Divine promise to the church absolved them from employing in her secular concerns all the astuteness of the secular diplomatist. Hence they have always endeavored, as far as principle would permit, to make to themselves friends of those whose kingdoms are of this world. From this point of view a handful of Irish bishops, rich only in faith, weighed but light in the scale against even an unofficial representative of mighty England, especially at a time when the air was bright with the rosy hope that some kind of diplomatic relations might be established between the Vatican and St. James's. Space does not permit to consider Mr. Davitt's remarks about the papal interventions. Suffice to say that Cardinal Manning's reflections* on the rescript issued against the Plan of Campaign anticipate most of Mr. Davitt's criticism. Apart from, or rather, in spite of, the blemishes which we have noticed, Mr. Davitt's volume is a splendid contribution to Irish history, and it will help to deepen, if possible, the feelings of respect with which he is regarded by his countrymen.

* *Life of Cardinal Manning.* By E. S. Purcell. Vol. ii., pp. 625–6. Macmillan. 1896.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN ART.

BY M. F. NIXON-ROULET.

". . . The surplice of the morn,
As pure as the vale's stainless lily,
For Mary the sinlessly born."

TO artists the idea of the Immaculate Conception has always been peculiarly attractive. Sevillian art students of the seventeenth century always met each other with the salutation "Praised be the most holy Sacrament and the pure Conception of our Lady." Spanish art is rich in paintings of the Conception, and perhaps the most famous portrayer of this glory of our Lady was Murillo, often called "El Pintor del Conception." The Sevillian artist, himself pure, noble, and deeply religious, was fitted to portray the sanctity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He never began a picture without fasting and prayer, and the spirituality of his conception of artistic themes is the exponent of his own beautiful nature.

There were accepted rules as to the portraying of our Lady laid down by the Congregation of the Inquisition in Spain, but in some degree Murillo departed from its canons and gave his brush freedom, painting the Mother of God sometimes as fair-haired, sometimes as dark, yet ever showing his own personal devotion to her perfections.

One of the sweetest of his Virgins is that in "The Conception surrounded by Cherubs," a painting in the famous museum of the Prado in Madrid. Our Lady is represented as very young, very sweet, and distinctly Spanish in type. Like a soft cloud her dark hair floats back from an oval face, parting above a broad and perfect brow. The arched eyebrows and long black lashes frame eyes of liquid brown, large and beautiful, raised heavenward with deep thanksgiving in their expression, as of one who realized her high destiny. In the sweet-lipped but resolute mouth there is the courage of one of high race whose will is to meet all valiantly and well.

Resignation there is also in this virginal face, but it is not

MURILLO.—PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID.

the resignation of a chastened soul, saddened by the trials of life; rather is it an acceptance of God's will, with the courageous purpose to carry it out though the cost is unknown.

The crescent moon so often seen about the figure of our Lady in representations of the Immaculate Conception comes from the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse, when he saw "a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." It is more frequently used in Spanish art, because it symbolizes the triumph of the Christians over the Moors of the peninsula.

The misty little cherubs which surround the figure of our Lady are some of the niños Murillo dearly loved to paint—and they are charming little creatures, only equalled by those of the Immaculate Conception in the Louvre. These are

MURILLO.—LOUVRE.

graceful beyond description, chubby little darlings, in every attitude imaginable. Their expressions as they gaze toward the Blessed Mother are in every shade of infantile emotions of tenderness.

Painted by the same artist this picture has not a great deal in common with the former, save that the general subject is the same. The style and handling are quite different, and the Blessed Virgin seems more of a maiden than the wistful little Madonna of the Prado. Here her graceful figure is given full length, her soft-hued draperies float about her, covering

MURILLO.—ROYAL GALLERY, MADRID.

even her sandalled feet, her cloudy brown hair is soft and waving, her hands are clasped upon her breast. The expression of her face is most gentle, yet awed by the greatness of her destiny and saddened by its weight. She is that one of whom the poet sung as

> Woman! above all women glorified,
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast,
> Purer than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
> With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon,
> Before the wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
> Thy image falls to earth.

RIBERA.—MADRID.

The warm, soft coloring of this picture proclaims it of Murillo's *calido* style, but another Conception—that in the Royal Gallery, Madrid—is in his later style, the *vaporoso*, warm and soft, yet cloudy, almost misty. This Virgin is far older than in Murillo's other Conceptions; equally graceful, and of a Spanish type of beauty rare and exquisite, she seems less spiritual in type. The magnificent hair is a soft, curling chestnut, with warm lights of the sun through it. Her eyes are large and dark, her features beautiful, the mouth in perfect curves, the expression pitifully sad in its intensity. Studying these three Conceptions it seems as though each Madonna looked with a different feeling upon her life and destiny. One, the youngest, merely goes forth with childlike faith and youthful courage to meet whatsoever comes to her, knowing it comes from the hand of God. The second, loftier, borne up on the wings of the supernatural, is resigned to the adorable will of God. The third, more of a woman, with wider knowledge of the world's sufferings and the meaning of life, bows to the will of the Almighty; yet upon her is the sadness of greater suffering to come. "Pierced with many sorrows" is this flawless queen, yet meek, sweet, submissive.

Chaste and exquisite are all these portrayals of our Lady in the still whiteness of her Immaculate Conception. Ribera's famous picture is one of the fairest representations of the "Lily of Purity." In the foreground are the fragrant white lilies which symbolize her spotlessness, and which the French call "la fleur de Marie."

The "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the Valley," these and kindred titles have been applied to the Blessed Virgin, and an English poet has sung to her,

> What shall I liken unto thee?
> A lily bright,
> Whose virgin purity and grace
> Fulfils thy soul, as doth thy face,
> With all delight.

Crowned with the twelve stars to symbolize the twelve tribes of Israel, standing upon the crescent, crushing under foot the prince of darkness, surrounded by bewitching cherubs, second only to those of Murillo, our Blessed Lady stands in an attitude of lovely grace, her hands clasped, her eyes raised

CARL MÜLLER.

to heaven, her dark hair floating behind in splendid waves. It seems as if Alfred Austin must have had this painting in mind when he wrote his exquisite lines:

> The Virgin Mother stood,
> Down from her flowing hair to sandal-shoon
> The mystic type of maiden-motherhood;
> Below her feet there curled a crescent moon,
> And all the golden planets were her hood.
> In comely folds her queenly garb was moulded,
> And over her pure breast her hands were folded.

The face of our Lady in this painting of Ribera is less beautiful than many of the pictures of the Immaculate Conception. It is Castilian in type, the eyes very dark and fine, the lashes long, the brows arched, the forehead broad, the features excellent; but the face is too long for perfection of contour, and not sufficiently expressive of the story which it portrays. The tout ensemble of the picture is superb; in grouping, handling, and coloring the execution is masterly, and, though a trifle heavier than Murillo's Conceptions, it is exceedingly devotional.

Of the modern painters of the Immaculate Conception, Carl Müller has left two pictures, both of great merit.

Müller is a German artist of the Dusseldorf school, a school much influenced by Wilhelm von Schadow of Berlin. Von Schadow was one of the pre-Raphaelites who did so much for art in the early part of this century. The characteristics of this school—a careful study of nature, delicate, harmonious coloring, and marked refinement of sentiment—are clearly displayed in Müller's work, which shows besides a deep religious feeling.

In one of his Immaculate Conceptions, the Blessed Virgin is represented as very young, standing simply with clasped hands, beautifully attired in graceful, modest robes and veil, the twelve stars about her head. Her hands are particularly beautiful, long, slender, and shapely, and the poise of her head upon the column-like throat is full of the gentle dignity of innocence. The girlish face is sweet, the features classic in outline, the eyes clear as limpid pools, the expression one of wistful sadness. There is a great simplicity about the picture, and the same element appears in Müller's other Immaculate Conception, now in the Dresden gallery. Many critics consider this the finest modern painting of this subject, and it certainly has claims to consideration. Caught up in the clouds, the earth beneath her feet, the sun as a background bathing her blue and white robes with refulgent light, crowned with stars, our Lady seems to float aloft; one foot rests upon and presses down the dragon, emblem of satan, in whose claws is an apple, the emblem of sin.

The contrasts of this picture is one of its strongest points. The *chiaroscuro* is excellently well managed, all the light falling radiantly upon the figure of our Lady, and the darkness

CARL MÜLLER.—DRESDEN GALLERY.

of earth as opposed to the light of the upper ether is significant of the brightness of heaven contrasted with this weary world. The fierce figure of the dragon, from whose mouth flame issues, is in marked contrast to the graceful figure of the Blessed Virgin with her meek attitude of adoration, her gentle, girlish face, so pure and innocent of all the evil which the cruel beast typifies. Very striking is the picture, very beautiful, very chaste, is our Lady.

Of all portrayals of the Immaculate Conception, that of Grass-Buessel is to many the most satisfying. Enthroned in cloud she stands, half-circled by her crescent moon, a figure

GRASS-BUESSEL.

of pure grace and dignity. From milk-white throat to kirtle's hem she is enwrapped in modest garments falling in soft lines, her long blue mantle sweeping behind her as if to accentuate the embracing sweep of her arms, which seem to take the sad world to her heart. The figure is simplicity itself. She wears no crown; there is no jewelled border to her mantel; no glorious panoply for heaven's queen. The star of chastity is upon her brow, hers are the jewels of sweet thoughts, the glorious garb of truest womanhood.

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and myld modesty,
There vertue raynes as queene on royal throne.

There are more beautiful faces than this one of our Lady, but there is no picture of the Immaculate Conception which seems so thoroughly satisfying. The Virgin's face is calm, sweet, modest; it is not the radiant face of the glorified queen, with eyes in ecstatic vision, but that of spotless woman, untouched by any hint of evil, filled with high thoughts, with ripest charity, with tenderest pity for all erring ones, with truest womanhood, with motherhood.

There is so much of the highest beauty in the type, beauty of mind and soul, that we feel it was painted by one who loved both his art and his ideal. Within this painter's breast must have dwelt great faith in womanhood, great reverence for motherhood, great love for the one sweet pattern and example of all true women, whom the chivalric old knights vowed to defend, "that most sweet Lady, Mary the Immaculate."

A FRANCISCAN TERTIARY CONFERENCE.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

THE Conference of English Franciscan Tertiaries, which was held at Leeds on September 20 and 21 last, was an event which may yet prove noteworthy in the history of the Franciscan Order in England and in English-speaking countries. A similar conference had been held in Liverpool six years ago, which was marked by much enthusiasm, and for the first time brought English tertiaries from various parts together for purposes of consultation with each other touching the welfare of their order. But the Leeds Conference was far more representative in character—upwards of two hundred delegates were present from various congregations of the order, and a large body of the clergy, secular and regular, represented the directors of the congregations.

For the sake of those readers who are unacquainted with the Tertiary Order, it may be advisable to set forth briefly its character and object, before we proceed to describe the work of the conference.

The Third Order of St. Francis is the great lay-order of the church. It is a religious order designed, not for the cloister but for the world; its members do not give up home or family, nor withdraw from secular affairs; they live in the world. The majority of them are married men and women; and they are found in all ranks of society. The present Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X., like his predecessor, Leo XIII., is a Franciscan tertiary; so too was the late Cardinal Vaughan and his great predecessor, Cardinal Manning. When the late Earl of Denbigh died the English people learned for the first time that he had been for many years a member of the Third Order. At the present moment one could mention names of well-known members of the highest class who, beneath their robes of state, wear the symbolic cord of St. Francis. In like manner tertiaries will be found in the commercial class. The writer knows many a man of business who, before he sets out

to his office in the morning, recites his tertiary prayers; and amongst the working class the tertiaries may be counted in their thousands. No rank or station in society excludes a man or woman from membership of the Third Order, provided they have the necessary qualifications of faith and character; for the Third Order is designed for men and women who, without entering the cloister, or otherwise cutting themselves adrift from the world's ordinary life, yet desire to live up to the Gospel as closely as they can.

It is a mischievous fallacy to think that one can be a perfect Christian only in the cloister, and that if he is to live in the world he must resign himself to a less perfect standard of life. The Gospel is not meant simply for monks and nuns; it is meant equally, and in all its integrity, for the world at large. Some are called by God to the life of the cloister or the priesthood; but these are necessarily the few who have a special function to fulfil in the economy of the church on earth. But all mankind is called to the perfect realization of the Gospel; each man in the way God calls him. No error has done more mischief to souls than this, that the perfect fulfilment of the Christian life is attainable only under the three vows of the religious state. It has tended to depreciate the value of a truly Christian life in the world—the life to which the majority of Christians are called—and at the same time to set the religious state itself in a false light. For it would make the religious state to be a sort of ultimate degree at which all Christians must aim if they would be true disciples of our Lord; instead of being a special state set apart for those who have a special function in the church; it makes the idea of the church at large subordinate to the idea of the religious state, instead of making the religious state subserve the general economy of the church. By way of reaction against this error we have seen of late years a certain tendency, on the part of some, to declaim against the religious state itself, as though it were inimical to the general welfare of the church. Thus we have been told that a Christian life in the world is more akin to the mind of Christ than is the life of the cloister. The reaction was to be expected; but it need hardly be said that this teaching is as erroneous as the error against which it tilts. The religious state belongs to the economy of the church and will always remain, and blessed are they whom our Lord

elects to walk in this way. Yet at the same time let us remember that all Christians, in the words of the apostle, are called to be saints; and they are called to be saints, whether their vocation keeps them in the world, amidst the world's ordinary avocations, or leads them into the way of the three vows.

Yet to live a perfect Christian life in the world is peculiarly difficult; and the difficulty has driven many a man and woman to seek security in seclusion and solitude, and has led many more to throw up the attempt to lead a Christian life at all. It has also driven many to seek strength and encouragement in associations which have for their object the fostering of a more perfect Christian life. Association with others, in the furthering of a purpose, often adds immeasurably to one's own individual strength; what we cannot do alone we can often accomplish when we are united with others. "Union is strength," says the old adage; and it is true in the spiritual life as well as in this visible world. Hence the value of the great lay-order of the Tertiaries, in which each member strives to live a truly Christian life and realize in himself the teaching of the Gospel, even in the midst of the world. The Third Order is in fact a consecration of the Christian life in the world; in sanctioning the Third Order the church has emphasized the truth that men and women can be perfect Christians even in the world; and in the organization of the Third Order, the church has placed what she considers a helpful means before the faithful of realizing the perfect Christian life in the world.

In becoming a member of the Third Order a man therefore professes his desire to be a true and loyal Christain and purposes, in union with all the other members of the order, to carry out, as far as human weakness will permit, this high purpose. He does not profess to be a saint [heaven preserve us from those who do!] he only professes his desire to arrive at sanctity, and his sincere purpose to strive after it. In other words, the tertiary is one who takes his baptismal vows seriously and is anxious to give effect to them. To this end he finds in the Third Order various helps. In the first place he has a Rule of Life which is a constant reminder to him, in the midst of his worldly cares, of the higher purpose to which as a Christian he is consecrated. It is not a difficult Rule to observe; indeed there are some who think the Rule too easy and not

sufficiently exacting. But the purpose of the Rule is merely to assist the tertiary to fulfil his proper duties as a Christian in the world, and not to supplant these duties. The tertiary's obligation is primarily not the observance of his Rule ,but the fulfilment of all Christian duties which fall to his lot. The Rule is designed not to take the place of these duties, but merely to stimulate the tertiary to their better performance. Hence the Rule exacts but few and light duties beyond those imposed by the ordinary Christian precepts, since its very purpose is to emphasize these ordinary precepts and bring about their better fulfilment. In the mediæval days the Rule of the tertiaries was more exacting than it is to-day, in the way of specific devotions; thus the tertiaries in those days were obliged to attend the Divine Office or our Lady's Office, if they could read. But then, most devout Christians did that in those days, and the tertiary's Rule therefore did but impose a common practice; and, moreover, life was not so complex then as now and people had more leisure. In these days, a tertiary fulfils this duty by substituting twelve *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias* for the Office, and thus uniting himself in spirit with the daily service of praise offered to God by the church. Again in mediæval days tertiaries generally wore a distinctive dress or habit. To-day the Rule obliges the tertiary to dress simply and without extravagance; but otherwise to dress as other people. Only beneath their ordinary dress they wear a scapular and cord to remind them of the fact that they are tertiaries, and as such must avoid inordinate luxury. Thus in their daily Rule of Life they are constantly being reminded of their Christian profession, and a check is put upon man's innate tendency to forget the spiritual in the presence of the material.

Besides this, however, a tertiary is assisted by association with his fellow-tertiaries. Wherever there is a canonical congregation of tertiaries established in a mission, monthly meetings are held at which the members come together for prayer and to hear a discourse upon the tertiary life from the Father Director, who is usually the parish priest or his delegate. If a tertiary is sick or in need, the others are bound to see that he is cared for; for they are a fraternity, bound together in a special manner by the Gospel precept of brotherly love.

And yet again is the tertiary helped by the spiritual communion he enjoys with all the members of the Franciscan

Order—whether friars, nuns, or tertiaries—in whose prayers and good works he shares. In these ways does the Third Order assist a man to the attainment of true Christian perfection.

I have said the object of the Third Order is to assist men to live truly Christian lives in the midst of the world. But the Christian life fulfils itself in many ways; in the sanctification of one's own particular self, of one's home, of the social circle in which one lives, of one's nation, and so forth. And it is in all these ways that the Third Order operates. As a tertiary a man is made to realize not merely one part of his Christian duty, but his entire duty. He is taught that if he would be a good Christian, he must be a good citizen, a good parent or child, a loyal friend; and it is in this sense that the Third Order is said to have a social mission. Wherever the Third Order is rightly operative, it quickens in its members the sense of their social obligations as well as of the obligation incumbent upon all Christians of personal probity. A tertiary congregation wherever it exists—if it properly realizes the intention of its seraphic founder and the church—is a centre of Christian life in the fullest sense of the word; sanctifying not only its own members, but influencing the world around it according to the measure of its opportunities, for the fashioning of a more Christian way of life; and this it does, not by preaching at others, but by the force of personal example. Thus, in every properly organized tertiary congregation, the members are encouraged to look after the poor, to visit the sick, to instruct the ignorant, and discharge the other works of mercy, both spiritual and corporal; they will be taught to take their proper part in civic and national life; they are the parish priest's willing co-operators in the organization of his parish; each tertiary doing what lies to his hand.

Such in brief is the purpose of the Third Order of St. Francis—the greatest lay-order which has ever existed in the church. It was this order which more than any other brought about the reformation in Christian life in the thirteenth century when, in the words of Pope Innocent III, the edifice of the church seemed tottering because of the corruption of morals and want of faith amongst the Christian peoples. Without the tertiaries the friars would never have effected the conversion of mediæval society; it was this order of men

and women living in the world which gave effect to the preaching of the friars. And to-day there are many who are of opinion that if modern democracy is to be saved to Christianity, it will be chiefly by means of a lay-order of earnest Christians, such as the Third Order is.

We have clerical orders in abundance preaching the word of God; but the priest without the layman is helpless. We want badly at this day a lay-apostolate to complete the clerical apostolate; else we shall make but little headway against the masses of infidelity and worldliness to which the church is opposed. The late Pope, Leo XIII., did not hesitate to point to the Third Order of St. Francis as the organization best fitted for the present need. In this order he saw the nursery of a new lay-apostolate, such as the church needs to-day; and for that reason he wrote an encyclical letter to the bishops, urging them to take up this order and propagate it throughout the Catholic world; and at the same time he remodelled the Rule, bringing it into accord with modern life. But in remodelling the Rule he, with his keen foresight, made it as simple as possible, leaving a wide latitude for its adaptation to local needs. It was the intention of the Pontiff that the tertiaries in each province and country should make themselves an effective organization for the propagating of a higher standard of life and the maintaining of the faith. In the Rule he did little more than indicate the general lines upon which they were to run; leaving it to the tertiaries themselves, and their ecclesiastical superiors, to adapt these principles to local needs.

To give effect to this intention of the Pope has been the object of the national conferences of tertiaries, held of late years in most European countries. At the Leeds Conference a two-fold object was present in the minds of the organizers: to bring the order into touch with the larger needs of the church in England, and to discuss certain questions of internal organization. Yet another object, apart from the conference proper, was to bring the tertiaries of England together, that they might know something of each other and be made to feel they were all members of a widely spread order. This object was felicitously commended by the Bishop of Shrewsbury, the Right Rev. Dr. Allen, who presided at the meetings, in the name of the Bishop of Leeds, who unfortunately was

prevented by illness from being present. At the inaugural meeting, on the evening of September 20, the bishop said: "This is not only a conference but a reunion. We have come here not merely to discuss matters of importance regarding the Third Order, but to meet our fellow-tertiaries from various parts of the country, and to get to know something of each other; and I am sure we shall all go home again better tertiaries, not only because of the papers we shall listen to and hear discussed, but because of our meeting with each other." This was in effect the main idea of Bishop Allen's address. It was well that we should be reminded of the value of personally meeting those with whom we are united in purpose and calling; it sounded the deep human note of Christian brotherhood, without which all discussions are in vain. What many of us regretted was that the programme of the conference left us too little time to get to know much of each other.

The conference began on the evening of September 20, in the Cathedral, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by the Bishop of Shrewsbury. After the Benediction Bishop Allen, assisted by Bishop Hanlon, of Uganda, formally received the delegates in the Albert Hall, one of the largest halls in Leeds, which was hired for the purposes of the conference. The reception was attended not only by the delegates, but by all the tertiaries in Leeds and the neighborhood; so that about a thousand persons were present, including nearly one hundred of the clergy. A lantern lecture on the life of Blessed Sir Thomas More, the great Chancellor of England who suffered for his faith under Henry VIII., formed part of the evening's programme. Blessed Thomas More, if not a tertiary—the point is disputed—was yet a friend of the Franciscan friars; and, in any case, his life was one that might well be put before any man who wishes to be a true Christian in the world. Hence the appropriateness of the lecture on this occasion.

The next morning Mass was celebrated for the tertiaries by Bishop Hanlon, and after the Mass a short sermon was preached by Monsignor Cowgill, secretary to the Bishop of Leeds. Then at ten o'clock began the first session of the conference. The papers discussed at this session dealt with the action of tertiaries in regard to raising the tone of the home-

life of our people: to the education crisis, to temperance, and to charitable works. On these questions resolutions were submitted pledging tertiaries to use their influence especially amongst the poor, to urge people to attend Mass on Sundays, to stand loyally by the bishops in fighting for our schools, to support the rescue societies, and to abstain from intoxicating liquors at least between meals.

In the afternoon session the papers dealt chiefly with the internal organization of the order. Special stress was laid, during these discussions, upon the need of observing regularly the annual visitation of the congregations, whereby the spirit of the order is kept alive; also upon the adaptability of the order to local and parochial needs. Tertiaries were reminded that the success of their apostolate depends upon their due obedience to their parish priests and the bishops. It was also urged that every congregation should, if possible, have its aid society, for helping the indigent members of the parish. The St. Francis Aid Society—an organization already attached to some congregations—was especially commended. This society, although controlled by the tertiaries, yet admits to its membership non-tertiaries. It consists of three grades: 1. Those who give direct personal service to the poor, visiting the sick, etc.; 2. Those who make garments, and indirectly give personal service; 3. Those who simply subscribe to the funds of the society. The society is under the immediate direction of the priest of the parish, who also has control of the funds. There is no outside control of the work of the society, which is entirely parochial. Such a society would be of incalculable benefit in bringing the tertiaries as an order into touch with the poor; thus enabling them to fulfil more widely that service of compassion for the sick and needy which St. Francis most earnestly commended to his disciples.

The conference was brought to a close at the evening meeting, which was largely attended even by non-tertiaries. The principal item at this meeting was an address by the Father Provincial of the English Capuchin Franciscans, upon the connection of the Franciscans in days past with the English nation, and the part they took in the making of its history, from the days when Simon de Montfort, a tertiary, brought about the English House of Commons to the day when Henry VIII. divorced his tertiary queen, Katharine of Aragon. It

was an eloquent address and a fitting close to the day's proceedings. And then the conference passed into the domain of history. Any account of the conference, however, which omitted the name of the chief organizer, Father Joseph, O.S.F.C., would be faulty. But for the zeal and energy of this father the conference would not have taken place; he was the initiator and the soul of the whole work.

In reflecting afterwards upon the proceedings of the conference, that which struck the writer most forcibly was the earnestness of the assembled tertiaries, and their evident ambition to give effect to the full to the design of the order. They referred but little to the glories of the order in the past, that foible of institutions which have lost their vitality; but they came with eyes fixed on the future, and intent to learn what their order was expected to do to-day. This note of actuality was in fact the most promising sign of the conference, and shows that with effective leadership the tertiaries might easily become a force in the church of the immediate future. A well-known ecclesiastic once remarked that the great weakness of religious orders and institutions is their tendency to live upon their capital; to seek recognition, not upon the strength of their merits to-day, but rather upon the glory of their founders and upon past achievements. Happily the tertiaries at Leeds showed no weakness in that direction. They met to learn in what way they might best accomplish their apostolate in our own time, and not to congratulate themselves upon what their brethren of former days had done in their time. Indeed, but for the closing address of the Father Provincial, one might have said that the legitimate claim of the past to remembrance had been too much ignored. And what, it may be asked, was the weak spot revealed in the conference? This, it was generally admitted, is in the organization of the order. The organization is still not sufficiently adapted to the need of to-day. Doubtless it will come in time, since the need is felt and not ignored. The proper organization of the tertiaries demands that they be at once under the direction of the local clergy, and yet in close contact with their brethren of the First Order. This contact with the First Order is absolutely necessary, if the tertiaries are to maintain their proper spirit and tradition. Without this contact the various tertiary congregations would develop into mere local organizations, divergent in

aim and in character, and thus the order would become a mere name for a mass of incoherent units; it would lose that living tradition of Franciscan life, which is of far more value to the tertiary than even the written rule. Hence the necessity of the annual visitation, which is to be made always by a friar of the First Order. At the same time the tertiaries belong to the church and exist for the church, and thus necessarily come under the ordinary control of the bishops and parochial clergy. Further, the local "congregation" is the proper unit of the Third Order; and each local congregation is practically autonomous, save for the correctionary power of the visitor, appointed to hold the canonical visitation, who, according to the Rule, is to correct abuses; but beyond this he has no power of interference in the government of the congregation. The bishop, of course, has his ordinary jurisdiction; without his permission no congregation can be established, and he can, for a reasonable cause, dissolve a congregation. Practically, however, the direction of the congregation is in the hands of the local priest. The difficulty is—how to preserve local autonomy of the congregations, which is essential to its proper organization, and yet bring them into closer relations for common objects; and further, to do this in such a way that the Third Order will remain closely bound up with the parochial organization of the church. What is needed is that the various congregations of a district, or diocese, should be able to unite in matters affecting the welfare of Christian society in the district or diocese. The national conference already is bringing tertiaries together on questions affecting matters of national importance; but some machinery is needed to bring the congregations into touch with their more immediate neighbors, without destroying their proper autonomy. Perhaps it may eventually come about that the congregations of every diocese will be in some way associated under the direction of the bishop. Given such an association, there is no reason why the Third Order should not become a most effective means of fostering Catholic life and propagating the spirit of the Gospel in every diocese and parish; and the bishop of the diocese would thus be brought into more direct contact with the order. The weakness of the order at present is, in fact, that the diocesan bishops have no place in the ordinary direction of an order which, by its constitution, is a lay-order and inti-

mately bound up with parochial organization. An arrangement that would give such power to the bishops would meet the difficulty set forth by one speaker at the Leeds Conference. He was referring to the fact that not infrequently a tertiary congregation will flourish for some years, and then will flicker out; and he remarked that this is often due to a change of priest in the mission; a priest who takes a great interest in the Third Order will be succeeded by the one who knows nothing about it and cares less, and so no concern is shown in the tertiary congregation; its meetings become merely formal and its energy flags. Were the congregation in some way under the supervision of the bishop, this would not so easily happen. Here, then, is the weak point to be remedied, and perhaps, before another English conference meets, something will be done in this direction.

THE CRY OF MOTHERHOOD.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

What have I done that Thou should'st pierce my breast
With this new grief? O God of pity! Spare
This little babe—this angel! Do not tear
Life's string—'tis breaking fast—but let him rest
In my strong arms, his little heart close-pressed
To mine! O God of mercy! Hear my prayer
Floating, upon the night-wings, black and bare!
Lord! Let him live—he knows my voice the best!
Then, some day, I will teach his lips, so red,
To sing Thy praises; should'st Thou take his life,
'Twould break my heart. 'Tis all that I possess,
This baby-love of his—all else is dead.
Ah! Thou wilt spare him, Lord? Then life's fierce strife
Still holds for me a sweetness, I confess.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas Eve, and one of those dull, leaden afternoons which one sometimes sees in the Bay of Naples. The "Syren Sea" lay calm and placid as a steel mirror, its opaline tints vanished, its white dancing waves at rest. Capri had shrouded herself in a thick veil, her fair outlines only faintly discernible through its folds, and a gray, gossamer-like mist seemed to hang between heaven and earth. Not a ray of sunshine was visible, nor a vestige of blue in the cloudy expanse of sky.

"It does not feel a bit like Christmas," remarked Mabel Clive as she stood by the window of a private sitting room in the Hotel Grande Bretagne at Naples, "don't you wish the sun would come out, Mollie?"

Mollie, otherwise Mrs. Percy Waterton, looked up from the silk tie she was knitting with an absolutely contented expression of countenance.

"Can't say I care one way or the other," she returned placidly. "This thing was bothering me rather yesterday, but I have got the hang of it now and I guess I shall worry through. Say, Mabs, what are you looking so doleful about? You seemed to be having a real good time up to yesterday, and last night all of a sudden you got a fit of the blues. Come, tell me all about it—you will feel ever so much better when you have talked it out. I don't believe in bottled miseries, with the cork jammed in so tight that it won't move."

The girl left the window and threw herself into a low chair beside her friend. She was a very good type of the American girl at her best—delicate featured and dainty, with a dazzlingly fair complexion, and that expression of refined spirituality which, although frequently existing, is seldom seen in an outward and visible form in the faces of Englishwomen.

"I meant to tell you all about it," she said, "only; oh! well, I wanted to choose my own time for it—I wanted to—to sort myself a little first. He is here, Mollie; I saw his name last night after dinner in the book, and—and his wife is with him! There, its out now, and I just *can't* bear it!"

Mrs. Waterton dropped the silk tie into her lap and gazed at her ccmpanion with amazement "written large" on her bright, expressive face.

"But, Mabs," she exclaimed, "you refused him last fall; said *you* were not going to walk through life as an appendage to a bored-looking Englishman's dignity; said—I don't know what you *didn't* say!—and now—"

"Yes, *now;* that is just it! Oh, Mollie! can't you realize that it is what a woman has *not* got, and can't possibly get, that she sometimes wants more than anything else in the world? I suppose you can't though," she added impatiently; "you accepted Percy the moment he asked you, and the whole affair was quite straightforward and commonplace and approved of by all parties concerned. There has been no element of the —the unexpected, the unattainable, in your life."

"No; thank heaven!" replied Mrs. Waterton with much fervor. "I prefer beaten tracks, my dear; you know where they will lead you. But I don't see why you dragged Percy into the question; and it seems a pity," she went on reflectively, "that, as you are now evidently hankering after Major Tracy, *you* did not realize his attractions when he was attainable. You took the news of his engagement pretty coolly, by the way, and you must have been prepared for his marriage; so why are you so upset about it to-day?"

"It—what was that expression he was so fond of using?—'it rubs it in,'" returned Mabel dolefully; "and then, when I saw their names in the book—Major and Mrs. Tracy—it—it made it all seem more *real!* It doesn't seem to matter so much when a man has a wife at a distance, its the seeing them together that—well, that 'rubs it in,' you know."

"I *don't* know!" returned her friend with decision. "As you observed before, *my* love affair was straightforward and commonplace; and I can't picture myself wanting either a thing or a person just because it was out of my reach."

But as she spoke something in the girl's face checked her, and she put out her hand.

"Mabs, dear child! you don't mean that you *really* care?" she whispered.

Mabel Clive rose to her feet impatiently and went over to the window again.

"Oh! don't let us talk any more about it," she exclaimed. "It can't be helped anyhow, and I am just going to put the whole thing out of my thoughts and enjoy life again. I can *do* it, Molly; so—don't you dare to say I can't!"

But her voice was not quite so steady and self-reliant as usual, and Mrs. Waterton, who possessed the somewhat rare gift of understanding that which she had never experienced, returned to her knitting and began to talk about something else.

And as Mabel stood gazing out at the gray expanse of sea and sky there came a brightening in the West, the misty veil quivered beneath the influence of a tender ray of light, and the sun emerged from his hiding place to shed one last smile upon the world before he sank to rest. Under his transforming touch the solid bank of clouds dispersed a little; Capri, in the form of a recumbent woman, reappeared in all her beauty, and the sea shone like burnished steel beneath his farewell kisses.

Table d'hôte that evening was a very crowded affair, and as Mrs. Waterton and Mabel made their somewhat tardy appearance on the scene, and seated themselves at the little table specially reserved for them, they saw that every place was full.

There was also a Babel-like confusion of tongues. A long-haired German professor was discussing the "Roman question" with a meek-looking little Pole; a group of Frenchwomen were chattering together like so many magpies; and a son of Erin, with the unmistakable Dublin brogue, was making himself eminently agreeable to a blue-eyed Swedish widow; and now and then were heard the low tones of Englishmen and women exchanging languid remarks with the members of their own particular party. Near the door sat a tall, dark man of about thirty-five, with "soldier" written all over him; and as Mrs. Waterton's gaily roving eyes fell upon him she glanced anxiously at her companion.

"Have you seen him, Mabs?"

"Yes"; was the reply uttered in a tone of would-be indifference; "and his wife, too. She is rather nice-looking, is she not?"

It was a mild epithet to apply to the fair, graceful woman who was sitting beside Major Tracy. A black gown showed off the dazzling pink and white of her complexion, her somewhat dreamy gray eyes were shaded with drooping lashes, and a mass of ruddy brown hair was piled high on her dainty head.

"Nice-looking!" returned Mrs. Waterton dubiously; "I should rather think so. But, all the same, I should doubt his finding her amusing—and he is a man who likes to be amused. How he used to laugh at some of your speeches, Mabs! What a pity—" and she broke off abruptly and became all at once deeply interested in her sole à la mâitre d'hôtel.

"I *was* a little fool!" remarked Mabel with conviction; "but that is all over, and don't remind me of it again, Mollie!"

When dinner was over Mrs. Waterton glanced inquiringly in Mabel's direction. "Shall we go out first, or wait till they have gone?" she asked.

"Oh, wait! I—I don't feel that I *can* speak to him, Mollie."

As she spoke Major Tracy rose; and, after a low-toned remark to his companion, they both left the dining-room.

"They must have got upstairs by now," said Mrs. Waterton a momenr or two later. Her thoughts were turning lovingly to her silk tie and the peaceful seclusion of her sitting-room. "Come along, Mabs!"

When they had reached the hall, however, Mabel cast a reproachful glance at her friend, and uttered a half-stifled exclamation, for Major Tracy was standing alone at the further end in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"If you pinch my arm like that, Mabs, I shall scream, and that will inevitably attract his attention," murmured Mrs. Waterton. "Come, there is no help for it, you must 'face the music,' my good girl"; and then the cause of their dismay advanced to meet them, his dark eyes alight with pleasure.

"Miss Clive! what a fortunate chance! How d'ye do, Mrs.

Waterton? I did not think I should spend Christmas Day in such pleasant company."

The elder woman held out her hand with a conventional phrase of greeting, and the rosy color rushed to the girl's face and then receded, leaving her deadly pale. Major Tracy looked at her curiously; he had eyes which *saw* things and people, and they are quite different to those which merely look at them. At their last meeting, and parting, some eighteen months before, her expression and her whole manner had betokened a calm indifference, mingled perhaps with a touch of amused disdain—for the pretty American girl was quite accustomed to rejecting admirers, and could never *altogether* bring herself to believe in the sincerity and depth of their protestations. But now there was a change, and as he stood, "making conversation" about the weather and the scenery, he mentally resolved to find out the reason why.

"I am going upstairs, Mollie," remarked Mabel with a touch of defiance in her voice. And without another word she made her escape. Robert Tracy watched the slight, graceful figure as it disappeared, and then he turned eagerly to the somewhat discomfited lady at his side.

"What is the matter with her, Mrs. Waterton?" he asked eagerly. "Tell me—you were always my friend in the old days—has she altered at all; with regard to me, I mean?"

Mrs. Waterton turned to face him, an indignant flash in her eyes.

"I don't understand you," she said, a most unusual gravity both in her tone and on her features. You have extraordinary ideas, you English, on a good many subjects—that fact I have quite a firm hold on after my many visits to your country—but I should have given you credit for being a better judge of character than you apparently are. What difference can it make to you *now* whether Miss Clive has 'altered,' as you call it, or not?"

She paused for a reply, and her auditor gazed at her in a surprise which momentarily deprived him of the power of speech.

She *was* "cutting up rough," he reflected, and she had always been such a cheery, easy-going little woman too in the days that were.

"Because she refused me, do you mean?" he inquired in a far meeker tone than any of his friends or acquaintances had ever heard from him.

"What has *that* to do with it?" snapped Mrs. Waterton, who had arrived at the end of her patience—a fact which in her case was invariably accomplished with much celerity. "If you imagine," she went on, her wrath rising with every syllable she uttered; "if you imagine that Mable Clive is the sort of girl to embark upon a quasi-sentimental, quasi-platonic friendship with a married man, you are making a greater mistake than you ever made in the whole course of your leisurely, dawdling existence. And you are a Catholic, too," she ended reproachfully; "and you used to be *such* a nice fellow, with limitations of course—like most of your countrymen—but nice, notwithstanding—"

She turned to leave him, and at her movement Major Tracy's bewilderment gave way to speech: "I say, stop an instant, Mrs. Waterton, you are taking things altogether too much for granted; and besides—well, hang me if I know quite what you are driving at! In the first place, I did not know I *was* a married man, and—"

"Not married?" shrieked Mrs. Waterton. "Heaven grant me patience—what will the man say next? Why, she was with you at dinner—a regular statuesque English beauty, with that 'don't presume to address me' expression which they always put on for a table d'hôte, and your names are down in the book, Mabs saw them last night—Major and *Mrs.* Tracy—not married, indeed!"

Robert Tracy's former expression of injured surprise was immediately replaced by one of intense and relieved amusement.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is a good one! Mrs. Tracy is my sister-in-law, my elder brother's wife, and she has come here with me to meet him on his return from India."

"What!" exclaimed his dismayed listener. And then the full humor of the situation overcame her and she went off into a fit of helpless laughter.

"Mabs *has* made a mountain out of a molehill this time!" she gasped out when she could speak coherently. "And to think how I have been improving the occasion! Its just *too*

lovely for anything! But surely," as a recollection occurred to her, "you got engaged to some one, I forget the name; we saw it announced, Mabs and I, in one of your silly little society papers?"

"That was my cousin, Rupert; we are in the same regiment, too, and are always getting mixed up in people's minds. I have never had the faintest wish to be engaged to any one since—since last autumn; and you can mention that fact to Miss Clive, if you like," he added in a lower tone.

"Perhaps I will," returned Mrs. Waterton with a quizzical glance at his grave face. "And—in the meantime, I will wish you a *very* happy Christmas!"

And with another irrepressible laugh she left him. Upstairs in their sitting-room Mabel Clive was standing again by the window. A perfectly clear night had succeeded the dull gray day. Capri lay bathed in moonlight, and the placid waters of the Mediterranean were one sheet of silver. The silent stars kept watch and ward over noisy Naples from the sapphire-hued sky above, and the peace and rest of the holy season stole softly into the girl's troubled soul.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

BY REVEREND J. T. DRISCOLL, S.T.L.

"GLORY to God and Peace on Earth," is the Christmas hymn, chiming bells ring out its pure music on the crisp morning air. It speaks the "glad tidings of great joy" which heaven brought to earth on angel voices that first Christmas night. It sounds as sweet and as soul-stirring to-day, as it did to the shepherds who watched their flocks on the hillsides of Judea. In spirit we kneel at the crib of Bethlehem; the light from the divine Child shines around us and warms our cold and hardened hearts. In humbling acts of adoration we rise nearer to God and feel our souls expanding with sympathy and good will to our fellow-men.

Christmas never grows old. In anticipation we look forward and prepare for its coming. Young and old, rich and poor, share its hallowed joys. The humility and poverty of the Infant Redeemer appear glorified by an inborn radiance. The shepherds and Magi felt it and adored. Like them we too are conscious that before us are revealed a higher and more sacred law and order of being. This sense of a hidden power in the person of the Infant Redeemer, which casts its subtle influence over our whole being and generates a purer moral atmosphere, explains the peculiar charm and hold of Christmas on our lives.

The central truth of Christmas is the incarnation of the Son of God. From it radiate the light and warmth which give to the day its transfigured glory. The human mind cannot penetrate the counsels of divine wisdom. The only attitude is of awe and humility before the omnipotence of God's mercy. The prophecies of the Old Testament, the words and acts of our divine Redeemer, furnish the reasons of faith and give the assurance for our assent. We adore the Word made flesh, though our eyes are holden to the splendor of the divine majesty which lies veiled under the vesture of human nature.

Not so much what Christmas is in itself as its message to us claims attention. The latter results from the former, yet it is closer and effects us more readily. The peculiar atmosphere of Christmas Day awakens elevated and joyous feelings, and we yield to them without clearly knowing why. There is a light in our minds, a peace in our hearts, a glad ring to our voice, a happy welcome on our face. Is it because we near the day on which the Saviour's birth is commemorated? This is the great reason for rejoicing, but there are other reasons springing from this with a more sensible appeal to our minds, even though at first we do not readily translate them into words.

Christmas reveals to the world the sublime dignity of human nature. In the crib of Bethlehem the Incarnate Son becomes like unto us. In taking upon himself that which he was not, writes St. Augustine, he did not lose that which he was. The temporal sonship of the Eternal Word implies the glorification of our common humanity. Heaven and earth, the Wise Men, and the shepherds bore witness to this first act of redemption. And, with the dawn of each recurring Christmas morning, rich and poor, high and lowly-born, feel their souls thrill in responsive answer to the glad tidings of a redeemed and exalted humanity. We are not on a level with the brute; in the beginning, by the law of creation, God made us according to his own image and likeness; in the fulness of time the divine seal was placed upon his work, with the assumption of our human nature by his own Eternal Son, who is "the express image of the Father." In the Infant Redeemer we get an insight into the humility of the Son of God, and the sublimation of mankind. It is the outpouring of "the riches of grace" and of "the riches of glory." The mind, elevated and glorified by its union with the Divine, is impressed with the conscious realization of an inborn dignity. On our lips the angel hymn of Glory to God, wells forth with more conscious melody, for the deepest feelings of our hearts breathe through the words and give to them a peculiar timbre and tone.

The dignity to which our human nature was raised in the crib of Bethlehem is not a nameless one. The apostle calls it "the adoption of sonship." In the supernatural covenant of the Incarnate Son we became sons of God, and brethren of Christ; Jesus is our elder brother by participation in our com-

mon humanity; in the designs of God the human race becomes one great family. Class distinctions fade away and disappear; there is no Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, bond or free. We are all children of one Father. The seal of our sonship is the Christ-child in the manger. The spirit of brotherhood is the spirit of Christmas. It is not a kinship with the lower creation which fills our souls with warmth and gladness; Christmas uplifts and purifies. The good tidings of great joy is a message to redeemed humanity. By our own efforts we could not rise so high; God becomes our Immanuel and dwells with us, in becoming like to us by the assumption of our human nature, that we should rise and become like to him by the participation of divine grace. God is not at a distance; he is very near. And as the Christmas bells ring out the joyous carol, we seem to feel the heavens open and the glad light of God's presence shining round us, and the music as the music of heavenly voices penetrating our souls with the sense of our new-born heritage, and the awe that steals over us, as the effect of close contact with the divine presence.

A new order of redeemed and exalted humanity, therefore, is the message of Christmas. It commemorates the initial act of a life which has redeemed and uplifted mankind. Every circumstance of the day bids us remember our sublime dignity; the glad bells ring it out far and near, the hymns and the liturgy express the lesson in heaven-inspired words; the humble crib in the church pictures it vividly to our eyes; we can understand how the scene impresses us, how Christmas above all other days gladdens our hearts. The marvelous message of a transfigured humanity, so wonderful yet so appealing, lifts us out of and above the heavy toil of daily life, and opens up before our gaze a new sphere of boundless possibilities, stretching out beyond the limits of earthly existence, and losing itself in the immensity of eternal joys in heaven. "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for this day there is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Christmas not only reveals this higher order of being in the adoption of sonship; it teaches a more exalted law of life. A new ethical code was revealed to the world, and its proclamation dates from the crib of Bethlehem; a new ideal of human endeavor was presented to the minds of men, and took concrete shape and form in the life of the Incarnate Son.

The Christ-child marks the dawn of a new era by the manifestation of a new and higher life, and by the revelation of the principles and laws of this life. Hence we speak of Christian civilization and of the Christian spirit whose expression it is. In the crib of Bethlehem is found the source of this new moral atmosphere which has purified and transformed mankind. There we behold the initial act of a life which has impressed the world as none other; the revelation of the sublime perfection which human activity could attain was first unfolded to the eyes of men.

On that first Christmas night the angels sang "Peace on Earth." Long years before the prophet had foretold that the Messiah would come as "the Prince of Peace." Peace, therefore, is a characteristic of a Christian life; it welcomed the birth of the Redeemer, and it is a factor in the last testament of Christ to his apostles on the night before his passion: "My peace I leave unto you, not as the world giveth, do I give to you." And the apostle in speaking of this peace, "which surpasseth all understanding," tells us that it is had by "keeping our minds and hearts in Christ Jesus." In the atmosphere of Christmas peace we are conscious of a higher law than human instinct or natural reason. The perfect manifestation of this law is seen in the life of Christ, and obedience to it is had in the following of Christ. He becomes our model, and in every act of his life is discerned not the majesty of brute force, but the splendor of moral perfection.

Peace means unity and harmony of action. Human nature, as revealed in our own conscious experience, or in the lives of those we meet in daily converse, presents a strange medley of warring elements; we are the prey of desires and ambitions. We cannot stifle our feelings, for they are a part of our being, but we can direct them to a proper subordination. This is done by a just appreciation of the objects we seek, and by the possession of true ideals. Thus habits of conduct are formed which give character and spirit to life; the color and tone of our lives are imparted by the purposes and aims of our actions; we look out upon the world and ask what it bids us seek after? Content, exclaims the pagan philosopher; pleasure, wealth, high position, and honors, answers the worldly man. These cannot give the peace our souls long for, cannot impart the harmony and poise which we are dimly

conscious should reign within. The human heart is too broad and deep to be satisfied with what this world can offer. We turn to the crib of Bethlehem. No cold, passive content is there; no wealth, or pleasure, or high worldly position meets our eyes; but a light, a joy, a peace radiate from the divine Child, pervade the air, and penetrate into the depths of our souls. In the Christ-child is beheld the supremacy of the ethical ideal, the perfect manifestation of the supernatural life. Human ideals and life purposes shrink into insignificance. We stand in the presence of something higher and holier. The spirit of Christmas awes and overshadows us. By following the divine ideal, first exemplified in the Infant Redeemer, with God's supernatural help do we rise to the full stature and perfection of our manhood. Only thus is obtained the full and perfect synthesis of the various activities which cause conflict, bitterness, and despair in the life of the individual. By reaching out and up to God, in the effort to imitate the life of the Incarnate Son, may rich and poor, high and low, share to their fulness in the Christmas joys. Whether we stand with the Magi in richness and splendor, or with the shepherds in poverty and suffering, we each alike gaze upon the Infant Saviour and behold the glorification of our common humanity. Moral perfection and holiness of life can be attained by all; we are called to be children of God, and we must make our calling sure by the perfection of our lives. The blessing of the Christmas peace falls with more unction upon us the more faithfully we strive to be influenced by the spirit of Christ.

Akin to the message of peace, and partly its cause, is the beautiful lesson of charity. Christmas is the feast of God's mercy, and God's mercy is the expression of divine love for sinners. The reason why the Eternal Son became man is hidden in the ineffable depths of God's goodness and loving kindness. The spirit of divine love envelops the crib of Bethlehem. In the birth of the Incarnate Son we not only received the adoption of sonship, but also the law whereby we should act as sons of God. Charity is the end and summary of all God's precepts regulating human conduct. The angel hymn, "Peace on Earth to Men of Good-will," is the first promulgation of the new law which reigns in the new covenant between God and man made in the person of the

Infant Redeemer. We are to love one another as Christ hath loved us; and the love of our brethren is the effect and proof of our love of God; divine charity is the bond and the spirit of redeemed mankind—it expresses in human action our adoption of sonship. We thus act as sons of God and brethren one of another, after the model of Christ, our elder brother. The glad greeting of Merry Christmas is a pledge of brotherhood. We are one great family, members one of another, and the head is Christ. Instinctively our hearts rise and expand at the thought. We are conscious of our great dignity and the consciousness begets feelings of sweet humility and joyous helpfulness.

No wonder that Christmas is above all others the family day. The scene at Bethlehem brings vividly to mind family ties and affections. A transfigured atmosphere of peace and love breathes around the home. The gifts and tenders of affection cement more closely the sacred ties of family life. The peace and love of this hallowed time shines like a halo around us; it goes with us as we hasten through the crowded streets; it brightens and cheers those we meet. There are no strangers on Christmas Day; we are all brothers by virtue of our kinship with the Christ-child. There is no enmity, or strife, or hard and cold resentment; but peace and joy, and loving kindness to all.

DARWINISM ON ITS DEATHBED.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

IT may perhaps interest some readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to know what naturalists think to day of Darwin's hypothesis of natural selection—a hypothesis which certain well-meaning persons, to whom the wish may be father to the thought, would have us believe is no longer in favor in scientific circles. And here let us say, with all due respect, that in opposing the Darwinian theory as one of the efficient causes of organic evolution, the worthy gentlemen who have recently presented to the Catholic public a book, entitled *At the Deathbed of Darwinism*,* are, in our opinion, protesting in vain. They are crying down a theory which has been, and is still, strongly upheld by many men of scientific attainment.

But, before we begin our inquiry into the present standing of Darwin's celebrated hypothesis, we must declare that too much praise cannot be bestowed on the book above-mentioned for what it says of Haeckel's production, *The Riddle of the Universe*. We heartily thank Mr. Edwin V. O'Harra for scoring Haeckel as he does in the preface, page 24; nor do we for a moment believe that Charles Darwin would have countenanced Haeckel's superficial, exaggerated, Godless view;† and this makes us all the more regret that so many pages of this book should be devoted to the utter condemnation of the theory of natural selection.

But here we must observe that Darwinism and evolution are not synonymous terms. Evolution, or the doctrine that all living beings are the descendants of some few originally created, is very ancient; it comes down to us from the Greeks, and we know of no better history of the evolution idea than Professor H. F. Osborn's *From the Greeks to Darwin*. But while

* *The Deathbed of Darwinism*. By E. Drunert. Translated by E. V. O'Harra and John S. Peschges. Burlington, Ia.: The German Literary Board.

† See Rev. J. Gerard, S.J., on "Darwinism and the Origin of Species" in *The Tablet*, October 1, 1904, p. 551.

certain thinkers in the past were inclined to believe that the different forms of animal life might have been gradually developed through the forces of nature, instead of being specially created just as they are by the Almighty, they could not show what law of nature might have brought development about. But in the middle of the last century Darwin formulated a hypothesis which has been held by many to offer a reasonable explanation of such development. And here we add a quotation from Bishop Hedley's interesting article in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1898, entitled "Physical Science and Faith." On page 246 the bishop says: ". . . It should be well borne in mind that the foremost Catholic men of science of the day not only hold a theory of evolution, but consider that there can be no doubt on the matter." And on page 255 he adds: "Not only is it true that there is nothing in the Darwinian argument that makes design less probable, or that is antagonistic to the idea of the Creator's guiding and directing hand, but the whole discussion has had the effect of manifesting most thoroughly the dogma of creation."

Now, as we have said, we wish to ascertain how naturalists of the present day view the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection or survival of the fittest, which some persons would fain make us believe is a passing theory. And we shall take our authorities in chronological order, beginning with the late Stanley Jevons, who is better known perhaps as a writer on logic and political economy.

In *Principles of Science*, published in 1874, Vol. ii., page 461, Jevons says: ". . . I venture to look upon the theories of evolution and natural selection in their main features as two of the most probable hypotheses ever proposed, harmonizing and explaining as they do immense numbers of diverse facts."

Nearly twenty years afterwards, in 1893, Samuel H. Scudder, in *The Life of a Butterfly*, speaking of mimicry says, page 95: "The more we contemplate so strange and perfect a provision, the more are we impressed with the capabilities of natural selection, and begin to comprehend how powerful an element it has been in the development of the varied world of beauty about us."

In *Lectures on the Darwinian Theory*, published in 1894, Arthur Milnes Marshall, Professor of Zoölogy in Owens Col-

lege, England, says, pages 226–227: ". . . Not merely has he (Darwin) changed the whole aspect of biological science, giving it new aims and new methods, but the influence of his work has spread far beyond its original limits. Principles and laws first established by him for biology are now recognized as applying to all departments of science. . . ."

In *Habit and Instinct*, which appeared in 1896, C. Lloyd Morgan, F.G.S., speaking of natural selection as a factor in race development, says, pages 335–336: "By natural selection was meant by Darwin, and should be meant by us, a process whereby in the struggle for existence certain individuals are either killed, or, what is really the essential point, prevented from begetting offspring. . . ."

In this same year, 1896, Edward B. Poulton, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Oxford, in a book entitled *Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection*, says, page 100: "It was Darwin who first brought together a great body of scientific evidence which placed the process of evolution beyond dispute, whatever the causes of evolution may have been." Again, speaking of Huxley's views, he says: "Whenever he (Huxley) was called on to write or speak about Darwinism, as he was on two occasions within a few months of his death, his writings and speeches left no doubt about his thoughts on the subject. Furthermore, in the preface to *Darwiniana*, written in 1893, he (Huxley) expressly denied that he had recanted or changed his opinions about Darwin's views. . . ."

One year later, in 1897, there appeared in *Natural Science* (an English publication) an article by G. W. Bulman, M.A., B.S.C., entitled "Bees and the Development of Flowers," in which the author concludes thus: "It remains a fact that no alternative explanation of the origin of the color, scent, and form of flowers on Darwinian principles has yet been brought forward. In this fact indeed we have the only, if insufficient, reason why the theory has been so long retained."

In *Footnotes to Evolution*, published in 1898, David Starr Jordan, Ph.D., President of Leland Stanford Junior University, says, page 17: "There is no statement of fact of any importance, which, during the nearly forty years since it (*The Origin of Species*) was first published, has been shown to be false. In its theoretical part there is no argument which has been shown to be unfair or fallacious. . . . The progress of science has

bridged over many chasms in the evidence." And, on page 65, he adds: "Without the theory of organic development through natural selection the biological science of to-day would be impossible."

Also in 1898 appeared a work by Alfred Russell Wallace (co-discoverer, as we know, with Darwin of natural selection), entitled *The Wonderful Century*. Speaking of Darwin's book, *The Origin of Species, by means of Natural Selection*, the venerable and distinguished naturalist says, page 142: "That book . . . has so firmly established the doctrine of progressive development of species by the ordinary processes of multiplication and variation that there is now, I believe, scarcely a single living naturalist who doubts it."

In the year 1899 appeared a work by Professor Max Verworn, of the University of Jena, entitled *General Physiology* (translated from the second German edition by Professor F. S. Lee, of Columbia University), in which, speaking of the three greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century, Verworn says, page 28: "The third discovery is that of *descent in the organic world.*" And, on page 185, he adds: "Darwin's immortal work consists in explaining naturally the surprising purposefulness in the organic world by revealing the mode of Phyletic adaptation. According to Darwin's theory of selection this adaptation of organisms to external conditions takes place not by the immediate change of the single individual, but by natural selection among many individuals in the same manner, as in the improvement of the race by artificial selection on the part of the breeder."

Also in 1899 William Keith Brooks, Ph.D., Professor of Zoölogy in the Johns Hopkins University, published *The Foundations of Zoölogy;* and, on page 187, he says: "Natural selection seems to me a strictly scientific explanation of the fitness of living things. . . ."

And in this same year, 1899, J. Lionel Tayler, in an article which appeared in the August number of *Natural Science*, entitled "The Scope of Natural Selection," says, page 129: "The objections to the selectionist theory do not appear, . . . when examined, to be valid."

In the October number of *Natural Science* for 1899, R. F. Licorish, M.D., writing on "The Influence of the Nervous System in Organic Evolution," says, page 253: "The majority

of biologists may be at present divided into two schools, Neo-Darwinian and Neo-Lamarckian. . . . Of the two leading schools the more numerous is, undoubtedly, that of the Neo-Darwinians, who see in natural selection an all-sufficient cause for organic evolution. The members of the other school, that of the Neo-Lamarckians, consider natural selection as merely *one* of the factors of organic evolution. . . ."

Also in 1899 George H. Carpenter, consulting entomologist to the Royal Dublin Society, in a work entitled "Insects, their Structure and Life," says, page 147: "While the author of this book believes that the Darwinian theory is largely supported by facts, and that the alternatives which have been proposed to supersede it rest to a great extent on unproved theories, he cannot subscribe to the all-sufficiency of natural selection. The insect world presents us with such varied and complicated features that it is hard to believe that the origin of its myriad kinds can be explained by any one agency."*

In 1901 F. W. Headley, who is an authority on the subject of birds, says, in *Problems of Evolution*, introduction, page 7: "Darwinism led men to believe in evolution. A majority of naturalists are still Darwinians, etc." Again, on page 152: ". . . Darwinism is nothing but this—the very probable hypothesis that the highest species of animals have been gradually evolved from the simplest forms, at any rate, mainly by the action of natural selection."

And in July of this year, 1901, Sir William Turner, in his presidential address to the British Association, alludes thus to Darwin: "The signification of these variations had not been apprehended until a flood of light was thrown on the entire subject by the genius of Charles Darwin, who formulated the wide-reaching theory that variations could be transmitted by heredity to younger generations. The Darwinian theory may, therefore, be defined as heredity modified and influenced by variability."

It was also in 1901 that we put to Professor L. P. Gratacap, of our American Museum of Natural History, several questions, one relating to organic evolution and another to Darwin's theory of natural selection. In reply he wrote as

* Darwin himself did not believe that natural selection was the sole factor in change of species. Let the reader bear this in mind.

follows: "Any precise enumeration of the naturalists who to-day do not accept the doctrine of organic evolution is impossible. But it can safely be said that, of all the influential and successful workers in natural history, less than ten per cent., at a most liberal estimate, still retain any faith in the doctrine of innumerable special creations." In answer to my other question Professor Gratacap wrote: "Natural selection as a factor in organic evolution would, perhaps, with fifty per cent. of working naturalists, to-day merit a conspicuous position among the many causes at work in the evolution of species, while almost certainly with an equal number it would be relegated to a quite subordinate position. But in no case, or at least in very few cases, could it be imagined that a naturalist, familiar with the widest group of facts relative to the development of forms in all departments of natural history, would consider its complete effacement reasonable or even possible."

In *A Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences* (new and revised edition, 1902), edited by Albert H. Buck, M.D., we read, page 23: "We are indebted to Darwin for the first presentation of a theory of evolution that carried with it conviction to the scientific mind."

In *The American Naturalist* for April of this present year, 1904, is a brief review of a late German work by Professor Plate on "Theoretical Evolution"; and the reviewer says, pages 321–322: "The immediate purpose of the work has been to . . . show that whatever limitations the theory of natural selection may have as a complete theory of the origin of species, it remains the only satisfactory theory of adaptation. . . ."

Not many weeks ago we wrote to Angelo Heilprin, Professor of Invertebrate Palæontology at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, asking his view of the Darwinian theory. He replied as follows:

PHILADELPHIA,
September 2, 1904.

William Seton, LL.D.;

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I think that I can say, without fear of serious contradiction, that not since the publication of *The Origin of Species*, in 1859, has the general theory

of organic evolution, that can properly be associated with the name of Darwin, been so generally accepted by biologists as it is at the present time. It is immaterial whether new factors governing modification or change have been discovered, immaterial if some of the principles enunciated by Darwin cannot be proved to be operative, or are even proved to be the reverse; the broad conditions of organic change and of adaptive recreation *do* exist, and he would be a bold and lonely biologist who to-day would venture forth to expound a pre-Darwinian or a pre-Lamarckian view of organic creation.

Very truly yours,

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

We also wrote to Doctor H. Woodward, Fellow of the Royal Society, and for more than forty years on the staff of the British Museum. Here is his reply:

13th September, 1904.

DEAR DOCTOR SETON: . . . It is just because the theory of evolution has been of the very greatest help to naturalists, in clearing up obscure things and explaining difficulties, that it has been adopted universally by all naturalists of all nationalities. . . . Darwin's theory of evolution has helped on biological science more than any other theory ever put forward, because it is based on facts. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY WOODWARD.

Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton University, to whom we wrote, answered as follows:

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
DEPARTMENT OF PALÆONTOLOGY,
PRINCETON, N. J.,
September 30, 1904.

William Seton, Esq., LL.D., New York;

DEAR SIR: . . . Naturalists are practically unanimous in holding that the theory of evolution is true, but concerning the factors, or efficient causes of evolution, there is considerable divergence of opinion. At the same time a very

large number, probably a large majority, of those entitled to speak upon such a question believe that natural selection, or the "Darwinian factor," is an exceedingly important agent in the process. So far as the present trend of opinion goes, therefore, you are certainly correct in maintaining that Darwinism is not a "passing theory."

Very truly yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, M. D.,
PHYSICAL LABORATORY,
October 3, 1904.

To William Seton, Esq.;

DEAR SIR: . . . Certainly, so far as I know, all students of zoölogy and biology believe in the essential features of Darwinism.

We have had here several Catholic priests studying zoölogy, and they all believed in Darwinism.

Very truly yours,

J. S. AMES.

W. A. Herdman, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Liverpool, wrote to us as follows:

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,
September 24, 1904.

DEAR SIR: Darwinism, in its general principles, is unshakable and is universally held by English authorities; but there has been great activity since Darwin's time, especially in connection with heredity and the study of variations, and a good deal of detail has been added to our evolutionary views. Natural selection is not the only cause of evolution. Darwin never said it was. There are other less important, secondary factors, such as isolation, physiological selection, and others, some of which were discussed by Darwin, though we know more about them now. The result is that there are different schools of evolutionists, differing in the relative importance they assign to these different processes; but all of them evolutionists, and all acknowledging that Darwin laid the foundations. . . . Some disciples

of Darwin in this country—more loyal than the king—have gone beyond Darwin in claiming natural selection as not only the supreme, but the *sole* factor in evolution. This position has been attacked by other evolutionists. So there is a good deal of controversy, but it is mainly on points of detail or secondary importance. . . .

Yours very truly,

W. A. HERDMAN.

The last letter we present to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is from a high authority at Harvard University. It is dated October 4, 1904. But by special request we refrain from giving the distinguished writer's name.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . You may safely say that Darwin's view is held by the great majority of naturalists as a true cause at work in accumulating variations in specific differences.

It appears to me, however, that naturalists are attaching less importance to the view than they did twenty years ago. While still looking upon it as a true and efficient cause in the origin of species, they are disposed to regard it as only *one element* in that process. (Italics are ours.)

Yours very truly,

Here we conclude our inquiry into the present standing of Darwin's theory of natural selection. To some of our readers it may be a very uninteresting subject; but those who are fond of natural history will surely be glad to know what many naturalists think nowadays of a hypothesis which a generation ago startled the scientific world in a famous book called *The Origin of Species*. The student of nature, however, may well be surprised that Mr. Edwin V. O'Harra, in the preface to the book *At the Deathbed of Darwinism* (on the whole an entertaining book, written to prove that the friends of Darwin's theory—"are solicitous only to secure for it a decent burial"*), does not once mention Alfred Russell Wallace, co-

* *At the Deathbed of Darwinism*, p. 28.

discoverer with Darwin of the famous theory. A little space given to this venerable naturalist might have calmed the timid ones who, through want of study, do not understand the meaning of natural selection, and may even look on it as a temptation of the evil one. In the American monthly *Review of Reviews* for October of this year, 1904, page 499, they will find Wallace quoted as saying: "Darwinism is a very different thing from *The Origin of Species*. Darwin never touched beginnings. Again and again he protested against the idea that any physicist could arrive at the beginning of life. Nor did he argue for *one* common origin of all the variety of life. He speaks of 'more than one' over and over again; and he also speaks of the Creator. It is only a few of his followers who have presented Darwin to the world as a man who had explained the beginning of everything, and who had dispensed altogether with the services of a Creator." And not many persons knew Darwin better than Wallace.

And now, as a very last word, let us bear in mind what Bishop Hedley says in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1898. He tells us that there is nothing in the doctrine of organic evolution and its main factor, natural selection, that is opposed to Catholic faith, provided the student of nature holds fast to the truth that the Creator planned the universe from the beginning and that the unfolding of organic life takes place by the operation of laws laid down by the Divine will.

FRENCH OPINIONS ON REUNION.

BY WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL.

THE August and September issues of *La Revue*, Paris, are taken up largely with an interesting symposium upon the question of the reunion of churches—whether it is possible or desirable; and if so, upon what lines it should proceed. The discussion takes the form of replies to a circular sent out by *La Revue* to a number of representative Catholics and Protestants of France and other European countries, a few even being addressed to Americans and Englishmen. The circular proposed two questions, namely: "1. Is a reunion of the Catholic and Protestant churches possible—and desirable? 2. If so, upon what basis may reunion be realized?"

The list of those who are contributing to this symposium includes the names of some of the foremost thinkers of the day, both Catholic and non Catholic. Among the Catholics appear the names of two cardinals, two archbishops, one bishop, members of the French Academy, vicars, abbés, and professors at Catholic universities; while upon the Protestant side are ranged Professor Harnack, of Berlin, Professor James, of Harvard, Fairbairn, of Oxford, Ernest Naville, and a number of French pastors well-known abroad. Some of the replies received by the *Revue* are brief, while others take the form of disquisitions on the relative positions of Catholicity and Protestantism at the present time. M. E. Morsier edits the contributions, tactfully toning down by his introductory remarks expressions of opinion likely to give offence to either party. The replies of the Catholics were published in the issue of August 15, those of the Protestants in the two issues of September 1 and 15.

Viscount D'Adhémar, master of conferences at the University of Lille, is the first of the Catholic contributors. Comparing at some length the respective characteristics of Catholicity and Protestantism as regards intellectual progress, he

says: "Science does not give us final and definitive explanations of things. . . . Each science is fragmentary, and science as a whole regards the world from one point of view, but it is not the only point of view—common sense has another; philosophy a third." The Church steps in where science halts; she alone can teach us how to live and how to reach spiritual perfection. Her authority is exercised solely for that end. "The true Catholic believes in the church, because in her he perfects his moral character, and for him the acceptance of her teaching is to find himself most fully." Protestants, by becoming Catholics, will not lose that individuality upon which they lay such stress; they will rather raise their personality to greater heights of power.

The Abbé Bricout, editor of the *Revue du Clergé Français*, sees no possibility of union save by a sacrifice of principle. "Catholicity is and must remain," he insists, "a religion of authority; while Protestantism will become more and more a religion of free thought."

M. Brunetière, the accomplished editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—whose submission to the church several years ago gave such gratification to Catholics and such umbrage to the infidels of France who seek to represent the highest culture of the day as necessarily anti-Catholic—sees "in the tendency of the great churches to become nationalized" the greatest obstacle to reunion. In Christian democracy, however, he perceives an agency which cannot fail, sooner or later, to "work a profound revolution in the heart of the Protestant communions." "The necessity of social action must," he believes, "turn attention sooner or later, to the idea of authority, of which the only practical definition insensibly approaches the Catholic notion of infallibility."

M. G. Fonsegrive, editor of *La Quinzaine*, sees two possible lines of convergence for the two theologies: for Protestants, the recognition that the individuality upon which they base their religious position is not the social ideal of Christianity; for Catholics, the recognition of the supremacy of conscience.

Abbé Gayraud, the successor of the late Mgr. D'Hulst in the Chamber of Deputies, points out that the Reformation, by cutting itself loose from Rome, "was, for the Christian society of western Europe, the cause of an arrest of inward and cut-

ward development in civilization. Had it not been," he says, "for the ruin of religious liberty and for the wars which were its consequence, with nationalities at strife in creed and in politics, I love to believe that, thanks to the counterpoise of Catholicity, the inevitable spread of the principle of liberty and the principle of human brotherhood would have produced in the modern economic world that union of peoples which is the dream of socialism." No union but that of plain acceptance of the Catholic faith is to his mind possible.

Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, sees no room for reunion, but only for submission to the authorized representative of the church in France, the Archbishop of Paris.

Deputy M. J. Lemire believes that social reform offers a fruitful field for co-operation, though not for corporate union, between the churches. So, too, the Archbishop of Albi points out that Catholics and Protestants may do much in common "to promote material welfare, to propagate fundamental ideas of morality, and to defend religious liberty against the excesses of naturalism." Even in the realm of speculation, and within the pale of Catholic dogma, Protestants may find room for an exercise of the religious conscience. "It is this very conscience," he holds, "which is now working so profound a renovation within the Catholic body; it is an indication of the vital energy that still subsists in it, and proves better than anything else what a precious safeguard is authority."

Cardinal Perraud, Archbishop of Autun, can only refer his questioner to the encyclicals of Leo XIII. on the subject of Christian unity, and to the latter's establishment of an archconfraternity to promote the return of the separated churches.

Last of the Catholic series, and in the opinion of the French editor one of the most important of the contributions, is that of Mgr. Péchenard, Vicar-general of Paris and director of the Catholic Institute. "Is the reunion of the Catholic and Protestant churches desirable?" he exclaims. "Yes; infinitely so! more so to-day than ever before. It is not too much to say that it is absolutely necessary, necessary in every way for the defence of our faith, for the development of civilization, and for the maintenance of the peace of the world. . . . The individualistic spirit has, in fact, so far developed, has reached such a stage of self-sufficiency, that it constitutes in its ideals and projects a menace to Christian order. As it

knows well how to look after itself in everything, it opposes as an usurpation and an intrusion every act of authority, whether emanating from the father of a family, a political ruler, or even from God himself. . . . There is no safety for society unless it succeeds in reviving a truly social spirit and in restoring society and the individual to their respective places; unless it makes the individual realize what he has received from society, what he owes it, and the need that he has of it. Now, the Catholic Church ardently desires a reunion with herself," he continues; ". . . why should it not be possible? Only in case Protestants should think themselves bound to cling to their system of private judgment, and refuse to bow before the principle of authority in religion."

Yet, as the abbé tries to show, Protestants both recognize and act upon some principle of authority in their own corporate life. "What do we see," he asks, "throughout those vast regions where Protestantism reigns supreme? Everywhere shepherds and their flocks. What do these shepherds do? They read and expound the Bible to their flocks. And what do the sheep do? They hear and accept dutifully the expositions of their shepherds. And why not? The sheep have not usually the time or the means of studying the Bible and of formulating therefrom a personal belief. . . . Well and good! I now ask whether there is so great a difference in practice between these Protestant people and the Catholics who are their neighbors? Is it not rather the system of authority and the teaching of the Catholic Church which prevail by force of a tradition which has survived despite contrary theories? The greatest difference that I can see is that the Protestant population hear the word of an individual who has never received the divine commission to teach, while the Catholic population bow dutifully before the legitimate authority of the pope and of the bishops instituted by Jesus Christ to form a teaching church."

It is not the principle of authority, the zealous abbé holds, that is in the way of reunion, but "four centuries of education hostile to that reunion." A return to the true church will be made, if at all, not by corporate reunion but by individual conversions.

Turning now to the Protestant and independent contribu-

tors to the symposium we must content ourselves with summarizing their replies, in their most salient points, rather than quoting them; otherwise the present survey might be unduly extended.

Pastor Babut, of Nîmes, sees great danger in the spread of irreligion, and would like to see common action against it in the form of a great Christian federation. M. Bonet-Maury, historian of the congress of religions held in Chicago in 1893, believes that the two principles of infallibility and the autonomy of conscience hopelessly exclude each other; but he suggests as common ground for co-operation three lines of action: "first, moral influence upon the infidels at home; secondly, common labors in Biblical study, which is sure to be promoted, he believes, by the Biblical Commission appointed by Leo XIII.; and lastly, foreign missions."

Professor Chapuis, of Lausanne, points out the failure of all previous attempts at reunion, and thinks that Catholic and Protestant piety differ too widely to come together without profound mutual transformation. Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, somewhat superciliously confesses to a lack of interest in the questions proposed; nor does he find any general interest therein on the part of Englishmen. Infallibility means to him "the negation of religion." Pastor Fallot thinks reunion impossible and all efforts in that direction thrown away. Pastor Goulden favors Brunetière's plan of a federation for the purposes of charity and fraternal helpfulness.

The most prominent figure in the field of Protestant theology to-day is unquestionably Professor Harnack, of Berlin. His untiring energy and industry, coupled with critical powers of an unusual order, have gained for him among Protestants a very authoritative position. Hence one turns to his answer to the queries propounded with some interest; to find, alas! only that he has failed or chosen not to recognize their serious import and has framed his answers in an almost frivolous tone, as the French editor, evidently with some surprise, is obliged to confess. Harnack compares the Catholic Church to an ancient stone hospital and the Protestant Church to wooden barracks. In the stone hospital "there is little either of air or of light," he says; but the patients who lodge in either "may promenade together in the sunlight of God" before they retire

to their respective domiciles, which neither is inclined to exchange for the other.

M. J. Hocart, pastor at Brussels, cannot see the need of a common front against socialism, inasmuch as he is a socialist himself! William James, the eminent psychologist at Harvard, thinks the proposed union neither desirable nor possible, "save for a small fraction of Anglicans." This opinion is to have been expected from James's well-known dualistic and individualistic views in philosophy. Professor Kuyper is of a similar opinion.

Pastor Lafon, editor of the *Vie Nouvelle*, exhibits a marvelous ignorance of Catholic teaching and principles which we will not reproduce. He makes one significant admission, however, to the effect that Protestantism is perhaps destined to pass away as an organized movement, leaving behind "only its religious method."

Professors Lobstein, of Strasburg, and Luzzi, of Florence, see a possibility of personal association between Catholics and Protestants in matters outside of particular dogmas, but no possibility of organic union. Pastor Monod, of Rouen, advocates a form of Christian socialism evolved out of his inner consciousness, which he entitles "Messianisme." Ernest Naville, a well-known writer on religious topics, holds that reunion of all Christians "under the fatherhood of God" ought to be possible, but sees no prospect of it under present conditions. He prescribes three lines of mutual improvement for Catholics and Protestants, however, which he thinks might pave the way for such a consummation: first, a broadening of view; secondly, mutual acquintance with each other's beliefs; and lastly, emphasis to be laid more upon points which both sides hold in common. J. E. Roberty professes to rejoice at the doughty blows that "religious psychology," whatever that may be, is dealing at the ancient fabric of authority, and announces its early fall. Edmond Stapfer, dean of the Paris (Protestant) faculty of theology, goes so far as to say that "a confession of faith, to deserve the name at all, should be constantly revised! For it is the momentary expression of the interior life of the believer, and this life is constantly changing just as all life changes." Truly the Protestants have proved to be a strange "chosen people" to whom God should commit the oracles of revelation!

P. Vincent, a French Baptist preacher, has discovered the glory of Protestantism to consist on its multiplicity of sects, "which encourage a mutual and noble emulation in spiritual progress and religious truth!" Hence, he declares, that the absorption of Protestantism by Catholicity at this stage would be a catastrophe for the human race. The late Henry Ward Beecher, if we mistake not, held a similar view about the multiplicity of sects redounding to the glory of God.

We notice, in reviewing the foregoing discussion, two points of similarity to the Congress of Religions held in Chicago in 1893. First, no definite or new principle of religious unity is enunciated, the quiet claim of the Catholics to possess that principle in the papacy as the centre of unity for the universal church stands alone as a sufficient answer to the question; secondly, the motive of the Catholics and their attitude was the same in 1893 as in the present symposium, namely, to avail themselves of an opportunity to present the church before the world in her true colors, and to invite our separated brethren to accept her teaching and her authority. While there is no suggestion of compromise with Protestantism on the part of the church, there is obvious effort to allay unjust suspicion and to lessen prejudice against the church. The prevailing tone of the Catholic contributors is one of charity and of apostolic zeal. They represent the universal mission of the church to be to embrace all mankind "in the unity of one spirit and in the bond of peace." Protestants are not blamed for staying outside of the true fold, if they be in good faith in so doing; but they are earnestly invited to accept a complete Christianity in place of their own fragmentary form of Christian belief.

The Protestant contributors, on the other hand, exhibit not infrequently a desire to justify themselves for remaining where they are, and to expose the essential errors of Romanism, rather than to seek a mode of reunion between the two churches. Their replies lack the fervent missionary spirit as well as the serene faith of the Catholics. Scarcely one even suggests the acceptance of Protestantism by Catholics, partly perhaps because at a loss which one of the multitudinous forms of mutilated Christianity known under that title to recommend for Catholic acceptance.

Reunion along dogmatic lines is recognized by all to be quite out of the question, save through individual conversion. Two opportunities for co-operation and mutual helpfulness are, however, pointed out by both Catholics and Protestants. The first is the field of social reform and charitable work, and the second is a uniting of all the forces of Christendom against the growing menace of socialism and infidelity. Practical details as to the methods to be followed in carrying out these forms of co-operation are indeed lacking in the suggestions offered. But such detail can hardly be looked for in a general discussion of this kind. The importance of these suggestions of co-operation lies in the fact that they emanate from both Catholics and Protestants, including some Catholic prelates who are in a position to speak for the church, and have, therefore, a fair chance of receiving further discussion and elaboration through other channels of communication.

The whole symposium seems significant in one further respect, namely, that it occurs at a moment when France is on the verge of a great religious crisis. Is it possible that the threatened withdrawal of state support from the Church of France, and from the Protestant sects alike, may lead to a unification of the religious factors in France as a means of mutual defence against the forces of secularism and socialism?

A FRANCISCAN WONDER-WORKER.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

IT is from among the poor the saints of God are chiefly chosen, was the observation of an Irish priest * who once declared of himself: "I was born in poverty, I have lived in poverty, and I trust in God I shall die in poverty," and who, when dying, was found to be the possessor of only sixpence. True, saints have lived in palaces, have been found seated on thrones and in courts, cabinets, and camps, ruling kingdoms, governing empires, and leading armies, have been born in and to high stations, and nursed in the lap of luxury; but their surroundings were not contributory to their sanctity, rather an opposing element, while poverty, compulsory or voluntary, when worthily endured or embraced, creates an atmosphere in which the Christian virtues best flourish and bloom and bring forth fruits of holiness.

Such was the atmosphere or environment, an atmosphere which strengthens the moral fibre of human character, in which the Italian Franciscan lay brother, Fraté Egidio di San Guiseppe, or, as we would say, Brother Giles of St. Joseph, grew from childhood to manhood. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, Cataldo Pontillo, who, with his wife, Grazia Procaccio, occupied a humble house in Tarento, a town of Otranto, which once formed part of the kingdom of Naples "when still," as Beranger sings, "the Bourbons held the throne." Born on November 16, 1729, and dying in 1812, he belongs both to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; to an epoch when impiety, engendered by false philosophy and scepticism, reached its climax, when the great torrent of the French revolution swept away thrones and altars in its devastating flood; to an age when Lutheranism, Calvinism, Jansenism, and French philosophism were followed by inevitable moral decadence and

* Archdeacon O'Keeffe, P.P., of St. Finn Barr's, Cork, during the episcopate of Bishop Murphy.

social disturbance; an age which felt the scourge of war by which providence chastised and chastened the nations for their unbelief; an age which witnessed the suppression of religious orders, the secularization of sacred edifices, the prohibition of divine worship in public, the exile, deportation and execution of priests and religious. "It is thus," says a French writer, "that God always begins to regenerate his sanctuary by tribulations and trials. More than five millions of men thus expiated, by a premature death, the crime of impiety and unbelief which had invaded the land. After this sanguinary expiation we have been the happy witnesses of a reaction of which heaven's benediction has been the principle. While a few inheritors and successors of eighteenth century scepticism dare even to deny the miracles contained in the holy Gospels, and have had the odious temerity to transform them into myths, as if they had never taken place, on the other hand faith is resuming its ascendency and influence in the world."

To aid in this religious renovation by proving the continuity of miracles in the Christian Church, to give the great world of modern philosophy a living example of the actuality of the supernatural, a world which fondles and cherishes speculative illusions as if they were tangible things and scornfully rejects the truth, seeking for the origin of life in the very slime, groping in the mud like Holman Hunt's symbolical man with the muck-rake, looking downward instead of upward, "with a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars";—such was evidently one of the reasons why God at such a time added to the cloud of witnesses who testify to the supernatural grace and power existent in his church. Another reason, it may be presumed, was to give the poor and the mendicant orders, primitively established to minister to the poor, a genuine example of real holy poverty—not the artificial poverty which sometimes is its specious counterfeit. Such a witness and such an exemplar was this poor Franciscan lay brother of the Alcantarine Observance of the Minorites.

His parents lived from hand to mouth, or, like the birds of the air, on what they could pick up from day to day; having nothing to depend on but the little earnings which their work brought them, that is when they could get work to do. Baptized on the same day he was born, he received the names of Francis Anthony Paschal—three saints of the order,

one of the later glories of which he was destined to be. He was confirmed at the age of ten, when he also made his First Communion. A childhood during which the only things that could attract his eyes or his heart were pious objects, and a youth spent as an apprentice to the trade of a worker in plush—a kind of apostolate of the workshop where he edified his employer and his fellow-apprentices by his example—prefaced a manhood, first laboriously spent as the prop of the humble household after his father's death until his mother re-married, and then as a lay brother in the most austere reform of the Franciscan order, instituted by the great Spanish ascetic, St. Peter of Alcantara.

There were very early foreshadowings of what he was to be. From the moment he made his First Communion he ceased to be a child and was noted for a certain unusual gravity and recollectedness. Piety and the duties it imposes were his sole delight. When he passed from the control of pious parents, who carefully safeguarded his innocence, to that of his employer, a good Christian, the latter was not slow to perceive that a precious treasure had been confided to him. He spoke with astonishment of him to his friends as a marvel of grace, and declared that the shoemaker's son had changed his workers into a congregation, and his workshop into an oratory. He ventured to prophecy that one day he would do great things, and when, as a very old man, he heard that Francis, his former apprentice, had become an Alcantarine, had acquired the reputation of a saint, and was filling the whole kingdom of Naples with the fame of his miracles, he was thrilled with joy and said: "I told you, when he was here, that there was the making of a little saint in that boy."

The habit of prayer and the life of faith, the interior realization of the actuality of the unseen, made him a contemplative, and the union of prayer and labor, the hearing of daily Mass before he went to work, and assiduity in seizing every opportunity that presented itself for the practice of virtue, never losing sight of personal sanctification, joined the active to the passive. Among the hours of the day, the evening hours were those which he loved most. Evening seemed to him a delightful image or forecast of heaven. While the young workers of the noisy town of Tarento were running here and there in search of distractions and pleasures after the day's

toil, Francis thought only of retiring to his scantily furnished room in his humble home to pass a few hours of quiet thought, absorbed in prayer. Nothing could draw him away from this but to join the little procession which usually accompanied a priest on a sick-call when he took the Blessed Sacrament to some poor dying creature. At the first sound of the bell he left everything, whether he was at that moment employed in the workshop or in his father's house, and ran to form part of the guard of honor to the Sacred Host. Neither his virtuous father nor his religious employer offered the least opposition; on the contrary, they left him the fullest liberty to satisfy his devotion and afford such a striking example of faith.

He was in his eighteenth year when his father died and, though bent on entering a strict convent where regularity and fervor prevailed, he felt it would be an act of inhumanity to leave his widowed mother, and worked hard to support the family until his mother's re-marriage set him at liberty. His confessor put the sincerity of his vocation to a singular test. Fearing that his resolution might be the result of new-born enthusiasm or exaggerated fervor, he directed him to confine himself to his house for a whole year, without ever leaving it, not even to go to the parish for his habitual devotions, except on Sundays and holydays of obligation. It stood the test, and several other priests, to whom his confessor, distrustful of his own lights, referred him, unanimously decided that his vocation came from heaven, but differed as to the particular order he should enter. During the night, on the seventh day of a novena to our Lady, he dreamed he saw two religious clad in the habit worn by Franciscans of the Alcantarine reform who invited him to enter their order. As soon as he could he made his way to the convent which the Alcantarines had recently founded at Tarento and asked who were the two religious who had appeared to him in a dream. The brother-porter did not know at first what he meant, but, when he understood, replied with a burst of laughter and sent him away as a weak-witted idiot. The other friars present smiled at his excessive simplicity. Disconcerted by this unexpected reception, and troubled in mind, he entered the convent church and in the statues of St. Peter of Alcantara and St. Paschal Baylon, at either side of the sanctuary or choir, he recognized the two figures he had seen

in his dream. By the advice of his confessor, who recognized in the coincidence the finger of God, he sought and obtained admission to the Alcantarine branch, and was first sent to the convent of the order at Lucca, in 1754, from which he went to the novitiate house at Galatone where, on receiving the habit, he took the name of Brother Giles of the Mother of God. He soon became an object of astonishment and admiration to all the religious and a model to his fellow-novices, particularly of the beautiful virtue of simplicity, as understood in its strictly spiritual or ascetical sense, so often recommended by St. Peter of Alcantara.

The practice of fraternal charity, which St. Augustin calls the principal penance of a religious, presented no difficulty to him, for he truly loved his neighbor as himself, while his humility rendered him insensible to affronts. His soul resembled certain musical instruments which, whatever way they are touched, give forth harmonious sounds. Following the usage of the Alcantarines, when he made his profession, he substituted for the name of Mary that of St. Joseph.

From Galatone he was sent first to the convent at Squizzano, a small town in the neighborhood of the city of Nardo, where he was given the humble office of assistant cook, and then to the monastery of St. Paschal Baylon, at Naples, to discharge the same lowly duties. At that time the contagion of sophistry and irreligion had infected the kingdom of Naples, and it was this poor Franciscan lay brother, who could neither read nor write, whom providence used to confound the proud learning of the impious. In the position of brother-porter of the convent of Chiaja, to which he was promoted from the kitchen, he was brought into contact with seculars, to whose corporal and spiritual needs he ministered, until the convent door was besieged all day long by all who were afflicted in body or soul. His name was soon on every lip, and was noised abroad as that of a saint whose powerful prayers had obtained health for the sick, prosperity for those whose worldly affairs were desperate, and the grace of conversion for the most hardened sinners. The opulent families of Naples wanted to have him in their palaces, and the malady-stricken at their bedsides. The office of brother-quester, or begging-brother, which compelled him to daily scour the streets of Naples in search of

food and clothing for the community, extended his sphere of action and influence, and marks the beginning of his career as a wonder-worker, and of the almost incredible number of miracles he wrought for over fifty years in the city of Naples.

His special devotion to our Lady and St. Joseph was the most distinctive characteristic of his religious life. He had a faithful copy made of the picture of our Lady of the Well venerated in the Alcantarine convent at Canussi, and enshrined it opposite the choir of the convent at Chiaja. This holy image plays a great part in the life of the venerable lay brother. It was the centre of all his actions, and in it he reposed all his hopes. To it he attributed all the miracles he wrought in every quarter of the city, and in its honor begged all the year round for the celebration with all possible splendor of the feast of our Lady of the Well, observed in the convent on the fourth Sunday of August, an event he looked forward to with great solicitude.

He was no less devout to St. Joseph, whose protection he experienced on a very critical occasion. Once having forgotten to recite, as was his wont, a rosary in his honor, exhausted after a fatiguing day's quest, he fell asleep, without having put out the light, on the poor planks that served him as a bed. He was suddenly aroused and shaken by an invisible hand, and heard a voice saying to him: "Get up and say the little rosary for me!" He awoke and, to his amazement, saw his cell on fire. It was at the approach of one of those great feasts which the community were in the habit of celebrating with special solemnity. A benefactor had made him a present of a quantity of powder to fire off a salute announcing the advent of the feast to people at a distance, and the flame had already reached the place where he had placed it. He bounded out of bed, invoked St. Joseph, and in a moment succeeded in extinguishing the fire without any one's assistance. In the conviction of the evident protection of his name-saint, he fell on his knees, made his thanksgiving, said the beads, retired to bed, and slept soundly. The next day he told every one what had happened to him, as an incentive to that devotion to St. Joseph which he loved to propagate. "See," he said, "to what danger we were exposed; in a moment it would have been all over with us and with the whole convent. If the fire had reached

the vessel containing the powder the whole house would have been blown to atoms!"

He had a very great devotion also to St. Francis, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Paschal Baylon, a lay brother like himself, and, like him, particularly devout to the Blessed Sacrament. Brother Giles lived, as it were, in their company; his vivid faith realizing the communion of saints, not as an abstract expression of a subjective truth, but as an objective reality as familiar to him as anything within the reach of the senses.

When, by order of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, the ordinary process or diocesan inquiry into the cause of his beatification was instituted, and the first evidence as to his virtues and miracles was taken, all the religious who had the happiness of living with him were unanimous in their praises of his admirable charity. He delighted in making himself the servant of all, and getting all, fathers and lay brothers, everything they wanted. His little cell was like a general office, where all sorts of commissions were received and as promptly executed. Even when half paralysed with sciatica, during the closing years of his life, he dragged himself, as well as he could, here and there to do the bidding or supply the wants of the brethren. The Alcantarines use neither mattresses nor paillasses, but sleep on bare boards covered with sheepskins, using in winter coarse coverlets to protect themselves against the piercing cold. To beg these sheepskins and coverlets he had to walk from Naples to the fair at Salerno, a journey he often made, trudging along the rough roads even in his old age.

Rigid only to himself, he was all kindness and considerateness towards others, and an angel of consolation to the sick, inside or outside the cloister. His charity embraced the whole city. There was not a poor creature in the entire capital who did not turn to him for never-failing succor. Little wonder that he was beloved by the people and that the miracles, which he often worked in the midst of the multitudes who thronged around him, filled them with enthusiasm. The alms pressed upon him for acceptance by merchants and shopkeepers were superabundant for the needs of the convent, and helped him to relieve crowds of distressed families.

His mortification was on a par with his other virtues. But his greatest mortification, although his whole life was a silent martyrdom, was to see himself the object of popular veneration, which reached such a degree that people used to crowd round the convent door to see him and, as he passed through the streets, furtively cut off bits of his habit, which he had to get almost daily pieced and patched and mended by his fellow lay brothers, until they began to grumble at his not keeping out of the way of religious fanatics, said he would ruin the convent, and was wanting in religious poverty. Even the guardian joined in the reproaches of the fathers and brothers; he was deprived of the office of quester, and forbidden to leave the monastery, a punishment he had thrice to undergo. Then when the Neapolitans grumbled in turn when they did not see him going his customary rounds questing—for the shrewd dealers profited by the blessing that rewarded them for their generous alms—he was allowed out again, with a caution from his superiors to be more careful. But when he returned to the convent the habit was in no better condition. Whenever he surprised any one in the act of committing this pious larceny he tried to be angry, and raised his stick menacingly as if he meant to strike the delinquent; but more often he neither heard nor saw, for his ears had become deaf and his eyes dim in his old age, or he was so absorbed in God as to be unconscious of what they did.

Candor personified, he carried frankness of speech to the utmost limits. More than once this extreme candor alarmed the community. When Napoleon I. had placed his brother Joseph Bonaparte on the throne of the two Sicilies, a rigorous system of police *espionage* was established by the French. Dubious of popular support for the new régime, they were disquieted by the smallest incidents. Above all things they dreaded assemblages of the populace, fearing an effort on the part of the recently conquered country to throw off the yoke of the foreigner. Observing that wherever Fra Egidio went an immense crowd followed him, and anxious to put a stop to it, they resolved to intimidate the lay brother and compel him to forbid the people to be following him, instead of doing so themselves, for fear of irritating the Neapolitans. They summoned him to their presence and tried to impress him, pomp-

ously demanding why he had such multitudes following him, and asking him if he was not aware that such assemblages were illegal. The Franciscan simply replied that he could not help it, and that if they would take steps to put an end to it they would be doing him a great service. Not satisfied with his reply, one of the police officers said loudly and angrily: "Don't you know that we are going to take proceedings against you?" "Proceedings against me!" exclaimed the lay brother quietly; "it is against you they should take proceedings, not against me." Not knowing what to say, they sent the good man back to his convent, where the religious were anxiously awaiting his return; for the government, like the French government at present, was suppressing many convents, and the Alcantarines were apprehensive of some severe measure. The citation of Brother Giles only increased their alarm, for they knew his fearless freedom of speech, and were afraid he would irritate the authorities. When they heard with dismay what he had said they thought their convent was doomed.

On another occasion the liveried servants of the minister, Saliceti, knocked at the convent door and asked for Fra Egidio. Saliceti was one of the most ardent partisans of the new régime, and when the guardian heard his name he felt a cold chill. He sent for the lay brother and impressively inculcated prudence and circumspection; but Egidio's frankness put the climax on his fears. The minister was seriously ill, he had been given up by the doctors, when it occurred to him to send for the Franciscan lay brother of whom he had heard so many wonderful things. Egidio, as soon as he saw the liveried lackeys, said to them: "Is it now you come for me? Why didn't you come sooner? He is dead!" The guardian trembled. He would have shut the lay brother's mouth, but it was too late. All he could do was to look severely at him and say in a tone of authority: "Go where obedience sends you." The lay brother replied: "Father, as you wish it, I am going; but what am I to do? He is dead!" He went, but the minister had expired when he put his foot on the threshold of the palace.

There was none, even the king himself, who did not wish to see Fra Egidio, whose name and good deeds filled the whole city of Naples. He was sent for by his majesty. The humble

Franciscan went, ascended the grand royal stairs, passed modestly through the long series of sumptuous apartments, and finally reached the king's antechamber. The court officials regarded with curiosity this poor old begging friar, and tried to guess what there was extraordinary about him that a king should want to converse with him privately. Introduced into the royal presence, he asked the king what he wanted with him. The king, not expecting such a question, was for a moment surprised; then he said: "Do you think I will die on the throne?" Fra Egidio answered: "Were you born there, your majesty?" "No"; said the king. "Well," said Egidio, "since you weren't born there, why do you wish to die there?" The king, to whom this kind of logic was displeasing, said: "You're a madman. Go back to where you came from."

When the community heard from his own lips an account of the interview, and the way he treated the king, they were pale with terror; but they were somewhat reassured when they were told that he treated Fra Egidio with contempt and dismissed him as a lunatic.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SUBJECTION.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

HE turned from the shop-window to look toward Union Square, that urban oasis, cool and restful, with its translucent greens and brimming fountain. A rank smell of whisky circled his presence. It flooded from his miserable rags and fouled the clear, sweet air of the June day. Its repulsive dominance was broadly published on the whole man, and he wore the tyranny with cringing submission.

His thought confirmed itself with difficulty. He shook his head sadly, as if the reference to trees and crisp, singing waters lacked some particular and crowning emphasis. He turned again to fix his eyes on the vision in the window. He was unconscious of the frank curiosity that gleamed from the face of the urchin at his side. Something much like a wakened and stirring soul claimed the man's regard. Memory fluttered under the rags on his bosom; he was fascinated, disturbed—thrilled! And the mute cause—a landscape that bore the superfluous title "La Primavera." It was the glimpse of a country-side dreaming under the still, white profusion of a spring day. It revealed a thousand nuptials, effected or proclaimed—a stretch of apple blooms; the radiance of young, sweet grass; woods dense and brimming with seasonal color; meadow land and pasture; the thin sparkle of a valley stream; a pathway winding over warm slants; and a flock of timid sheep that favored sun and slender shadows. Across the valley, through transparent air, lurked the gentian blue of great hills. In the near distance was a human habitation—free, generous, inviting. Over all was a vast, dim peace with silence.

"Say, mister, it ain't always the same, is it?"

The man, with perceptible effort, turned from the picture, and, looking down into the quick eyes of the youngster, said: "Naw, kid, nuthin' ain't the same—now"; and after a pause: "You 'n' me ain't always the same." He turned to feed again upon the vision.

Springtime! Its wine was in his blood when he swung,

with altered words and accent, to demand: "You've never lived in the country, have you, boy? No; poor devil! They've starved your soul, child—starved it. Come here; do you see that? Do you know what that is? That's an orchard, boy; yes, apples—apples larger than both your hands! Their scent hangs in that roadway for miles. And those? No; those are sheep, sheep. And that? That's a mountain. Yes; larger than anything you've ever seen in this—in this hell! And here, here's the valley. This is the path where lilacs and wild cherries fling out their signals for—for—here, boy, see where it leads—down through the cool, wise trees to the brook. Listen! Can't you hear the singing of the waters and the birds, can't you smell the meadows and the wild roses? Look! It's miles and miles across that valley to the blue mountains. And there—there!—no; not a house—a home, boy, a home. Do you know what that means—a home?—Dear God!" A lank, bony hand, smutched for lack of care, and stained from wind and sun, passed irresolute across two swollen eyes.

A shrewd light sprang to the urchin's face. A fleet suspicion prompted the keen, blunt words: "Do you know any place like that, mister?"

The man's countenance underwent instant change; he tried to laugh, but failed. Suddenly he blurted out: "G'wan, kid; I was jes' stringin' you."

"But—" began the youngster.

The man turned on the boy fiercely and, with an oath, snarled: "It's a lie, I tell you; I never lived there—never! You git!"

The perplexed youngster drew away and, with many backward glances, made off down the avenue. The man wound his course among the mass of vehicles and across the roadway. On the opposite curb he turned and, if for another glimpse of the picture, a brute, noisy bulk of traffic foiled the purpose. With a shrug he made for the park, chose a bench and sat down. His neighbor, after a fleet scrutiny, rose and moved away. Another time the man would have been impervious to the implied suspicion, now he was not even conscious of it. His head sank forward, till the stubble of his chin touched his breast; his eyes were wide against sunlight that he did not see; his ears were tingling with that late challenge: "Do you know any place like that?" His teeth ground against each other till his ears hummed, but he could not still the words. He

stiffened; then, with an oath, the old denial leaped to his lips. The frank young wind in the trees above him, the clear speech of the curving waters of the fountain, the confused babel of street sounds—these, like his heart, were in conspiracy against him; they drove the assertion back in his teeth with an insistent "You did, you did!" One by one the barriers went down. He fought the rising flood with a final, intense effort. The evidence of a struggle was visible in two lank arms stiffening against the iron braces of the bench; in the steady glare of two eyes; and in the beaded sweat upon a human face. One supreme wrench and the current swept him far out. And there he drifted.

Memories, for years subjected, tapped freely against the unshuttered windows of his soul. One by one they made entrance into the dusty, echoing chambers. After a blundering search through the darkness they came forth bearing an immortal fragment, a mere spark, yet luminous and sufficient. With it they lit the man's passage into the kingdom of dreams.

Around him were the sweetness and silence of an upland morning. He was conscious of a dim remonstrance in the white light. The cedared lane, that dipped steeply into the valley, flung its memorable invitations to each sense; he saw, through the thin mist and upon the lower levels, aging friendly homesteads; signal smoke from early fires crept upward straight and steady; shadowy forms were moving about the distant doorways; a score of familiar tones called and called in his ears; and down that white, fragrant valley the man's soul went on a long-forefended quest. Like a thief of the night he hugged the hedge and the shadows. Twice he paused, but retreat was blocked by a deathless countenance that smiled at him from the distance. He came to a dead halt. The perfume of an old-fashioned garden gave him greeting. He dared not drink its pure breath; something in the first taste choked him, made him wince at his own pollution. He raised his eyes. They were jerked into a wide, motionless stare. He heard her voice. His heart gulped, then stumbled and drove fast against his ribs. The vision, framed by an open doorway, was blurred by a scalding mist that scarfed his eyes. Her face was full of peace and beauty when she came down the garden path to meet him. It was burned by fire into the core of his soul when he heard: "John—oh! John!"

With a start the man drew himself together. He raised

his eyes first to the blue cloth, then to the shining badge, then dumbly to the round, red face of the officer.

"You've had yer nap, eh? Move on, move on out o' here!"

The man felt no antagonism, but rose like one in great weariness. The strident roar and rattle of the streets assailed him; they were slim undertones to another voice that scorned betrayal. Once on the sidewalk, he looked up and down the avenue, but not across at the window. He struck out northward; at every cross-street, a blinding lance of light leaped toward him. The West was a pool of intolerable fire. The flagstones that had for hours sucked in the heat now discharged it in puffs and waves; it entered the thin, broken leather of his shoes, and smouldered against the bottoms of his feet; it curled upward and licked his face; beads of sweat oozed from his skin to trickle in wet courses down his face; his hands were swollen and heavy with a dead weight of blood.

Finally he turned a corner to the left, crossed the avenue and swung straight down into the scorching glare of the West. A sheet of flame quivered in the distance—it was the river. Half way down the next block he drew up sharply; his nostrils bulged, his eyelids stiffened—he heard the soft feathery hum of the electric fans and the cool, moist click of glasses. The seduction was overwhelming; he gulped—once—twice; his throat was a blistered sluice. The old desire, with all its terrors aud insistent demands, leaped upon him. Through him, from head to foot, shot a strain of ice pursued by singeing fires; a thousand devils brawled in the closet of his ears; and he found himself clinging to the bar-rail. A human hand was pushing toward him a grimy, worn nickle, and a human voice was saying: "Go home! you can't spend that here." Home! he was still trembling when he sat down in the shadow of the empty cars at the river side.

All through the smouldering phase of twilight he fought—with alternate curse and prayer—the tempter and his gift. The nickle still lay moist and stained in the palm of his hand. He looked at it; he heard a voice—her voice; his arm hesitated in mid-air; then the counsel of another tongue prevailed. He dropped the coin into his pocket and glanced shiftily about him, half expecting to see her disappointed face. The steady, long, even roll of a slow-moving freight train brought him to his feet. Somewhere midway its length he swung himself up and between the cars.

"You're going home! You're going home!" He heard the words in the grinding click and swing of the wheels. He shut his lips. Thirty miles! thirty miles! and then—he shouted hoarsely against the night; but a swoop of wind through the draughty passage of the cars flung the cry back against his face. Through swirling clouds of dust and cinders he saw the blurred lights of the river towns flash and vanish. The miles kept dropping back into the darkness—like his strength. The ride, like the thirst that was again upon him—a swarm of stinging vermin—seemed never-ending. Racked, numbed, blinded, he felt the sudden articulated shocks, the relaxed speed, the rattling of made switches, and the slow drag of the train on yard-tracks. Then the hurried chuff, chuff—chuff, chuff—of the engine.

The man dropped from between the cars and, crossing the tracks, paused to glance about him. Opposite the dingy station a hill towered blunt and dark and forbidding. At the base a bleared, yellow eye lurched drunkenly out through the shadows. It challenged the man's will, the efforts of his heart, and all the resolutions of his soul; it held him vise-like to the spot. On the immediate air hung a thin, sour, beery smell—the tavern door was open. From it there coiled outward a gray stream of smoke; and this became a lithe, living arm that reached out to throttle him. He cursed the feeling into subjection; his fingers closed with swift assertion on the solitary coin in his pocket; he was amazed to think that he had once been tempted to cast it away. He understood it the next moment when invisible arms bore him bodily toward the light. He felt the horrible slip and tightening of muscles against his own, and shuddered. He damned the yellow eye even as it leered down his weak protest. His foot was on the shop step, when he recoiled and staggered from the doorway; her face, full of beseechment, floated between him and the saloon. On his hot, grimy face he thought that he felt the cold purity of her kiss. It was a wet wind sweeping out of the northern quarter of the river; a point of fire touched his forehead—a rain-drop flung in advance of its fellows. Her tears would burn like that. A thrill shook him from crown to sole. He swung away into the night and toward the hills. His shamed and naked soul a guide, the ponderous gloom pressing and moulding his face, he went up the valley. Above him was a

huge bulk of hills, their granite sides and firm, gross hearts, making rare sounding boards for the volumed thunders. Lean, lithe, switching pines whistled along the crests in the gathering winds. Foot by foot, fighting down the intolerable temptation, he drew near and gained the level. A hundred yards beyond, in the fork of the road, he knew—God!—there was the light; the window panes were luminous against the oppressive blackness of the night. As he paused at the crotch of the road, the whole weight of his temptation seemed to fall away. He shot a fleet glance behind him, expecting to see its embodied horror speeding down through the gloom. At the gateway he sank to his knees and, with his hot face crushing the cool, sweet grasses, kissed the ground. It was holy with her foot-steps—that evening. From the croft beyond came the maddening perfume of roses—her favorite flower. He staggered to his feet and slunk along the hedge till the light of the unshuttered window was full upon him. Then he saw, and, for a moment, stiffened with an indescribable sensation. Awe, terror, pity, remorse, despair—each in turn gripped his heart. But none with such significance as that final clutch of despair. He saw her; she was sitting in her rocker; her hair, he could not understand that it should be white, was decently composed under a cap of lace; he searched the features for some similitude of the portrait shining in his soul, and found—none. He saw the flash of her spectacles when she moved; he could not see her eyes, but he guessed their contents. The thought wrung an involuntary cry from his lips. With sudden resolve he burst through the hedge and stood trembling on the garden walk. He took one step forward, stopped abruptly and gripped at his throat. A blinding fire raced across the valley. Shrill, resonant cracks of thunder split and rattled down the precipitous walls of the night. Rain surged and swayed, then poured in dense, resolute floods upon the earth. For an instant the woman's face was framed in the window glass; the sad, questioning eyes were veiled by a drawn curtain; the light disappeared from the window. A momet later—with the roar of the hills about him; the fleet, white lightnings biting at his heels; and, into the flesh of one palm, fingers crunching a nickle—the man went in full flight—his eyes seared with alternate visions, the dim, smoking drinking-den, and the face of—his mother.

The Latest Books.

CHRISTIAN REALISM.
By Abbe Laberthonniere.

Several months ago we gave an account of Père Laberthonnière's volume of essays in Religious Philosophy, and stated how worthy they were of serious attention from readers interested in the religious topics most widely discussed and vitally important at the present day. This new book* deserves equal consideration; and in view of the numerous issues, raised by recent publications as to the Catholic conception of Christ, the function of criticism in apologetics, the relation of Scripture to the church, and similar matters, the work seems especially timely. It will be wisest, perhaps, to content ourselves here with a brief outline of the contents of his two hundred pages, referring readers to the book itself for a more satisfactory development of the topics introduced.

At the outset an attempt is made to clarify the conception of the Christian religion by means of contrasting it with the ideas entertained by the Greeks.

Although in Greek philosophy, says our author, it is possible to recognize a beginning of those aspirations of the soul which Christianity aims at satisfying, the Greek attitude of mind was totally different from the Christian. The interest of the Greek centred in the explanation of the visible universe, and his way of explaining it was the substituting of a world of ideas for the world of things. Abstraction was the instrument of truth, and the way of salvation; and happiness was to be secured by rising above the realities of experience—not through asceticism, but through dialectics—and contemplating pure ideas. The world of sensible experience was but a poor place, ruled over by a blind fate, and God dwelt entirely apart from it.

In contrast with this, Christianity is preoccupied primarily with life itself, and not with the explanation of things. It is not a system of abstract ideas, but a practical instruction to man to be busy with his own inner life and the shaping of

**Le Réalisme Chrétien et L'Idéalisme Grec.* Par l'Abbé L. Laberthonnière. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

his destiny. Built upon actual historical events, Christianity is, at the same time, much more than a history; it is a doctrine in the concrete. Its Bible is essentially an interpretation of life, a definite religious conception, which, like a rich seed, is planted in the bosom of humanity to grow and flourish. While truly historical the Bible is, in a great measure, independent of literal accuracy, since it records facts not for their own sake, but for their spiritual significance. Events are related because in them is disclosed an animating purpose, a divine intention full of moral meaning, the activity of God mingling with the activity of man. The spiritual lesson is primary, the history secondary; hence it is useless to look for orderly and scientific narratives in the pages of the Bible. For example, in Genesis the essential point is the fact of the creation of the world by God. In the Gospels, the aim is to tell not the external details of our Lord's life, but what he was in himself, what his actions signified, what his words meant, what part he was playing in the life of humanity. That he was a divine person dwelling amid men, and that by various acts he shaped human destiny, this is the main point in the Gospel story.

The contrast of Christianity and the Greek philosophy is then that of realism as against an abstract idealism. The Christian God is not a mere ultimate idea, but essentially an active power creating and sustaining all existences; and the world is not independent of him, nor connected with him by a mere logical nexus, but it is the actual outcome of his energy and his love, and is, so to speak, morally bound to him as the Being of beings and the Life of lives.

Christian doctrine, it is true, is in a certain sense traditional, inasmuch as the Christian concept of life is conditioned by past events, and affected by the testimony of others as to the interpretation of these events; yet at the same time Christianity must be more than a tradition, for it is of real value to an individual only in the measure that he acquires and assimilates it by personal thought and personal activity. This part must be done by each one for himself and only in virtue of attempts at it can Christianity become a reality in a life. Thus taken hold of by the individual intelligence and will, however, it is capable of indefinite growth and development in each soul. The Greek ideal requires intellectual con-

templation; the Christian, a continual struggle to adapt one's self to the Gospel interpretation of life. The affirmation of Christianity is moral rather than intellectual. Our ontological relation with God is a fixed natural necessity; but to be a Christian one must freely accept this relation and further it with all the strength of his soul. In one sense it is true that we have only what we receive; but in another sense we have nothing but what we win. The dualism of Christianity is, then, not a dualism between God and creation, but between the wills that side with God and the wills that oppose him. All sincere effort is acceptable to God; it all helps on the process of moral development, and in the last analysis we shall find that there is no opposition except between the spirit of self-sufficiency and the recognition of one's dependence on God. Which side is right? There lies the real religious problem, and much confusion will be avoided once this issue is clearly seen.

The great vital question then, is, what attitude shall we assume in our conduct? Unfortunately the fact that Christianity has a historical aspect, too, distracts men's attention, so that they forget that the most important issue is this one just stated. Apologists sometimes speak as if men could be reasoned into Christianity. They say that the divinity of the Christian religion is as demonstrable as the existence of Alexander or Cæsar. This is false; it implies that a scientific, historical training is requisite and is sufficient to make a man a Christian. Now history may teach us that Jesus Christ has existed, but between doing that and proving that he is divine yawns an abyss. Historical proofs do not implant Christianity in men; Christianity is instilled by the echo which Christ's teaching awakens in the soul, by the sight of his life and the sound of his words, showing him to be the way, the truth, and the life. Converts find their first motives for believing in the satisfactory answers given by Christ to the problems presented by life. Faith in Christ's divinity comes not from study alone, but from divine grace, from a deep-felt inner need, and from a good-will to believe. All that history can teach us will never effect this result, just as St. Peter's familiar acquaintance with Christ—the knowledge revealed by "flesh and blood"—could not be the source of his affirmation of Christ's divinity. History proves that Christ existed; for the believer, however,

the point is not, "Did he exist?" but, "What was he?" How foolish it would be for us to say that scientific history gives us the motives for accepting Christ, and at the same time to forbid a critical historian to make abstractions of his faith. The Gospel is not really a mere chronicle; it is an interpretation, a doctrine; it shows us what Christ was to the apostles. But alongside the apostles, who believed, we find others who did not believe. Which side shall we take, and what motives shall determine our choice? History, indeed, takes no man either into or out of the church. As a matter of fact the opposition which history reveals, between those who believed and those who did not believe, is being repeated to-day, here, under our very eyes; and we can choose sides here, just as well as off yonder, in the issue related by history. In truth, before we can really take sides at all, we must have motives of our own; the reasons of one side or the other must become our reasons, in order that we may honestly make a choice. Now Christ's truth is not to be limited to the temporary manifestation of it recorded in the pages of history; it is here as well as there; perhaps it is here more than there, for there the faith was only in its beginnings, and since then the mustard-seed has become a tree, the piety of the faithful, the meditations of saints, the speculations of theologians, and the discussions of councils, together with a thousand kinds of contradictions having helped to elaborate the originally simple teaching. Now to adhere to the truth of Christ means knowingly and voluntarily to be incorporated in the church which brings him to us and us to him. And, if we do not welcome and attempt to assimilate the truth that is thus presented to us, we shall hardly discover it in the testimony of a dead past.

At the same time we must admit that historical criticism is neither useless nor superfluous. Christ presenting himself as the life of our life is the real motive that draws us, but history must come to our help if we are to get acquainted with the facts of his life, to see with our eyes, and to touch with our hands, the Incarnate God, and to learn to tread in his footsteps. History again must be called upon to introduce us to communion with all those who at any time and in any place have welcomed Christ, explicitly or implicitly, and have

lived his life. To assimilate Christ's truth in its living totality, its beginnings and its developments, one must be able to centre all history around him and use it as a means of understanding him better. At no one moment can tradition even formulate an adequate expression of Christianity such as would dispense us from the need of further effort at elaboration; yet it is no less true that much assistance may be had by learning the convictions and the motives of belief prevalent in past ages. Otherwise humanity would never progress, but, like a man forgetting each night all he had learned each day, would have to begin life all over again each morning.

Critical history has been useful, thus far at least, that it has utterly upset two false notions, that used to obtain: first, the idea that the fulness of Christian truth could be gathered by a literal and exclusive study of Scripture; and again, the notion that the church was established at the beginning as it is now, with the same doctrinal, institutional and hierarchical equipment which we behold; in other words, that it has remained during the centuries like an immovable block of granite.

Christ came on earth to give life, and only by thinking his thoughts and living his life do we truly receive him. The Evangelists' memoranda did not exhaust the fullness of that life, neither did their thoughts exhaust the fullness of Christ's mind. The truth of Christ, deposited in the church like a seed, lives in the womb of humanity; and, as critical study will show, it has never been like a mere register or transmitter, nor has it ever functioned mechanically. Instead of handing out solid blocks of doctrine, as she receives them, the church has ever been the living organ of the living truth of Jesus Christ.

In this imperfect résumé of an interesting work, the well-read student will perceive the suggestion of numerous principles and positions that are being discussed very hotly within the church at the present time. It would be too much to say that our author leaves us no room for question, problem, or hesitation; indeed, on his own showing, such a result would be most unfortunate. But he does stimulate us vigorously to think, and to think in a way that will help us both mentally and spiritually. Doubtless this is the end that he aimed at most carefully.

PROGRESS IN PRAYER.
By Fr. Caussade.

*Progress in Prayer** is a spiritual book of altogether remarkable value. Not in many a year has the devotional literature of our language been enriched with a volume so simple in method, so lofty in purpose, and so deep in principle, as this brief work of less than two hundred pages. And it attains to this distinction because its teaching on prayer is the teaching of the church's greatest doctors of the soul, and the teaching of the church's greatest epochs of sanctity. In those old days the monastic saints taught men to pray by sending them straight to God, by training their eyes to see God, so far as he can now be seen, and by cultivating their wills to go forth to God in the simple act of unitive love. It was a straightforward and simple method, not above the ambition of the lowliest earnest soul, and yet capable of illuminating the interior pathways of the very highest. But, like many another holy thing, it fell under some suspicion because its name was coveted by an unsound and condemned method which, however, differs from it, and is as easily distinguishable from it as night from day. Quietism arose, and because of it, contemplative prayer came to be distrusted, openly spoken of as dangerous, and to a very great extent was forbidden by directors. Yet contemplation is the glory of Catholic devotion, and to abandon it is to leave the highway where saints have trod. There is beginning now, it would appear, a revival of this simple and free method of mental prayer. Conscientious directors are perceiving that many religious souls, whether in the world or in the consecrated state, reach, by a normal growth of soul under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, a condition wherein methods, exercises, forms, and formalisms of meditation become a hindrance to their progress. Instead of reaching God after by-journeyings through points, sub-points, reflections, applications, and divers "compositions," they possess at once a vivid sense of the intimate presence of the all-Holy, and are impelled toward him by fervent and simple acts of will. And in the interior union with God thus permitted them they perceive more comprehensively, and feel more keenly, the convictions and conclusions which ordinary meditation is an instrument for

* *Progress in Prayer.* Translated from *Instructions Spirituelles*, par le R. P. Caussade, S.J., by L. V. Sheehan. Adapted and Edited with an Introduction by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. St. Louis: B. Herder.

presenting to the mind; for example, that sin is above all things hateful, that God is worth all sacrifices, that our Saviour deserves the soul's entire devotion. With penitents of this condition, it would surely be wrong to check the impulses of grace, to forbid direct union with God, and to insist upon retaining an iron method, when its main purpose of assisting the soul has been long since fulfilled, and its usefulness more or less diminished.

In all this, we intend no imputation against set exercises and rules of discursive meditation. Such helps are indispensable for nearly all in the beginning, and for some during an entire lifetime probably. But to make of these aids a barrier to all progress beyond, is unjust and harmful. So declare unanimously all the church's greatest doctors of interior science. Consequently, we need spiritual books which will teach something of the higher sort of prayer; we need them most urgently too. For even to-day, distant as we are from the Quietistic Controversies, there remain widespread misunderstandings about all contemplative aspirations, and, as a direct result, souls called to higher things are kept fastened by obedience in lower. P. Caussade's book is a manual of this rare character, and deserves the most earnest commendation that we can give it. Simple in language and made still easier by the catechetical method of question and answer, it is adapted to all conditions and capacities of mind, and it will become, we feel sure in predicting, God's instrument for leading many chosen souls to that higher and freer enjoyment of divine union which is so great a gift of grace, and the most perfect life of prayer. The translator's work has been extraordinarily well done; and as for Father McSorley's historical and explanatory introduction, it is such an essay as one finds only once in a long span of years. To read this clear and scholarly paper would be of itself enough reason and enough reward for procuring this little volume, and for going back to it again and again.

THE FRANCISCANS AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
By Fr. Pauwels.

This jubilee year of the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception has seen at least one work upon the doctrine of very high scientific merit. This is the volume of Father Pauwels, O.F.M., on the relation of the Franciscan Order to the development of

the dogma.* The sons of St. Francis, as every student of theology knows, were, from the time of Duns Scotus, the indefatigable defenders of Mary's unique and glorious privilege. As Father Pauwels admits, however, the earliest theologians of the order, Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, and Richard Middleton, agreed with St. Bernard, Albert the Great, and Thomas Aquinas in calling into question the Immaculate Conception. But Duns Scotus, the wonderful young Irish minorite, soon, let us hope, to be made both saint and Doctor of the Church, drew to the support of the doctrine his entire order, and, from almost his lifetime, the opinion which he illustriously defended became known as *sententia Franciscana*. Ranged against the Franciscans upon the point were the Dominicans, and for five hundred years a continual and bitter debate raged between them, constituting one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of theology.

We can imagine the intensity of the controversy from such a fact as that for a time the monks who presided over the Spanish Inquisition flung into prison as heretics those who defended the Immaculate Conception. At times civil magistrates had to interfere between the disputants for the sake of the public peace; and more than once the opponents of the Franciscan school had to be called to book for not sufficiently respecting the papal letters that leaned ever more and more positively toward the definition finally proclaimed by Pius IX. It is this celebrated controversy, and especially the eminent and honorable part taken in it by the Friars Minor, that Father Pauwels describes. He does his task with a masterly hand. He is not a mere eulogist, but is a critical and impartial historian. At times he openly dissents from an opinion, such for example as that St. Bonaventure favored the doctrine, which would naturally appeal to his religious sympathies. Also in narrating the vehemence of the objectors against the Franciscan thesis, and their pertinacious hostility to an opinion—as it then was—dear to devout hearts, he is calm, cautious, and charitable. Altogether, he has given us an excellent work, for which all students of theology will be sincerely grateful.

One is impressed anew, in reading a book like this, with the inestimable blessing of an unerring church. Think of the con-

* *Les Franciscains et l'Immaculée Conception.* Par le P. Pierre Pauwels, O.F.M. Malines: L'Imprimerie S. François.

troversies that have arisen since the deposit of faith was first given to men. Is Christ consubstantial with the Father? Did Christ have a human as well as a divine will? Does the Holy Ghost proceed from Father alone or from Father and Son? These and many other questions, which are inevitable once men start reflecting on dogmatic Christianity, have arisen, have divided schools, have produced literatures, and have, in providential time, been set at rest by the infallible voice of God's teacher to mankind. So with the Immaculate Conception: doctors disputed; universities argued; preachers affirmed and denied; human passions were aroused; domestic traditions seemed at issue; and perhaps even soundness of faith imperilled. At last the oracle of the Lord! Roma locuta est! And at once the way is clear; the controversy is ended; the perplexity is made plain; the certain truth shines forth; and all are one in acknowledging and in exalting the glory of the Immaculate. Only in Catholicity can there be full freedom to discuss, because there alone is final authority to decide.

INSPIRATION.
By Fr. Hummelauer.

We assure those of our readers who are interested in Scripture-study, that they will miss one of the most remarkable essays of recent years if they omit reading Father Hummelauer's pamphlet on Inspiration.* The author, long known as one of the profoundest and boldest of Catholic Scripturists, has often aroused interest and controversy by his published views; but we feel sure that in this latest work he will be the centre of a more energetic discussion than has ever yet surrounded him. He deals here with the question of Inspiration in those practical aspects which alone are of interest to people of our time. For it is possible to study the problem in very many impractical aspects. Learned papers might be written, perhaps even whole volumes penned, about, for example, the psychological effect of inspiration on the sacred writer, how far his choice of words comes under inspiration, or whether he is always formally conscious of being inspired. Useful, of course, are all such speculations; but we have ventured to call them impractical, just at this present period of biblical study, for the reason that nowa-

**Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage.* Mit Besonderer Rücksicht auf das Alte Testament. Von Franz von Hummelauer, S.J. St. Louis: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

days people want one, and practically only one, question answered in this matter of Inspiration. And that question is, In what sense are all the statements of the Bible true? Directly, and almost exclusively, with this difficult and delicate problem is Father Hummelauer's brochure concerned. He cannot, at the very outset, be too highly praised for his courageous advance upon a matter so hard to treat. It would be more comfortable, obviously, for a Catholic student and scholar not to touch those thorny points; and not to go out as a pioneer into an uncertain region dangerous with quicksands, wherein many previous explorers have lost their way and been destroyed. But go into the place of danger and disquiet we must. We are summoned by the imperative call of souls in need. For to-day, as surely it would be superfluous to prove, men are becoming unbelievers by many thousands, because they have lost or are losing faith in the Bible. The Old Testament writings are receiving new light from Oriental discoveries, and are subjected to a searching process of critical examination, which has brought forward fresh problems absolutely unknown to the fathers of the church or to the theologians of past generations. And out of the many voices which are raised, and the manifold difficulties which are urged by this recent science, one interrogation seems to be most clearly heard and most earnestly uttered: Is the Bible true in all its statements; and how, in what manner, is it true?

This question, we said, we must endeavor to answer. Our advanced students must teach us how to answer it. And those among them who give us light upon the difficulty, who accord full, honest, and generous recognition to science, but show at the same time that science is not at all hostile to our genuine belief, are doing the most timely missionary service that can at present be rendered to the church. Honor, then, in high measure is due to Father Hummelauer, the honor of apostolic effort, as well as the distinction of eminent erudition. He has written in these brief pages a work which contains principles for answering the main difficulties of Bible-study, and for reconciling higher criticism and traditional faith, so long and disastrously in conflict.

It is not easy to give an adequate and safe résumé of a book like this. The reasoning is so close that it ought to be studied as a whole; and the necessary distinctions are of such

vital moment that they should not be hazarded by abbreviation. Still, we think it possible to state at least the principles of our author's position. In answer to the question, Is every statement of the Bible true? Father Hummelauer answers decisively, Yes. Then comes his distinction: It is true *in the sense in which the inspired writer meant it to be true, and in that sense alone.* It may not be true in some sense which we wish to thrust into it; then we are at fault, not the inspired writer. If the inspired author writes a parable, his composition has the *truth proper to parables;* if he writes a poem, *it has the truth proper to poetry;* if he should even write an extensive haggada, or religious novel, to use a modern word, *it would have the truth proper to these literary forms.* Consequently, if we read a biblical parable, and complain because it has not the truth of critical history, it is we who are wrong, since a parable has its own kind of truth as well as critical history; and it was the former that was intended by the author, and not the latter. Likewise, if we read a biblical poem, and cry out against the inaccuracy of Scripture, because we find in the poem a statement scientifically inexact, we again are the blunderers. The inspired author of that poem had no intention, no care, perhaps no thought at all just then, of writing *scientific* truth, but only *poetic* truth; and to censure him would be as stupid as to charge a man with not knowing anything about architecture, or common-sense housebuilding, because he had put up a stable which possessed neither dining-room nor bedchambers. For example, if the author of the first chapter of Genesis wished in his creation-narrative simply to represent, pictorially and poetically, the truth that God made all things that are, surely it is evident that it is the utmost unreasonableness to gibe at his geology. The last thing in his mind was geology; perhaps he knew nothing at all about it. His narrative is true, perfectly and irreproachably true, with the truth that he intended to have it express; viz., the religious truth, clothed in the language of figure and metaphor, that God created heaven and earth. And he should not be judged, therefore, by the standard of some other order of truth, which he took no thought for whatever.

From all this Father Hummelauer's fundamental principle may be seen to be this: Every kind of literary composition has a truth proper and peculiar to itself; and every state-

ment, proposition, or narrative should be judged singly and solely by the truth proper to the literary category to which such statement, proposition, or narrative belongs. Poetry, parable, historical fiction, even folk-lore—all these are true, but with a far wider and looser truth than the truth of chemistry, mathematics, or critical history. Multitudes of the erroneous ideas prevalent about the Bible arise from the illogical application of the standards of strictly critical and scientific truth, to statements which ought to be judged by the standards of less rigid kinds of truth, since it was according to these latter standards that the inspired authors wrote and intended to be read.

But who shall tell us in what literary category a statement, a text, or even a whole book belongs? How shall we know whether we are reading tribal tradition or rigid history? poetical amplification or a plain account of what happened? a chapter in history or a devout haggada? If we knew which of these the inspired author intended, no doubt would arise of course; but in many cases we do not know this, at least at first sight, and who shall guide us? Outside the strict province of faith, answers Father Hummelauer, this is a matter to be settled by criticism. When exhaustive studies have been made —should they be necessary—both into the testimony given by the text or book to itself, and into the evidence concerning it which may be supplied by outside sources of contemporary history, we are in a position to decide upon its literary character, and consequently upon the canons by which to judge it. Questions as to authorship and literary quality, he insists, are not in the competence of theologians, but must be left to technical and professional Scripture-students.

It must not be thought for an instant that any literary species of composition is unworthy to be inspired of God. All literary forms may convey his truth, his precepts, and his promises; and why should he not employ all? Does the truth that he is merciful suffer from being expressed in the parable of the prodigal son? Is his omnipotence obscured because voiced in the poetry of the psalms? It rather adds to the richness of God's message and to the condescension of his communications to us, that he should speak in these divers ways, and should leave the human instruments of his utterance so free in their mode of expression, while yet so constrained

to deliver his intended word. We need never fear that some portion of revelation will escape us, because we may not at once discover the character of the composition which contains it. The church is ever with us; and the church is God's appointed custodian and interpreter of his written word, and will ever lead her children in ways of light and understanding.

We have sketched here the merest outline of Father Hummerlauer's fundamental position. How he develops, applies, and proves it; what keen critical observations he makes in discussing it; and how well he shows its relation to traditional and theological teaching, one must read his pages to perceive. It is only just to say that the learned Jesuit is not the first to put forward this view of Inspiration. It was stated two years ago by an anonymous writer in the *Studi Religiosi* of Florence; and has been implicitly advocated by such scholars as Father Prat, the Jesuit, and P. Lagrange, the Dominican. Still, Father Hummelauer has more scientifically and extensively unfolded the principle than any one else; and for this he deserves, let us say once more, the gratitude of all Catholics. For it appears to us, that only on some such ground as he has chosen, can the Bible be replaced in the affections of the men who are slipping away from Christianity, and made to appeal to them as God's word, against which science can have no legitimate complaint.

In conclusion we cannot help remarking on the clearness and fluency of Father Hummelauer's German style. As a rule German books on scientific subjects are a sore trial to a reader to whom German is not a mother-tongue. But this work we found as straightforward and transparent as the best French; and this is an additional reason for hoping that it will be widely read and deeply studied.

THE HISTORICAL METHOD.
By Fr. Lagrange.

Father Lagrange's lectures* on the general method of the higher criticism of the Bible have gone into a third edition. We have already given favorable notice in this review department to the two former editions of this remarkable little book; and once again we are glad to recommend it most cordially.

* *La Méthode Historique.* Par le P. Marie-Joseph Lagrange, O.P. Édition Augmentée. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

Father Lagrange is a straightforward critic, but he is not carried away with radical views. Of course he is too modern not to displease a great many people. His concessions to the achievements of advanced biblical study have often aroused conservative ire; in fact they have just been distinguished with a published attack. But, despite all that, Father Lagrange is regarded by Catholics, who understand the situation from having made biblical studies themselves, as the foremost representative of that school of Catholics who wish to deny to higher criticism nothing to which it is justly due, and wish at the same time to stand for no unnecessary hypothesis which would even seem to disturb the essential things of faith.

In this volume our author goes to the heart of many an urgent problem, as these titles of his lectures will signify: Dogma and Exegesis; The Evolution of Dogma; Inspiration; The Critical Method in Bible Study; The Historical Character of the Civil Legislation of the Jews; and Primitive History. To these studies a new essay is added in this edition, entitled: Our Lord and Gospel Criticism. This study is in the form of a letter to Mgr. Batiffol, of Toulouse, and is an examination of certain features of the Abbé Loisy's recent theories in *L'Évangile et l'Église*. Père Lagrange differs from M. Loisy, and expresses his difference decisively. The objection now common to all opponents of the learned abbé, that a doctrine cannot be held fast by faith if its historical basis is destroyed, is strongly stated by the scholarly Dominican. He also implies that M. Loisy's reconstruction of our Lord's actual words and acts in those cases where Loisy considers our Gospel-narrative to be defective, is colored by a preconceived theory which deflects the plain white light of sound criticism. Going straight to the Gospel-record, says P. Lagrange, we find a sincere setting forth of the best information that the Evangelists possessed. This information, whatever its minor variations, is the substantial deposition of those who saw the Lord and heard him. Consequently about such matters as the Resurrection or the Eucharistic Institution, it is impossible to question that we have a true account. These mighty factors of Christ's religion, testified to by eye witnesses of the Saviour's life, must have that direct connection with his person which our Gospels say they have. Any other supposition—once more remembering that it is beyond dispute

that our Gospels contain, whether at first or second hand, a record of eye-witnesses—is inconceivable. This plain and sensible view of the Gospels, a view which the character, style, and structure of the sacred narrative support, gives us proof demonstrative of our Lord's divinity. But if, instead of this simple reading of the Evangelists, we begin our investigations with a set theory of "tendencies," of "dogmatic preoccupations," of "Pauline theologizings," and so on, then we shall throw the whole portrait out of perspective, and shall only add one more to the already long list of grotesque guesses which may be ingenious, but are not critical, and cannot be true.

We think that in this consideration P. Lagrange has uttered a wise counsel and a timely warning. We have had Gospel-theories without end, and without much profit either, if the truth be told. Perhaps now if the evangelic records be regarded in the light of the large and simple principle just enunciated, we shall come at last to conclusions which shall be as beneficial to science as they are helpful to faith. We speak of this principle in its substance of course. For when applied to every detail of the New Testament history, it would have to be so interpreted as to allow for many minor difficulties and obscurities.

Upon some other questions, brought to the front by M. Loisy's book, P. Lagrange briefly comments. Many indeed of these comments are so summary as to leave with the reader a regret that so capable an author did not extend and develop them. For example, P. Lagrange barely refers to the immense problem of *scientia Christi*. He says enough, however, to indicate that in his opinion it is a question that should be studied by the critical Scripturist and the dogmatic theologian working fairly and sympathetically together. And he implies, moreover, that the speculative theologians have not been prompt in meeting this controversy, and in taking account of the new light which Scripture science has thrown upon it. Taken all in all this new essay of the erudite Dominican is very valuable, however much we may regret that it is not longer, and, in regard to some momentous matters, more thorough; and it adds a new merit to an already indispensable book.

ESCHATOLOGY IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

By Leon Gry.

The eschatology of the Jews in the time of our Lord, of the Gospel itself, and of the first generation of Christians, seems to be at the present hour as widely discussed as any other single problem of Christian origins. The question is full of obscurities, and is of large importance. When we put such interrogations as: What was the Kingdom of God? How was the idea of the Kingdom related to Jewish Messiahism? How shall we interpret those texts, which seem to indicate a near approach of the end of the world and the imminent advent of the Messiah's empire? When we put such queries, we repeat, we are striking close to matters which are fundamental in religion and in criticism. One side of this eschatological controversy has been treated with scholarly ability in a doctorate dissertation just brought out by M. Léon Gry, priest of the diocese of Rennes.* The millenarian idea is the main purpose of M. Gry's research; but, in his discussion of that feature of early apocolyptic beliefs, he touches upon many of the larger interests of eschatology. For example, he has an excellent summary of the development of the Messianic idea among the pre-Christian Hebrews, and brief but suggestive *notitiæ* upon the Messianic teaching of the extra-canonical literature of the Jews about the time of the birth of Christianity. It is an important matter which still divides scholars into many groups, how far these early apocalypses represent current popular beliefs, and how far they influenced these beliefs. To discuss this formally was hardly within the scope of M. Gry's work, though he gives a few words to it, leaning strongly to the view that these writings are of considerable significance in the history of Jewish religion.

Our Lord's eschatological utterances, says M. Gry, were based upon ideas common to all his hearers. He adopted the current notions of Messianic kingdom and of the great assize which is to precede its establishment, but spiritualized and immeasurably dignified these ideas in conformity with the general spirit of his exalted teachings. The question of how to interpret those sayings, which seem to point to a near approach of the judgment and of the kingdom, M. Gry does not discuss.

**Le Millénarisme dans ses Origines et son Développement.* Par Léon Gry. Paris: A. Picard et Fils.

The similar problem in St. Paul's earlier writings is also left unconsidered. Of the Apocalypse of St. John he admits that there is much in its symbolism to astonish us, but maintains that it is not imbued with millenarian ideas, although it makes use of prevalent millenarian thoughts and expressions. In a footnote, too, our author contends strongly for the literary unity of the Apocalypse. Such disputes as concern the authorship and teaching of this remarkable book which closes our Christian Scriptures are, of course, too vast to be adequately dealt with in a brief work like this one before us. Suffice it to say that what M. Gry says upon those subjects is always in fine scholarly temper and is based upon very wide and conscientious reading. Three especially interesting chapters are given to the millenarian ideas of the early church—St. Irenæus believed that the happy reign of a thousand years was a dogma of faith; and a concluding chapter briefly discusses the relation to faith of this strange opinion which was fixed so fast in primitive Christianity. M. Gry has given us a splendid study on a timely subject, and his excellent work deserves commendation.

THE RAY.
By R. Monlaur.

In presenting to us an English translation * of this story of Christ, a story beautiful in its simplicity, and in this savoring of the Gospel narrative itself, Father Leleu has merited our gratitude and praise.

The chief characters of the story, besides the Divine Master, are Gamaliel, the most learned and tolerant of the Jewish rabbis, and the noble Susanna, his sister, a woman of high intelligence, whose soul, groping in the darkness of Pharisaism, is at last wonderfully illumined by the transcendent light of the Sacred Ray. In each chapter M. Monlaur draws a picture illustrative of the tender sympathy and loving kindness of the Saviour. He would, indeed, be a cold and unsympathetic reader who could peruse the simple and unaffected description in which Nicodemus tells Gamaliel of the wonderful wisdom of the Master's words, and of the still more wonderful loveliness and magnetism of the Saviour's presence, and not long to have

* *The Ray: A Story of the Time of Christ.* By R. Monlaur. Translated by Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis: B. Herder.

been with the narrator and to have seen the All Holy One face to face.

It is the relating of such home-like incidents of the Messiah's life as the meeting of Jesus and Susanna, or the raising of Lazarus, which will endear this little book to every Christian heart; and we feel warranted in predicting for the English version the splendid success which the French original has already won for itself.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY. The English, or more properly, the British school of art, taken as a whole, has achieved its most notable distinction by appeal to the taste of the general public of Great Britain. Artificial means of encouragement to artists of standing or promise, such as obtain in France and elsewhere on the continent, and usually in the form of purchase for the galleries maintained by the government, is unknown in England. Indeed the Royal Academy is something of a paradox, because, while in itself a private institution, it yet holds a public position.

Hence there can be no true concept of British art which fails to take account of its dependence on the public, its close kinship with the actual life and taste of the people. Portraits, ministering to family pride; pictures that "tell a story"; works that give an exact copy of contemporaneous manners, customs, dress, characterized often by a labored touch in details, but effective because of the sincerity of purpose in the patient handling; pictures of games and sports; battles by land and sea, in which historic accuracy is often more remarkable than the more artistic qualities for which a French painter, for instance, would strive; river scenes, coast and open sea pictures, showing an astonishing understanding of the life, the movement, the majesty, but not the mystery of such scenes; landscapes of which the most impressive are those found at home, and even when the subject belongs to other lands, the painting is usually marked by qualities, not easy to define, which gives it a pronounced English character; and finally, classical subjects, which often betray a deep knowledge of Greek and Roman literature, but are frequently more literary than painter-like in quality, and always compelling attention by the thoroughness of the work. This classification marks the

character of British art, and shows us the strength of the influence of English public life on that art.

And in the beautiful volume* brought out by Mr. John Lane as a special supplement to *The International Studio*, this characteristic of the British school of art is evident. All the notable examples of that school in the Royal Academy, from the time of Sir Joshua to that of Millais—from 1768 to 1868,—are reproduced with a fidelity and a careful regard for artistic values for which the work issued by this publisher is conspicuous. The reproductions, whether in photogravure, color, half-tone or lithograph, are numerous and beautiful, and in artistic excellence rival the best productions of the famous art publishers of continental Europe.

The letter-press, too, is worthy of the art value. The history of the Royal Academy, covering its most important period, is treated in a lucid, judicial manner which will do much to correct the mistakes and prejudices which are so often met with in appreciations of British art. Many are too prone to forget that this art has been conditioned on English life. It is the glory of the Royal Academy that its note-worthy examples are a faithful transcript of that life, the index of its taste.

AN IRISHMAN'S STORY.
By Justin McCarthy.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's volume of reminiscences† is occupied naturally with personal recollections rather than with general history; but when a man's life has been so long and so eminent as Mr. McCarthy's, it is often difficult to see the difference between the record of the individual and the larger annals of his time. One who knew Father Mathew; who was prominent in the Young Ireland movement; who counted as American friends William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner; who was in the van of the fight for Home Rule, and succeeded Parnell as leader of the Irish party and as Gladstone's associate; such a man, when he writes auto-

* *The Royal Academy from Reynolds to Millais.* Edited by Charles Holme, with articles by W. K. West, W. S. Sparrow, and T. Martin Wood. Illustrated with six special full-page plates in photogravure, nine in color, etc; twenty-five portraits of academicians and one hundred and ten other reproductions, many in full page; with a chronological list of Associates and Members of the Royal Academy. 4to. London and New York: John Lane. $2.

† *An Irishman's Story.* By Justin McCarthy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

biographically, must have much to say that is worthy of a place in the history of his country and his century. Still, the matter and form of this book suggest only the quiet recollections of a venerable public man. It tells of many friendships; great enterprises; a hard struggle with the world; several triumphs; and some sorrows. And all this is told in a calm, humble, and very human way, which appeals graciously and pleases while it instructs. It is not an ambitious work at all, and pretends not to be full of information or ornate in style, but it is of goodly merit and worth reading.

TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES.
By Rudyard Kipling.

The wide interest awakened by any new book by Rudyard Kipling is proof of the hold he possesses on the great reading public. And he has vindicated his right to that interest. No matter whether one is in agreement with his ideas or not, whether in the cause of force and imperialism he be regarded as an eloquent Mrs. Caudle to easy-going John Bull, as some declare, or whether he be esteemed in the cause of his native land as "worth a whole army corps," to use the frequent phrase of some of his champions, there can be no doubt of his power, his mastery. His stories are alive.

Kipling writes what he knows. And if his tales show so wide a range in subject, it is his knowledge, his thorough knowledge, that gives opportunity to his art; it is this, too, which marks his limit. Thus in his new collection, to which he has, after his manner, given the odd title of *Traffics and Discoveries*,* the sea stories are based upon an intimate, technical knowledge of the British marine service; in this alone they differ widely with the usual nautical tale. These new stories may not add any new element to Kipling's reputation, but they certainly sustain it. This must be conceded by all his critics, friendly or hostile, he is a master in his art; he knows all the tools of his trade, and uses them with singular dexterity. Two or three of these tales will be labelled "queer" by some readers, and one entitled "They" has already furnished material for extended controversy as to the author's meaning.

But the South African war stories are likely to prove the

* *Traffics and Discoveries.* By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 8vo. $1.50.

most popular in the book, for these all will understand, and many will enjoy. In these one finds an embodied patriotism —not the cheap popular concept, but the noble, lofty ideal, realizing to the full the English patience, ethics, honor, and strength. In "The King's Task" he proudly shows the deep foundation-stones on which is reared the fabric of England's greatness:

"Over the graves of the Druids, and over the wreck of Rome,
Rudely but deeply they bedded the plinth of the days to come;
Behind the feet of the Legions, and before the Northman's ire,
Rudely but greatly begat they the body of state and of shire;
Rudely but greatly they labored, and their labor stands till now,
If we trace on our ancient headlands the twist of their eight-ox plough."

The naval stories in the book, especially "The Bonds of Discipline," place a heavier tax upon credulity and verisimilitude than is usual with Kipling, even in his most startling tales; yet we have his distinct assurance that he has understated the actual occurrences. After all this should not surprise us when we remember that certain writers in the daily press gravely and deliberately hold one of these stories as indirectly responsible for that horrible affair in the North Sea, when the guns of the Russian fleet were trained on peaceful trawlers. Surely extravagance could go no further.

These sea tales introduce a new character to Kipling's readers, a second-class petty officer, called Pyecroft. He is a naval Mulvaney, and has a boon companion in Hinchcliffe, a marine Learoyd, one whose skill is such that "hand him a drum of oil, and leave him alone, and he can coax a stolen bicycle to do typewriting." But Pyecroft will never come up to the stature of Mulvaney. He is somewhat out of drawing, and lacks something, though not all, of the Irish soldier's spontaneity. Generally speaking, however, this collection of tales will be welcome to the many who find delight in Kipling's stirring narratives.

WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND.
By F. Marion Crawford.

The scene of Mr. Crawtords's latest novel,* as of most of his other books, is laid in Italy. Italy is the land of his birth and of his residence for many years. Its people have had a great charm for him, and he knows them well; he knows them physically, geographically, morally, socially, religiously. Mr. Crawford is so well known now to American readers that it would be but whitening the lily or attempting to redden the rose to speak of the clearness and the simple directness of his style; the delicate portrayal of the characters whom he presents; his intimate knowledge of the world and its wisdom; and his dramatic power of working up a crisis. All these things Mr. Crawford, as of old, has evidenced in his latest production.

But when a critical reader comes to the question of the actual story, its origin, its development, and its finale, when he comes to consider thoughtfully the characters that walk through it—and then considers the ethical and the elevating office of good literature—he must candidly confess that the story at hand will furnish some hours of very exciting reading, and but little more.

Stripped of the name and the adorning style of Marion Crawford, it would show a philosophy as superficial, a sermonizing as shallow, and blood-thirsty climaxes as cheap as the dime-novel of youthful days.

We would not deny that in many respects it furnishes an instructive insight into Italian character, or rather some Italian characters, but that it is a faithful picture of Italian life—why if that were so Mr. Crawford would hardly be safe dwelling in such a land.

The moral of the tale is that the offender against God's law will surely be punished. But, according to the book, the offender must go to unspeakable depths before he is punished. Every character in the book—save one Signora, and she is murdered early in the volume, and the chaste Aurora, who thinks nothing of marrying a man who has lived openly with a mistress — offends and offends grievously. When speaking of sins of the flesh, Mr. Crawford dogmatically states: "He

* *Whosoever Shall Offend.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

who has never lived through such times and outlived them knows neither the world nor himself." Mr. Crawford is welcome to this piece of wretched, pessimistic, and unclean philosophy. The chief villain is crafty, determined, persevering, and utterly unscrupulous. Before the beginning of the book he has committed at least one foul murder and lived an impure life; he marries for money; he at once casts his adulterous eyes on a young girl; he poisons his wife; he almost succeeds in killing his stepson, and diabolically perseveres in his endeavors; and before he is caught, he kills a woman who had served him like a slave. We leave him in despair, under the May moon, contemplating suicide.

The stepson is the hero, and Regina—a peasant girl, his mistress—is, we suppose, the heroine. She also can hate in that persevering, Italian way—which is of course unknown in other lands—and she can torture, and, if need be, she can kill. And her father was a bad man and her mother grossly immoral—who, also, by the way, was murdered. Her father determines to murder his daughter, Regina. He may do it more conscientiously because he has had Masses said in anticipation for her soul. But he chooses the wrong time and then starts to leave Rome that night. But Regina has seen that her lover, the hero, does not really love her any longer—though he offers to marry her—but that he really loves Aurora. And conveniently also she sees that night from her window the father, who hates her with that fierce Italian hate, leaving Rome. She follows him, overtakes him, and freely bares her bosom there in the street, and in the moonlight, and begs him to strike, to strike with the knife he has so often honed since he came to Rome. The father would have done so except for the unearthly yell of his savage dog, who, low as he was, had some sense of decency left, even if his master had not. In spite of her escape, Regina thoughtlessly—or rather overcome with many thoughts—sits on the cold stones in the damp night before she takes a cab to her home. She contracts a fever. We are not certain whether or not she called for the priest, but she surely calls for Aurora, her rival, and begs forgiveness for keeping from her the love of Marcello; Marcello is the hero we have mentioned. The situation would have presented a most difficult problem if Regina lived; so conveniently the fever kills her, and under the May moon "rested in the sweet

earth a very loyal heart, and a small marble cross cast its shadow upon young roses and violets and growing myrtle."

The mother of the heroine is a Contessa, and, to descend in language to the level of this plot "has seen better days." Her daughter enters but little into the story, and we know nothing of her character save that she loved Marcello. One can hardly see how, after such a murderous, sinful time, into which they entered so closely, this couple could live in peace and quiet. But they did; and under the same May moon they went down to the Roman shore and both looked at the sea for a time. Then they turned to each other and deliberately "put out their hands and then their arms and clasped each other silently and kissed."

THE CROSSING.
By Winston Churchill.

The Crossing,* recently issued from the press, is a worthy successor to *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis*, in a series of American historical romances by Winston Churchill. By his own statement Mr. Churchill gave three years to the labors of this book, which deals with the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee by the pioneers, and the events leading up to the Louisiana Purchase. The literary markets have been so glutted with racy fiction, based on historical episodes, that the discreet book-lover holds up his hands at the very name of historical novel. But Mr. Churchill's books belong in far different and far better company.

This story of Daniel Boone's Kentucky has some faults, but dullness is not one of them. Its setting covers so vast a territory, and the types represented are so numerous, that rapidity of action becomes a difficult matter, but the author has preserved the element of unity to a notable degree. There are some long journeys back and forth through primeval forest and up and down the Mississippi, which in the hands of a less capable artist might have proved wearisome, but Mr. Churchill never loses his charm, and his long pages of description glow with the fascinating poetry of pioneering. David Ritchie, the central figure, is not a new character in fiction, but he is a captivating fellow for all that, and we follow him eagerly through his trials and triumphs, from the day he leaves his mountain cabin as a boy until he marries a

* *The Crossing*. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

vicomtesse. Tom McChesney and his Polly Ann are admirable types of the first Kentuckians. Colonel George Rogers Clark's campaign affords enough of border fighting to please man or boy, and the author has taken pains to give an accurate account of this historic event in the development of the Republic. It is probably the most brilliant feature of the story.

The Crossing is a noble book, clean, entertaining, inspiring, and beautifully written. It bears the indelible stamp of literature, and is recommended to all lovers of that rare product.

The Private Tutor,* by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., is a novel more to be commended for its style and character delineation than for merit of plot or episode. Indeed the lucid, graphic writing of the book is worthy a better story than the author had to tell. The scene is laid in Rome, and the descriptions of familiar places in and about the eternal city can perhaps be truly appreciated only by those who have lived in Italy. In the portrayal of the character of the hero and of his boorish charge, of the melodramatic countess and of the American tourists, Mr. Bradford has done clever work, but the charm of his book must be attributed to the purity and clearness of his style. Mr. Bradford makes in this novel his first essay in fiction. As a contributor of literary and critical articles, to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines, he has already made a reputation.

Robert W. Chambers has written a third Nature book, *River-land*,† to supplement his earlier volumes, *Outdoorland* and *Orchard-land*. In *River-land* a yellow butterfly, a grasshopper, a sandpiper, a marsh hawk, a mosquito, and other little living creatures, talk entertainingly and instructively to Peter and Geraldine, the little boy and girl who appeared in the companion volumes. If butterflies and grasshoppers can talk, it is to be hoped that they express themselves as Mr. Chambers interprets their language, for his style is simple and happy. The charm of the book is greatly augmented by the beautiful full-page illustrations in color of Elizabeth Shippen Green.

* *The Private Tutor.* By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *River-land.* By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Another Nature book, far less pretentious in form, but no less charmingly written, is Mrs. A. S. Hardy's *Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes.** In its hundred and fifty pages there is a vast amount of information, which will be appreciated not only by "little girls who wonder," but by grown-up boys and girls whose school-days were over before Nature study, in its present form, was introduced. The book is accurate in its statements and is abundantly illustrated. It can be used with advantage in classes as supplementary reading.

Few books written for boys and girls are as absorbing in interest as Mary Bourchier Sanford's *The Wandering Twins.*† A simple, well-sustained plot, clearly-defined characters, and an abundance of thrilling incidents are among the book's merits, but as a picture of life in a fishing settlement on the coast of Labrador it is of quite unique interest. Little use has ever been made in literature of the peculiar conditions of life in that scarcely known land. The author of the present volume proves herself perfectly familiar with that environment, and it is to be hoped that further stories from her pen will be laid among the same scenes. Among the characters introduced is a Dr. Greville, who is the portrait of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, medical missionary for the mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Dr. Grenfell has done great work in the cause of temperance among the sailors, and the introduction of his character into the story both points a moral and adorns a tale.

The *Century* promises for 1905 a novel from the pen of Kate Douglas Wiggin, to be called *Rose o' the River;* another novel is promised from Mrs. Humphrey Ward; and amongst the short story writers is to be numbered Rudyard Kipling. The publication is also announced of a series of very promising articles on his German Mission, from 1897 to 1902, by Andrew White.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has of late been making a thorough examination of the original documents bearing on the life and trial of Joan of Arc. In *Harper's Magazine*, for December, he writes in this (for the author,) surprising and extraordinary language of the Maid of Orleans:

* *Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes.* By Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† *The Wandering Twins.* By Mary Bourchier Sanford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"All the rules fail in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger and smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at sixteen, without ever having seen a law book or a courthouse before. She had no training in soldiership and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education which a boy's courage gets from never-ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be a coward, but only in a girl; friendless, alone, ignorant, in the bosom of her youth, she sat week after week, a prisoner in chains, before her assemblage of judges, enemies hunting her to her death, the ablest minds in France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacheries with a native sagacity which compelled their wonder, and scored every day a victory against these incredible odds and camped unchallenged on the field. In the history of the human intellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacities, there is nothing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfellowed fact that in the things wherein she was great she was so without shade or suggestion of help from preparatory teaching, practice, environment, or experience."

The International Catholic Truth Society has just published a forty-page pamphlet on the Catholic Church in Japan. It is written by the Reverend Dr. Casartelli, well known as an authority on Catholic missions. He gives an interesting account of the ancient church in Japan when millions embraced the Gospel. Then follows a description of the terrible persecutions, and a chapter is added on the present condition of the church.

The same society has published also a timely and exhaustive article by the Count de Mun on the Religious Crisis in France.

Library Table.

The Month (Nov.): Rev. S. F. Smith comments on the mode in which his countrymen reason on the question of belief. After exposing some current misconceptions of the term belief, he shows that a belief in the truth of the dogmas, and in the obligation of the moral code of the Christian religion, does not necessarily draw after it consistency of conduct. He further considers to what extent the spirit of unfaith has infected the English community. He concludes by giving the different motives which tend to spread unbelief in the different classes of society.——Though devoted to the solution of a philological problem, Rev. Herbert Thurston's article contains valuable information about the "month's mind." The practice of celebrating Mass for thirty days continuously, with a view to the relief of departed souls, grew out of an incident in the life of St. Gregory the Great. This observance was known as a trental of Masses. The month's mind was the "mensiversary," a single celebration at the month's end. Fr. Thurston follows the trental in its evolution, and recounts the peculiar ceremonies in vogue in different places. The thirtieth day was marked with feasting and the distribution of alms. In time the repasts became sumptuous, and doles were given with a generous hand; thus in the popular imagination the month's mind came to be a day of a big function and profuse hospitality. This fact would seem to indicate how the phrase "to have a month's mind" was once used to signify to have an ardent desire.

The Tablet (15 Oct.): At a recent educational meeting in Manchester, Dr. Clifford strongly urged the English Catholics to close their ranks in defence of their schools. He absolutely rejected the theory of some, that the Education Act could be offset in any other way than by a bold resistance, and, in conclusion, asserted that it lay in the hands of the democracy to terminate the present reign of tyranny and persecution.——The text of Mr.

R. R. Terry's Birmingham address on Church Music is reproduced in full. The speaker made it plain that many subjects, hitherto open to discussion, have been once and for all removed from the region of controversy to the region of obedience by the very precise and definite pronouncement of the Holy Father. Catholics are pressed to realize their duty and to revive the ancient glories of English choral music.

(22 Oct.): M. Combes has been endeavoring for some time to find a plausable pretext for the expulsion of the Sulpician Fathers. This congregation has been unaffected by the laws under which so many religious communities have been suppressed, the reason being that they are specially authorized for the work of teaching in the ecclesiastical seminaries. The indefatigable French Minister has finally adopted his *modus agendi.* Consequent upon the troubles which arose at Dijon with Mgr. Le Nordez, the Sulpician Fathers, teaching in the diocesan seminary, were dispersed. This action was considered a sufficient precedent, and letters were addressed to all the bishops of France employing the fathers, commanding that they be replaced by secular priests within a year. This is but another stupid piece of passionate anti-clericalism for which M. Combes enjoys a world-wide reputation.——The first American citizen chosen to rule one of the great orders of the church, is Fr. Dominic Reuter, General of the Conventuals. Father Dominic was born in Germany, but was taken to New York at the age of two or three. He is now a comparatively young man, thoroughly American, zealous, and progressive.

(29 Oct.): The Roman correspondent notes the marked consideration accorded to the American Church at the Vatican. The Holy Father has been informed of a great pilgrimage to Rome that is to be made under the leadership of Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn.——The American College opens this year with a register of over one hundred students. This seems to be an extraordinary increase.——The December Consistory will be occupied exclusively with the solemn canonization of the Blessed Gerard Majella and the Blessed Alexander

Sauli. It will be interesting to know that the Pope, some time ago, instituted an examination into the details and expenses of canonizations, the result being that the coming ceremony will cost less than half the amount hitherto expended. One item is mentioned in particular, viz., a sum of two thousand dollars for a magnificent set of vestments to be worn by the Pontiff on the occasion. Still, the writer observes, the canonization will be a very costly function, and will tax the resources of the Redemptorists and Barnabites, to whose congregations the new saints belong.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): "L'Église et le Divorce," by P. Pisani is an able refutation of malicious insinuations made by certain writers of concessions made by the church to divorced persons, the fabulous sums paid for dispensations, etc. The author knows the spirit and letter of the church's laws regarding Christian marriage. He proves that the church has the right of annulling certain marriages, which, although blessed by a priest, violated the law or laws which applied to the special case; that the formalities essential to a Christian marriage are far less irksome than those exacted by the state; and that these very formalities are more onerous for the church than for the contracting parties.——In "L'Effort accompli par la Russie," the anonymous author tells us that Russia, having begun the present war without adequate preparation, has more than repaired her fault by the genius of General Kuropatkin and the bravery of her soldiers. The retreat effected by the Russians since the end of June is one of the finest military manœuvres ever witnessed. As all heroism has its reward, the writer believes that Russia will soon reap hers. Everything leads to hope that the future reserves for her a triumph in proportion to her prodigious efforts.

(25 Oct.): "Ce que vent l'Alsace.—L'évolution de son Patriotisme," by J. F. Régamey, is both an historical study of the vicissitudes of this country, her sufferings, hopes, and disappointments since being annexed to Germany, and an exposition of her present situation, rent by opposing parties, and the separation from France becoming more and more evident. The antagonism grows

so pronounced that the moment seems not far off when Alsace will shake off the detested yoke and assert her independence.——M. de Nadaillac, in "Les Japonais chez eux," tells the origin of recent changes in the government of that country, in politics, commerce, and the army and navy. He describes the home life and religion of these people, introduces us to the court, still Japanese in spite of many superficial changes, and of the many festivals, national and other, celebrated in the country. With all these, young America as well as old Europe may soon have to reckon. Japan is to the front for public notice.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): Gabriel Prévost, discussing the problem of moral progress, thinks that Christianity is only at the beginning of its conquests, and that, when it shall have attained a certain degree of universality, we shall see the laws of atavism and of selection operative in this as in other respects, so that the law of love will obtain increasing sway in each successive generation.——P. Turmel contributes a description of St. Polycarp's letter to the Philippians, and the account of his martyrdom written by the church of Smyrna.——A translation of Father McSorley's article "The Unconverted World," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of January, 1904, is presented to the readers of the *Annales*.——P. Denis, continuing his articles on the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, sums up the reasons for its failure in the sentence: "It was too empty of means for calming the heart and pacifying the spirit to succeed, even humanly speaking.

La Quinzaine (16 Oct): Is there a real conflict between scientific theology and positive criticism? This question is asked and ably answered by V. Ermoni. He says that there may be an apparent, but that there can be no real conflict. The rapid advances made in biblical study, history, and patrology may point to a conflict, and possibly they do oppose, in some instances, some form or other of theology, or the "ancilla theologiæ." But opposition to the explication of theology is not always opposition to theology itself—often it is a help to theology. The writer would have us know that even

if critics are bold, theologians are not always infallible. If the theologian makes free and wide use of Scripture for proofs of Christian revelation, or claims a rigorous historical proof for certain dogmas, or condemns any scientific theory, surely, in such cases as this, the scriptural scholar may have a word about genuinity, the historian about facts, and the man of science about truth. This is the extent of the conflict. There is no warfare between theology itself and honest criticism. The concluding part of the article treats of the development of dogma. An outline of two theories is given: Newman's and Sabatier's. The latter must be rejected, for it has no guarantee of truth from the historical point of view. In Newman's theory the writer distinguishes two interpretations, that of the "Maximists" and that of the "Minimists." This latter school places the initial germ of dogma in the faith of the early Christians. This, the writer shows is logically and historically untenable. The Maximists—the strict followers of Newman—place the initial germ in the Gospels. This explanation is the best of all and most secure from all the attacks of criticism.——A strange incident of our American life is discussed, in this number, by Abbé Félix Klein. It is an account of Dowie and his mission to New York. The writer tells of the religious conditions that make possible the presence of an Elias III.; accounting for it in the fact that so many Americans are without any definite religious belief, and, being naturally Christian, are easily imposed upon by a charlatan like the "prophet of Zion." The life story of the "prophet" is narrated, in which special reference is made to his undeserved success in Chicago and his well-merited failure in New York last year.

(1 Nov.): Addressing his readers in a preface for the eleventh year of the Review's existence, M. George Fonsegrive concisely states its object and policy. In the midst of a world rapidly becoming de-Christianized, Catholics must either segregate themselves from modern life, a procedure which means the paralysis of the church's influence, and which, besides, is impossible; or, they must become fit to thrive in this modern atmosphere,

without sacrificing faith and conscience. The method of isolation, or "water tight compartments," has been working havoc in the church. Catholics educated in it have staked their faith on the efficiency of old systems of defensive apologetics; and, when these systems have proved unavailing, they have abandoned this faith. Education needs, at present, not merely to teach truth, but also to teach how to discern the truth from the errors by which it is surrounded. Education must be of a sort to act as a vaccination against the errors to which Catholics, who must come in contact with the age, find themselves exposed. The editor protests against the arrogance of opponents who presume to formulate anathemas against a method and views which have not been condemned by legitimate authority; this arrogance, he continues, has not hesitated to address indirect intimidation to authority itself—witness the reception of Pope Leo's letter regarding the republic. After expressing his unwavering loyalty and obedience to the church M. Fonsegrive, encouraged by the good fruits borne by his past work, assures his readers that the *Quinzaine* will continue to regulate its policy by the spirit of the church herself, and not by the narrower views of cliques or "chapels"; a policy which is summed up in a few words: *In divine things, discipline and tradition; in human affairs, method and criticism; in everything, charity.*

Études (5 Oct.): Contains the first instalment of an article on "The Absolution of Henry IV. at Rome," by Yves de la Brière. In this number the author relates Henry's excommunication by Pope Sixtus V.; the opposition of Urban VII. and Gregory XIV. to the French government; the many fruitless attempts at reconciliation with Clement VIII.; the enmity between Philip II. and Henry IV.; the assembly of theologians at Saint-Denis, in which Henry was absolved after the pope's repeated refusals to acknowledge the sincerity of the French king, the discouraging results of the work of the embassy sent to Rome to have the decision of the assembly of Saint-Denis ratified; the proclamation of Henry, in which he pledged himself loyal to the Roman Catho-

lic and Apostolic Church; and finally, the gradual inclining of Gregory towards the cause of Henry.——Pierre Suau begins a biography of St. Francis Borgia, considering him chiefly as a courtier.

(20 Oct.): Under "Le Fin et le Fond de Renan," George Longhaye reviews briefly the chief works of the French theologian, commenting on the extent and importance of his views.——Yves de la Brière concludes his article on "The Absolution of Henry IV. at Rome." After many impediments and delays, caused chiefly by the intrigue of the Spanish court, Henry, on September 17, 1595, was absolved by Clement VIII.——The question of mixed marriages is the first contribution of Henri de Bigault on "The German Catholics of the Nineteenth Century." During this century, writes the author, the number of Catholics, relatively to the whole German population, has steadily decreased. In support of his claims he gives several tables of statistics taken from the most important states of Germany. The chief causes of the decrease are mixed marriages, instigated first by Emperor Frederick William III.

Revue des Questions Scientifique (20 Oct.): An earnest appreciation of the life and labors of M. Louis de Bussy is written in this number of M. A. de Lapparent. Along with the ordinary events of his life are told the extraordinary successes he gained in the art of naval construction. The great services rendered France by M. de Bussy, as Minister of Naval Engineering, are told in detail by the writer. Public recognition of these services was made in making him an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was, also, a member of the Academy of Sciences. The writer is enthusiastic, and justly so, in telling of one who united great learning and patriotic zeal with sincere piety and purity of life.

Revue Bénédictine (Oct.): A new theory of the origins of the Roman Canon of the Mass was lately presented by Dr. Baumstark in a work on Roman Liturgy. The chief points of his theory are, that the Roman canon, as we have it, is neither homogeneous nor primitive; that in the process of its formation two influences—Alexandrine and Syrian—were at work and contributed to it; that the fusion of these two elements took place as late as

the end of the third or in the course of the fourth century, and finally that the final fixing of the canon is to be attributed to St. Gregory. D. Germain Morin, criticising this theory, accepts the first point, namely, that the canon is of a composite nature and also that there were Alexandrine and Syrian influences in its make up, but rejects the other points of the theory as resting on insufficient and conflicting evidence.——Relying upon a quotation of Clement of Alexandria, given by Eusebius (H. E. vi. 14), it has been customary to hold that Clement gives as the tradition of the ancients that the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke were written before that of St. Mark. Dom John Chapman, discussing this point, shows that the quotation of Clement, given by Eusebius, is drawn from different sources, and that Clement never meant to say what is thus accredited to him. The writer also considers Clement's connection with the sources of the Muratorian fragment.——Other articles in this number are: "The Auxiliary Bishops of Tournai"; "The Collaborators of St. Hildegarde," "Questions concerning the Philosophy of Nature.

Science Catholique (Oct.): Contains an interesting article on the "Historicity of the Fourth Gospel," by the Abbé J. Fontaine. After a criticism of the views of M. Loisy, whose method and main conclusions he rejects and severely condemns, the writer goes on to prove the absolute historical character of the Fourth Gospel, as well as its Johannine authorship. This he does in the usual way, by appealing to the internal and external evidences of the author's knowledge and reliability, as well as the simple, straightforward truthfulness of the facts and miracles there recorded.——M. Quiévreux continues his discussion of the principle of "Anthropomorphism," tracing the evidences of its existence in the Gospels, as well as in the theology, mysticism, and liturgy of the church. As the necessary expression of the divine in terms of the human, anthropomorphism is an essential element of religion, being the only possible meeting-place of the human soul and its creator —— The Abbé G. Bourlon writes in defense of P. Denifle, whose recent work on "Luther and Lutheranism," has been severely criticized by M. Harnack.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Oct.): Rev. Joseph Knabenbauer defends the historical character of St. John's Gospel. He cites the concluding verses of chapter xx. in support of his contention. He then goes on to show that the accounts contained in the Fourth Gospel, of such events as the baptism of Christ and the calling of the twelve, answer all the requirements of true historical narrative. A considerable portion of the article is devoted to a criticism of the views on this question advanced by Abbé Loisy in his "La quatrième Évangile."

Civiltà Cattolica (15 Oct.): Publishes the Pope's letter of protest against the Free Thought Congress in Rome with the comment: It is dignified, calm, free of all bitterness, but on that very account all the more moving. It has been received the world over with unspeakable affection and splendid demonstrations on the part of faithful Catholics.——Continuing to refute Loisy, some one writes that he utters historical falsehood when he says that the divinity of Christ is not expressly formulated in the Gospel.——Welcomes the translation of Hergenröther's *Church History* into Italian, made by P. Rosa, S.J. (5 Nov.): A Roman prelate gives a complete description of the Catholic protectorate exercised by France in the East and the Far East——Describes as a splendid piece of work the four volumes on Canon Law recently published by P. Wernz, S.J., for twenty-five years a professor in the Gregorian University.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Oct.): Tancredi writes on the Free Thought Congress and its clearly erroneous views.——Teresita Friedmann-Coduri reviews the published lecture of Gallarati Scoti on the political and religious idealism of Mazzini, and points out its significance as being a return, on the part of the new generation, to the ideas of Mazzini, and reclaiming for all the nation a personality which had been appropriated by a party.——E. S. Kingswan reviews conditions in Europe and America.

Razón y Fe (Nov.): P. Hernandez, writing on Isabella the Catholic, tells what Spain did in that day for the temporal and eternal happiness of her American subjects. ——L. Frias, in an article on Philip III. and the Immaculate Conception, describes the efforts made in

Spain to promote the definition of the doctrine.—— N. Wagner writes in behalf of the wisdom and expediency of the law of Sunday rest, so violently attacked as ultramontane, clerical, and reactionary, in the Spanish public press.

Studi Religiosi (Sept.–Oct.): Padre Salvatore Minocchi writes extensively on the Bible in Italian history. The first Italian version of the Bible, made in the thirteenth century, was not, he says, the work of Jacopo da Varagine, or Jacopo Passavanti, or Domenico Gavalca, but was an anonymous work produced by many collaborators. It bears such resemblance to contemporary heretical French versions, that it is very likely it proceeded from some community of Tuscan *poveri*, who flourished so numerously after St. Francis's death. It is not true that Bible-reading was unknown in Dante's time. History will show that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Scriptures were in daily use among the people. This happy condition was due very largely to the Dominicans and Franciscans. From the same orders came the spread and triumph of Catholicity in the Middle Ages. Looking back from this distance of time we must say that the Inquisition was not the factor in the growth of religion that its founders hoped it would become. From the decree of Pius IV. in 1564 prohibiting the reading of translations of the Bible—a decree issued on account of the heretical versions then spreading everywhere—dates a great decadence in Bible-reading among Italians. In 1757 Benedict XIV. revoked this decree, against the will of many cardinals and bishops. In 1769 the Abate Martini began publishing a version of the New Testament. In spite of incredible efforts to put his work on the Index this devoted priest continued until he had translated the whole Bible; and, as a reward for his great work, Pius VI. made him Archbishop of Florence in 1781.——E. Buonainti sketches the history of scholastic philosophy, from the time of Pius IX., with a view of bringing into prominence the present work in neo-Thomism done in the University of Louvain.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Catholic Ideals in Social Life. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. Price $1.25 net. *Sir Thomas More* (The Blessed Thomas More). By Henri Bremond. Translated by Harold Child. Price $1 net. *The Way that Led Beyond.* By J. Harrison. Pp. 222. Price $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. Pp. 491. Price $2.50 net. *American Literary Criticism.* By William Morton Payne. Pp. 318 Price $1.40 net. *The Works of the Prophets.* By Rose E. Selfe. Pp. 170. Price —. *Jerusalem under the High Priests.* By Edwyn Bevan. Pp. 170. Price $2.50. *The Golliwogg in Holland.* By Frank Upton. Versed by Bertha Upton. Pp. 64. Price $1.50 net. *The Brown Fairy Book.* By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Henry Ford. Pp. 350. Price $1.60. *The Soul's Orbit; or, Man's Journey to God.* By M. D. Petre. Price $1.40 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers. By Anna T. Sadlier. Pp. 258. Price $1. *Hereafter.* By Rev. J. Laxenaire, D.D. Translated from French by Rev. J. M. Leleu. Pp. 104. Price 30 cents. *The Catholic's Manual.* By Tilmann Pesch, S.J. Pp. 708. Price 90 cents. *Progress in Prayer.* By Father Caussade, S.J. Translated from the French by L. V. Sheehan. Adapted and edited with an Introduction by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. Pp. 178. Price 75 cents net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England. Delivered in 1851 by John Henry Newman, D.D. Introduction by William Barry, D.D. *The Real St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Paper. *A Manual for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.* Compiled by Rev. G. B. Tatum. Paper. *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate.* Paper. Price 3*d.* *Poems from the Works of Aubrey de Vere.* Selected and edited by Lady Margaret Domville. Paper. Price 1*s.* net.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.

Christian Doctrine Teachers' Manual.

GINN & CO., Boston:

Readings in European History. Compiled by James Harvey Robinson. Vol. I.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & CO., 64 Essex St., Boston, Mass.:

The Divorce Problem in the United States. By Patrick L. Crayton, S.T.L, Paper. *The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate.* By Katherine E. Conway.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Far and Near. By John Burroughs. *The Dynamic of Christianity.* By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Price $1.25.

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, Philadelphia:

The History of North America. Vols. VI. and VIII. Vol. VI., by Curtis M. Gier, Ph.D. Vol. VIII., by William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B., and Bartlett Burleigh James, Ph.D.

THOMAS BAKER, London:

How to Pray. Translated from the French of Abbé Grou, S.J., by Teresa Fitzgerald. Price $1 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Common Lot. By Robert Herrick.

MCCAW, STEVENSON & ORR, LTD., Belfast:

Ulster Journal of Archæology.

JOHN LANE, New York:

The Royal Academy from Reynolds to Millais. By Charles Holme. Price $2 net.

O'SHEA & CO., New York:

Romance of the Charter Oak. By William Seton, LL.D.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

What is the Bible? By J. A. Ruth.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York:

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church. By H. Pomeroy Brewster. Illustrated. Price $2.

LIBRAIRIE PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Au Pays de "La Vie Intense." By Abbé Felix Klein.

JOHN D. MORRIS & CO., Philadelphia:

Irish Literature. Justin McCarthy, Editor-in-chief.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

Pastoral Medicine. By Alexander E. Sanford, M.D. Price $1.50.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

L'Évangile Selon Saint Jean. Par Le P. Th. Calmes. Pp. 485.

ALPHONSE PICARD ET FILS, Paris:

Jean-Georges Le Franc de Pompignan. Par L'Abbé Claude Bouvier. Pp. 124.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:

Religion and the Higher Life. By William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago. Pp. 184. Price $1 net.

DEPARTMEMT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR, Washington. D. C.:

Exhibit of the Bureau of Labor at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Bulletin No. 54. September, 1904.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

PROFESSOR W. F. P. STOCKLEY, in the *Queen's Quarterly*, published by the faculty of Queen's University, at Kingston, Canada, contributes a most interesting study to sustain the opinion that "Henry the Eighth" is a composite play, not exclusively the work of Shakspere. He argues that the opening is not well connected with the other parts; that there is evidence of shreds and patches. The speeches especially represent detached specimens of fine writing, while in other Shakspere plays to take from the context is harder, and something more is required to complete the setting. By a number of well-chosen quotations the real metre of Shakspere is contrasted with some of the other passages of "Henry the Eighth," probably written by Fletcher. Queen Katharine, Cardinal Wolsey, and Oliver Cromwell have leading parts in this play, and the words assigned to them may be studied with reference to the perplexing question of Shakspere's religious convictions.

Two important articles bearing on this topic were published April, 1900, in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, under the titles: "Cardinal Wolsey," by Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton; "The Religion of Shakspere," by Very Rev. William L. Canon Gildea, D.D. In a volume devoted to the subject, Rev. Sebastian Bowden, the London Oratorian, gives a critical summary of the points of Catholic doctrine found in Shakspere's writings; shows that his mother was certainly a Catholic, and that there is proof that his father was of the same faith. Until the contrary is proved it seems assured that both parents were very positive in their Catholic devotion during time of persecution, and hence the inference is hard to escape that Shakspere himself was a Catholic. Against this conclusion no satisfactory argument has been produced, and there is no proof that the greatest mind in English literature ever accepted the reformed religion promulgated by royal decrees. Rev. Richard Davies, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, distinctly stated the current opinion that Shakspere "died a Papist."

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In the same number of *Queen's Quarterly* Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, has an article on the report of the Mosely Educational Commission, which is not at all flattering. He affirms that Mr. Mosely had the misfortune to fall into error regarding education by "some of his pre-judgments"; and that there is no hiding the fact that his instinctive test had its origin in what education does for a people materially, rather than from what it is as a mental or spiritual asset in the individual. His standard of excellence was limited to the earning power of education in dollars and cents. The over-enhancing of the bread-winning faculties, not to mention wealth-pampering notions, inevitably tends to a neglect of higher studies which have a well-grounded scientific warrant and universal sanction among the best educationists.

* * *

Count de Mun has lately published, in the *Figaro*, his opinion of the recent changes in France. He thinks that under the present conditions the separation of church and state can be nothing but a divorce, pronounced by

the state in its own favor, and against the church. That divorce, fatal in itself, will inevitably lead the Jacobin sectaries who demand it to persecute religion, which is already deprived of an important part of its liberty by the destruction of the congregations, and to enslave the clergy by subjecting them to a Draconic legislation. The draft bill for separation presented to the Chamber by M. Briand, in the name of the Parliamentary Committee, which is accepted by M. Combes as "an excellent base for discussion," is a clear proof, especially in the clauses relating to the police regulations for public worship, which, in fact, organize the supervision of the Catholic clergy. The certain consequence of this revolution in the institutions and manners and customs of the country will be religious war, in most of the communes of France, between those who desire to continue the exercise of public worship and those who, with the support of the administration, will seek to hinder it. It is impossible that those who desire to make an exact forecast of what the reality will be can be blind to the situation which would be created. For any politician worthy of the name there can be no sort of doubt that the church, by her inexhaustible activity, will find means to resist that persecution, and finally issue victorious from the struggle after many trials for herself and for France; because a reactionary government will surely be led, by stress of circumstances, to conclude a new accord between the French state and the Papacy. That is why Catholics should contemplate the future with firmness and hold themselves ready to make every sacrifice. But that the separation in itself can, as a certain number of Catholics seem to think, be a good thing on account of the mirage of liberty it offers is an illusion which it is very necessary to dissipate.

A recent report states that General André's vote of censure is now fully explained. *Figaro* publishes indisputable evidence of the existence of a spy system in the French army and of discrimination against officers on religious and political grounds. Indeed, the Minister of War admitted frankly that the roster of officers was being purged for non-military reasons, and defended the blacklist. He maintained that Jesuitical and Nationalist plotting in the army justified such extreme measures as promoting free-thinking officers systematically over the heads of Roman Catholics. It has been clearly shown in the press that General André's information has been largely obtained from the Masonic lodges, which issued an official *questionnaire* and practically supplied the War Office with a religious and social census of all its officers. In other words, General André has planned and conducted against his brothers in arms precisely the sort of anti-clerical campaign that M. Combes wages in the country at large, pleading, with M. Combes, urgent peril from Rome. The army, like the state, is to be laicized.

* * *

Some historians do not fully realize that Saint John Baptist de la Salle was one of the very first in France to appreciate the great need of a system of free Christian education, long before the idea of popular education was evolved as we have it to-day. One of the greatest tributes ever paid to this teacher-saint was delivered within the present year, in the French Chamber of Deputies, by M. Buisson, a representative of the government. Among other things he said: A young man, the eldest son of a rich, great, and noble family, had established relations before the end of his studies with

men like Olier, Bourdoise and Denina, who even in the time of Louis XIV.—for there were such men then—recognized that there were vast numbers of wretched children left without education and instruction. When this young canon became a priest he heard, ever ringing in his ears, the words of a friend at St. Sulpice who had just returned from a miserable quarter in Paris: Instead of going as a missionary to the Indes to preach to infidels, I feel it better in my heart to go begging from door to door to maintain a school-teacher for our abandoned children. It was then that the young canon began to act as the rich act whose hearts are in the right place—he gave up his canonry to live with the poor. As there happened just then to be a famine in the city, he distributed day after day to the poor all that he had. And when he had nothing, he thought he had then a right to preach self-sacrifice to his teachers. If that were the only thing in the life of John Baptist de la Salle, he would be entitled to our respect; but the man who so acted in the beginning gave forty years of the most persistent, the most patient, the most unwearied devotion to the obscure work whose importance and grandeur he alone in France seemed to divine; for he alone saw the need of a system of free education, and he pursued it at the cost of sacrifices that cannot be described. These words, coming from such a source, ought to make us anxious to know more about the great Christian teacher canonized by Leo XIII. on May 24, 1900 — one of the closing acts of his glorious pontificate. To-day the fruit of De la Salle's mission is rich and abundant, as will appear from a perusal of the pamphlet the *Newest Saint.* 5 cents a copy, at International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, New York City.

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Students of English literature will have to view some parts of their work from a new angle henceforth if they wish to get a just appreciation of the beauty of the subject. There is now published a work in ten volumes, which will be a revelation to thousands who have not made a study of Ireland's contribution to literature.

Before Irishmen were forced to express themselves in English they had a literature of which the wealth and the wonder have been revealed in these later years by Dr. Whitley Stokes, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Eugene O'Curry, John O'Donovan, Miss Eleanor Hull, Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, and others.

After all, however, the great bulk of Irish literature consists of the contribution of Irishmen and Irishwomen to English literature. For the first time they are given their due in this library, and Irish people themselves will be astonished to find how the Irishmen and the Irishwomen who have written in the English language, and have never been credited with their work as Irish, but have ever been classified under an alien name, have preserved an individuality, a unity, a distinctive characteristic, a national spirit, and a radical flavor which entitle their work to a place apart.

The continuity of the Irish genius in its literature for nearly two thousand years is very clearly shown in these volumes. The rich, full, and elaborate vocabulary of the Irishmen who have written and spoken in English for the last three centuries had its taproots in the Gaelic of a far-off past. This will at once be seen by reading the "Description of the Sea," taken from *The*

Battle of Magh Leana, translated from the ancient Gaelic by Eugene O'Curry —almost Homeric in its form and Titanic in its phrasing—and comparing it with the best of Irish-English prose and verse, or even with the literary efforts of any modern Irishmen. The same power of glowing description, the same profusion of cumulative, adjectival phrase, the same simple yet bold and powerful imagery, the same rythmic sense, will be found to underlie them all.

The nationality of Ireland expressed in her literature is the noblest monument she has reared, and to exhibit this monument to the world in all its beauty is one of the objects of this work. The Irish is the most readable literature in the world; it is entertaining, amusing, bright, sunny, poetical, tasteful, and it is written with an ease and a fluency that have been the salt which has seasoned the whole body of English literature.

Dr. Douglas Hyde has stated the position of Irish literature and Irish scholars of the early centuries very forcibly, and yet with a simple directness and absence of the usual over-zeal that cannot fail to make what he says impressive. Here are some typical sentences:

There are two points about the native literature of Ireland which entirely differentiate it from the rest of the vernacular literatures of Europe, Greek excepted. The first of these is the extraordinarily early period at which it took its rise, and the enormous length of time during which it flourished. The other is the absolute originality of this literature, which was self-evolved, which was utterly unaffected by classic models, and in the syntax of which scarcely a trace is to be found of those Latinisms upon which are really founded and built up so many other modern languages.

To those unfamiliar with the extent of influence exerted by Ireland on European literature, Dr. George Sigerson's essay on that subject will prove full of surprises. The genial doctor does well to make use of quotations, mainly from English sources, in order to give point to what he says in the short space that could be devoted to so large a subject. Perhaps the most striking of these quotations is Professor Morley's statement that "the story of English literature begins with the Gael," and "but for early, frequent and, various contact with the race, which in its half barbarous days invented Oisin's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterward the Northmen's blood in France and Germany, England would not have produced a Shakspere." Almost as startling, however, is the story of how much Spenser owes to Irish sources.

The essay on the Irish School of Oratory, by Mr. J. F. Taylor, presents a magnificent subject. His discussion of the work of such men as Burke and Plunkett and Grattan and O'Connell, while laudatory, is thoroughly critical and illuminating. The characteristics of these orators are suggested with nicety of distinction and the elements of their effectiveness admirably worked out. Plunkett particularly has received merited rank among the great Irish orators from Mr. Taylor. As he says very well in conclusion: The language cannot afford to lose them by neglect, and the literary taste is very uncatholic that will not include Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Plunkett in the array of those masters of resistless eloquence, who have added force, charm, dignity, and elevation to human speech.

In the general introduction the editor-in-chief, Justin McCarthy, says:

The object of this library of Irish literature is to give to the readers of all countries what I may describe as an illustrated catalogue of Ireland's literary contributions to mankind's intellectual stores. The readers of these volumes can trace the history of Ireland's mental growth from the dim and distant days of myth and legend down to the opening of the present century. . . . I desire especially to call the attention of readers to the fact that throughout that long course of Irish literature it has always retained in its brightest creations the same distinct and general character of Irish nationality.

* * *

The Japanese go at their reading with as determined a spirit as at everything else they are attacking. Mr. Bolce states in the *Booklover's Magazine* that in Tokio the most popular foreign author is Charles Darwin. This is not a mere impression, but an actual fact, as determined by a voting contest, in which, at the instigation of a leading publisher, several thousands of citizens engaged. The educated classes give their days and nights to the *Origin of Species*. Another work which entrances the Japanese mind is the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Nuttall's Classical Dictionary has reached a circulation over there of more than half a million copies.

The Japanese are impervious to Western humor; even Mark Twain does not attract them. Mr. Lorimer's *Self-Made Merchant*, however, is one of the best known characters in the kingdom, but quite from a business point of view. Baron Shibusawa introduced him after a visit to the Chicago stock yards. He concieved that this text-book, as it appeared to him, was just the kind of admonition the youth of his country needed, and forthwith recommended the distribution of the book of letters in a Japanese translation. It was not long before 200,000 copies were disposed of, and read with a sense of great profit. Not a single passage of this excruciatingly funny book, so far as anybody knows, has upset the gravity of a single Japanese reader.

The literary ethics of these Orientals is, in some respects, peculiar. It detects nothing wrong, for instance, in the practice of plagiarism. On the contrary, it is looked upon as an indication of extensive reading and tenacious memory. The more a writer can interlard his story or essay with ideas, phrases, and even paragraphs from the works of masters, foreign or domestic, the greater the proof of his scholarship. To advertise a borrowod extract by the parade of quotation marks or their equivalents would be an exhibition of questionable taste; it would seem to indicate that the writer had recourse to this vulgar expedient to announce an erudition which he feared might otherwise escape attention.

The whole nation is daft over poetry. Even the geisha girls and the rickshaw men are bards. The favorite household pastime, somewhat akin to our game of authors, is played with epigrammatic couplets.

* * *

It is stated that the real name of Marie Corelli is Eva Mary Mackay. We are unable to settle the question sent by a correspondent as to whether she claims to be a Catholic. Judged by her works the answer should be in favor of the negative side of the dispute.

M. C. M.

THE MADONNA IN GLORY.—MORETTO.

THE

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PRINCIPLES IN SOCIAL REFORM.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT is remarkable that we Americans are very much in earnest about our civil and social rights, but careless about our civil and social obligations. We are keenly conscious of what society owes to us, but forgetful of what we owe to society. Democratic institutions depend for their ethical power on this social sense which we fail to develop adequately. Hence we are actually confronted by many grave problems, which had not been so serious, had we developed a strong social conscience. Nor would they be so threatening now except for the fact that this conscience cannot be produced when we need it; it requires time, cultivation, protection. We believe too much in the individual, and too little in the social being. We insist on freedom from legal restraint, and ignore the moral restraint which liberty is not supposed to diminish. The burden of our thinking is on opportunity, rather than on results; on definitions, rather than on facts. Rights as such are really not very sacred to numbers of people; it is their own rights which alone they revere. Thus, social rights, the rights of a community as such, or of a city or a people, do not possess the same power of appeal to conscience which individual rights possess. When individuals live in a democ-

racy, and guide themselves by individual ethics, ignoring social ethics, it is no extreme statement to say that difficult times await them.

One cannot deny the success of our institutions as a whole. Whether that success be due to our wisdom, to natural resources and limited though vigorous population, or to divine providence is beside the point. When, however, we look into the details of our life, when we see city, state, and federal democracy, as expressed in the actual concrete daily relations of the people, we find failures which are disappointing. Possibly the very fact that we are strong as individuals hinders us from developing a powerful sense of social obligation, through which chiefly we may hope for power to solve our social problems.

The number and complexity of our problems have begun to attract attention, with the result that social service receives more honorable recognition than heretofore, and communities commence to care for integrity and honesty in public service more than formerly. Men of wealth give endowment, men of talent give services, and men of power lend prestige to works for social betterment and to the development of institutions whose aim is the adequate protection of social interests. Efforts are made to protect the weak against their circumstances, and to protect the strong against their opportunities. The variety and earnestness of healthy reform sentiment are an interesting revelation of the power of self-help which the people possess. Once they become conscious of this power, zeal in its exercise will not be wanting.

What is first needed is, naturally, the ethical impulse toward social service and reform. One must realize that social interests, as such, are one's own interests as well, and that one should give of one's abundance of wisdom, power, or fortune, in order that others who are weak may thrive. Next, we need intelligent appreciation of the factors in social life, of the nature of social problems, of the laws and limitations which mark every social situation. Finally, we need always definite direction of our social service toward a practicable, reasonable end. It is not enough to feel that service or reform is necessary; we should know exactly what we wish to do. Impulse may give us momentum, but reason should govern it.

As a rule, the impulse to reform is present in society, but

not always in those who might obey it most safely. Many of our reformers are generous and unselfish toward society, but they lack the knowledge and wisdom necessary to safe and useful social service. The hopeful sign to-day is that this impulse toward social service and reform work is spreading; that schools foster it, strong men feel it, wise men and women obey it, public opinion welcomes it and accords to it some recognition. Social service is understood to be delicate, exacting, and complicated; the need of accurate knowledge of social facts and forces is admitted; the necessity of working in obedience to known social laws is no longer overlooked as it once was.

When a city is about to construct a bridge, it consults expert engineers. These study topography, drainage, absorption, evaporation, and rainfall as they affect the volume of water in the river. The volume and velocity of flow are computed, extremes of heat and cold are noted, and the structure is planned with due regard to all of these pertinent facts. The stress to which the bridge will be submitted is computed, and is distributed throughout in a most exact manner. Nothing is left to chance. Selection of material is carefully watched, and every safeguard is taken to insure a perfect piece of work with safe and enduring service. Yet the same city will leave to chance, or evil scheming, the selection of a city council. It exercises no care over the membership, it is indifferent whether a boodler or a noble, strong man be selected; it trusts all of the complex interests of the city to such chance selections, and when it sees selfishness triumphant and bold, corruption defiant, and trickery supreme, it scarcely knows how to go about the work of rescue. We need a profession of social engineers, who will give expert advice and appreciate the sacredness of public interests and the need of wisdom in building up all social institutions.

The suggestions contained in the following pages are intended for those who are interested in social service. While any discriminating social worker will find them commonplace, that is no serious objection. In fact, the commonplace character of the principles to be discussed is the best excuse for the discussion, because it is customary for us to neglect the commonplace. Discriminating persons do not, it is true, neglect a truth because it is ordinary and evident; but there

are few who discriminate. Mallock in writing *Is Life Worth Living* merely aimed to "kneel in the mud and to pick up the truths that are being trampled into it."

Systematic observation of reform efforts will show that those who engage in such work do not always manifest the insight, power of organization, command of resources, and knowledge of motive and feeling which social leadership really demands. Possibly it would serve well to try to develop a comprehensive set of principles in reform work by which leaders might be directed as an engineer is guided in his bridge building. The principles proposed here illustrate that thought.

1. A social problem is a process rather than a condition.

A social condition is in effect a set of relations among persons, which relations concern some interest of social life as such. These relations have been produced by definite social processes, which alone explain them. That a given condition exists is not vital to society as a whole, for it could pass away with the individuals in it. The reason of the condition is vital, for the process which perpetuates the condition is part of life, and it furnishes new victims as rapidly as old ones disappear. Many, in undertaking reform work, think only of the condition of certain individuals or interests which are concerned, and they ignore the process which is the real problem. We may take a city council by way of illustration.

A dozen men are elected to the honorable post of alderman, and the financial, moral, political interests of a hundred thousand persons are committed to their care. A majority of them betray public interests, commit gross offenses against social decency, and demoralize public service. This we may take as the condition. It is not, however, the real problem. Hence to throw out the eight or ten corrupt men and elect others, does not solve the problem. A given social process made the corrupt men venal; another social process brought them into office; another social process deprived public service of prestige and honor and emolument, in such a way that the strong, brave, noble men of the community do not and will not enter it. If then processes are at work by which the moral and intellectual strength of the community are diverted from public service, and the inferior members are attracted to it, it is quite evident that the individuals who are

concerned at a given time are incidental. We may banish the corrupt men, but we do not thereby terminate the corrupting process.

The bribe taker supposes the bribe giver. A definite complex process in society produces men who are willing to bribe. If a strong social process were sending noble, high-minded men regularly into city councils, the bribe giver would be checked. But there is harmony everywhere in the processes, each one complementing the other in a way to make the path clear for corruption and theft. Thus, in most cases, the individuals are incidents, the process is the problem.

The Civic Federation of Chicago, in a report to the public some years ago, concerning the aldermen of that city, contained such views as these: One was "regarded as a joke"; of another it said: "The ward must search diligently to find a worse representative"; of another: "He respects neither public interests nor his own word"; of another: "A deliberate enemy of the republic"; of another; "A nuisance"; of another: "No possible excuse for his retention in office"; of another: "Out of place in a reputable council." Appalling as such a condition was, it merely gave evidence of a dangerous process at work, and the process was the real problem. The indifference of the voter, the degradation of public service, the unethical affection of the masses for a friendly man, be he good or bad, the systematic avoidance of public service by the best men, are factors in such a condition, to ignore which hinders any successful reform.

We find illustration in the police problem. Policemen are the custodians of peace and order. Safety of property against theft, of life against violence, of decency against bad morals, gambling and drink is largely in the hands of the police. Hence the forces of darkness, the burglar and the thug, the gambler, the dive keeper, and the law breaker, are willing and eager to bribe the policeman in order to secure immunity from arrest. The duties of the police are noble, exacting to the highest moral degree, and of vital importance. Yet we give to the profession no prestige, to the members, little recognition, poor pay, frequently long hours, and severe penalties for neglect. Hence men of strong character and real ambition, who are needed in such a position, seek elsewhere for employment, and the service is robbed of the very strength on which its

usefulness depends. There are involved here many social processes which constitute the real problem.

We might in the same way analyze gambling, drinking, sweat shops, unsanitary housing, the work of children, divorce, betrayal of confidence in public and private service, into a series of complex social processes until we discover, as is really the case, that the condition is rarely the problem. It is the complex process, and consequently reform must reach it, or failure awaits the reformer.

One may not overlook the importance of a social condition nor deny that it may be at times an important factor in a process. The tendency in social conditions to perpetuate themselves is of vital importance, but in fact it is due mainly to the stability of the social process from which it results. A reform should always take cognizance of a condition, test it, modify it if possible, and rest content if that alone brings order. But to rest there in every case, to be content with a change of social condition, or with substitution of a new dozen for an old dozen of individuals, would doom reform to temporary results and cheat progress of most valuable service. Our growth in social knowledge depends on our realization of this dynamic character of our problems, and the development of social conscience, one may say, depends absolutely on this growth in social knowledge. If the individual realizes that he is nearly always a factor in social processes behind our problems, when not a factor in the actual condition, he may be stimulated to a sense of social responsibility, which can in no other way be developed. Hence the accurate knowledge and sense of social responsibility needed for reform work depend largely on the belief that our problems are processes and each of us is a factor in them.

2. *A social reform should inaugurate a social process rather than a mere change of condition.*

This is implied in the foregoing. Social problems vary. Sometimes any one of several factors might hinder it. Often a supply of social evil is a response to a demand for it; if we suppress the demand, the supply ceases. Many evils are inspired by the hope of profit; that ceasing, they vanish. Much evil thrives because it enjoys secrecy; if it be exposed, it is destroyed. Whenever any circumstance is vital, reform

will accomplish much by modifying it alone, but generally a thoroughgoing reform will extend to the processes which produced the circumstance itself. Thus in city government; the process that diverts our best citizenship from public service should be neutralized; the process that sends weak, venal men into offices of trust should be destroyed, and the interest of the public should be awakened and sustained in any adequate reform of municipal corruption. Whether or not all of this is possible or impossible does not alter its relation to the problem, though it may affect very directly our hopes of reform and the manner of it.

In other problems we see the same need of process to effect reform. A sanitary house is not necessarily a sanitary home, unless sanitary minds make it so. A social process gives us unsanitary minds, another social process gives us unsanitary houses. The sanitary house is really not much more than an opportunity, the reform is in the mental appreciation of it. One can easily find unsanitary conditions in sanitary houses. A New England employer once built good houses for his men and installed bath tubs which the tenants refused to utilize. They preferred the space for storage purposes.

Whatever the problem then, it is well to seek out the processes involved, and to organize reform effort in a way to master them, and introduce such normal and desirable processes as may insure relatively permanent results. This necessity may tend to discourage those who realize it, but on the other hand it may stimulate greater efforts than we now behold. Were we to investigate the whole series of social problems, with a view to verify this statement, we would probably discover that an age can rarely solve problems inherited from an unwise past, and that it cannot radically solve its own. Wisdom is in foresight. The safe way is to work through education, preparing to-day in the young the elements of character, social conscience, social knowledge, and faith, which will give to the oncoming generation the insight and power needed to direct popular institutions wisely in advance of failure.

We might discover, too, that reform is dependent on co-ordination and co-operation. Where public opinion, law, the wisdom of strong men, and the service of true men are needed to accomplish a certain result, it is useless to attempt it when one or two of these factors are lacking. Much of the failure

of reform is due to the fact that we ignore this need of co-operation, or knowing, we fail to command it.

3. The problem to be met should be carefully classified.

When we classify a problem, we locate it; when we locate it, we discover its relations to life and institutions. We then discover the processes involved, the factors and the responsibility for them, and we thus fix properly the duty of action and reform. There are many centres of social consciousness; to each of these should be referred all problems which concern it directly. Possibly all social problems are one problem, and any one problem is potentially all problems. Some problems are primarily political, others primarily industrial; some fall within the domain of the law, and some are beyond it; some problems seen in a city are, in fact, state or national in cause and relation; some problems concern principles, others are merely institutional, while many are purely personal. There is little value in appeal to religion, where law is needed; or to law, where conscience is needed; or to conscience, where enlightenment is needed; or to enlightenment, where stern measures are needed. It is useless to attack principles, where only institutions are at fault; or institutions, where merely their relation of co-ordination is at fault; or this co-ordination, when individuals alone are to blame. The advantage in careful classification is that our knowledge is accurate and our direction of reform effort is wiser.

Above all, we secure more detailed knowledge of social processes, and we realize how many of them, each in itself a problem, may be concerned in a complex fact. The concrete situation of a laborer's family may epitomize a whole epoch of history. The home may be in an unsanitary tenement, restricted, offering no privacy or protection; low wages and high rent make better impossible. The father may have work irregularly, because times are dull and immigration has increased the supply of labor far beyond demand. The wife may be ignorant of cooking, sewing, and housekeeping, because she spent her time learning useless things at school, or because she had to work and did not go to school. Mrs. Florence Kelly quoted recently the superintendent of schools in New York as stating that 40,000 school children in the city are hungry, "not from poverty, but because the mothers do not know how to prepare

food to give proper nutriment." The morals of the children, in the imaginary family described, may be ruined because of association and example to which the circumstances of life expose them, from which they neither hope nor expect to escape. In this concrete condition of a family, there appear many far-reaching social processes, each of which is a vast problem. There is need, consequently, of careful classification and analysis, so that judgment of facts may be accurate and knowledge of social processes complete. Once we know and realize how we are factors in these processes, which mean life or death, virtue or degradation to so many, there is hope for the development of judgment and conscience to bring speedy reform.

The three suggestions presented refer to the point of departure in reform activity. We should look to social processes to discover real problems, we should aim to modify these processes in our reforming, and we should know the nature and relations of the problem accurately before undertaking to reform them. The limitations and difficulties of reform work will be referred to in a subsequent article.

ABBOTSFORD.

1811–1904.

BY M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT,
(of Abbotsford).

"I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE words we have quoted above, spoken by Sir Walter during the last days of his life, show us something of the love felt by him for his home, and all who are familiar with the *Life* know what constant references there are in it to Abbotsford.

As Mr. Lockhart says: "To have curtailed the exposition of his fond, untiring enthusiasm on that score, would have been like omitting the Prince in a caste of 'Hamlet.'"

If I may be permitted to say so, Sir Walter's descendants have inherited this love for the home he built, and it is a great pleasure to me to endeavor to give a short account of the place, from the time Sir Walter first became the Laird of Abbotsford till the present day. I trust I may be excused if, in writing of the early days of Abbotsford, I quote freely from the *Life* and Sir Walter's letters, familiar as the story may be to many of my readers; for the latter portion of the narrative, the history of my father's life, and my own recollections, will serve to complete the sketch.

Sir Walter became the possessor of Abbotsford—or, as it was then called, Clarty Hole—in 1811, but the spot had been known to him from childhood. Mr. Lockhart relates having often heard him tell that, when traveling with his father from Selkirk to Melrose, "the old man suddenly desired the carriage to halt at the foot of an eminence, and said: 'We must get out here, Walter, and see a thing quite in your line.' His father then conducted him to a rude stone on the edge of an acclivity, about half a mile above the Tweed." This marks the place still called Turn Again, where, at the battle of Melrose,

". . . Gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliott's Border spear."

The names of other localities between Abbotsford and Melrose, such as Skirmish Field and Charge Law, also to this day recall the fight.

Sir Walter, we imagine, never forgot this incident, for when he determined to become a "Tweedside Laird" he chose the little property which, though "not a very attractive one to the general observer, had long been one of peculiar interest" to him. On May 12, 1811, he announced his intention, in a letter to Mr. James Ballantyne, as follows: "My attention has been a little dissipated by considering a plan for my own future comfort, which I hasten to mention to you. My lease of Ashestiel is out. . . . I have, therefore, resolved to purchase a piece of ground sufficient for a cottage and a few fields. There are two pieces, either of which would suit me. . . . They stretch along the Tweed near half way between Melrose and Selkirk." Of these two adjoining farms, Sir Walter bought the one comprising Turn Again. The person from whom he bought the property was a valued friend of his own, Dr. Robert Douglas, Minister of Galashiels. He had never resided on the property, and the only embellishments he had effected had been "limited to one stripe of firs, so long and so narrow that Scott likened it to a black hair comb. It ran from the precincts of the homestead towards Turn Again, and has bequeathed the name of the *Doctor's redding kame* to the mass of nobler trees amidst which its dark straight line can now hardly be traced." * Clarty Hole was in truth a most unattractive spot, undrained, wretchedly enclosed, the farmhouse small and poor; but to Sir Walter the Tweed was everything, and from the moment he took possession "he claimed for his farm the name of the adjoining ford situated just above the influx of the classical tributary Gala. As might be guessed by the name of Abbotsford all these lands had belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose." †

The neighborhood also of two antiquarian remains of interest lent an additional charm to the property in Sir Walter's eyes; namely, the old Roman road leading down to the ford; and, on the opposite hill, the remains of the Catrail so often alluded to in his letters to Mr. Ellis. By August, of the same year, everything was settled, and Sir Walter wrote to his brother-in-law that he and his wife were "not a little proud of being

* Lockhart's *Life*, vol. iii. p. 339. † *Idem.*, p. 340.

greeted as Laird and Lady of Abbotsford. At that time Sir Walter's plans for his house were of the simplest. He thus describes them to Miss Joanna Baillie: "My schemes about my cottage go on; of about a hundred acres, I have manfully resolved to plant from sixty to seventy; as to my scale of dwelling, why, you shall see my plan when I have adjusted it. My present intention is to have only two spare bed-rooms with dressing-rooms, each of which will, on a pinch, have a couch bed; but I cannot relinquish my border principle of accommodating all the cousins and *duniwassals* who will rather sleep on chairs, and on the floor, and in the hayloft, than be absent when folk are gathered together."

Sir Walter was determined, as he tells Mr. Morritt, that his cottage should be *in* his garden (then still a "kail yard"), and that the "little drawing-room shall open into a little conservatory." There exists a pleasing drawing of the Abbotsford of 1812, where the cottage appears with a pillared porch and walls covered with creepers, and "a good garden wall and complete stables in the Haugh" were added in the following year. In 1814 Sir Walter pressed the Morritts to visit him, promising them "chamber in the wall, with a dressing-room and everything handsome about you." And so the building gradually grew and developed, aided by Mr. Blore's valued advice and drawings.

By the September of 1817 the portion of the house which extends westwards to the square tower was about to be roofed in; "and a comical concern it is," wrote Sir Walter. The projected tower seems to have suggested some criticism from Sir Walter's friend, Mr. Terry, to which he thus replied: "I agree with you that the tower will look rather rich for the rest of the building, yet you may be assured that, with diagonal chimneys and notched gables, it will have a very fine effect, and is in Scotch architecture by no means incompatible." A few months later he refers to the stability of the new building. "I have reason to he proud," he writes, "of the finishing of my castle, for even of the tower, for which I trembled, not a stone has been shaken by the late terrific gale which blew a roof clean off in the neighborhood."

Mr. Lockhart, who saw Abbotsford for the first time during this autumn of 1818, confesses that the building then presented a fantastic appearance, the new and old buildings by no means

harmonizing; but the description of his ascent of the famous tower must not be omitted. "When we rose from table," he says, "Scott proposed that we should all ascend his western turret, to enjoy a moonlight view of the valley. The younger part of his company were too happy to do so; some of the seniors, who had tried the thing before, found pretexts for hanging back. The stairs were dark, narrow, and steep; but the sheriff piloted the way, and at length there were as many on the top as it could well afford footing for. Nothing could be more lovely than the panorama; all the harsher and more naked features being lost in the delicious moonlight; the Tweed and the Gala winding and sparkling beneath our feet, and the distant ruins of Melrose appearing as if carved of alabaster. . . . The poet, leaning on his battlement, seemed to hang over the beautiful vision as if he had never seen it before. . . . The piper was heard tuning his instrument below, and he called to him for 'Lochaber No More.' John of Skye obeyed, and as the music rose, softened by the distance, Scott repeated in a low key the melancholy words of the song of exile."

In the spring of 1820, when Sir Walter was on a visit to London, he wrote to Lady Scott thus about another—and final—addition that he was planning: "I have got a delightful plan for the addition at Abbotsford which I think will make it quite complete and furnish me with a handsome library, and you with a drawing-room and better bed-room. . . . It will cost me a little hard work to meet the expense, but I have been a good while idle." The plans for these new buildings, including the wall and gateway of the courtyard and the graceful stone screen which divides it from the garden, were made by Mr. Blore, although the screen—with its carvings taken from details of stone work at Melrose Abbey—was originally devised by Sir Walter himself.

The work took some time, and during the summer of 1822 Sir Walter says the house was like a "cried fair" with the masons busy at work and visitors from the South who, after witnessing the king's reception in Edinburgh, hastened out to see Abbotsford. In the August of 1823, when the place was completed, Miss Edgeworth paid Sir Walter her first visit, and meeting him at the archway to the courtyard made her well-

known remark: "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have wit enough to dream."

Early in 1824 the house warming, so agreeably described in the *Life*, took place. It was a doubly joyful occasion, as it was marked also by the engagement of Sir Walter's eldest son to Miss Jobson, of Lochore. To us, looking back, it is also the culminating point of outward prosperity in Sir Walter's life. The horizon was soon to be clouded both by sorrow and financial troubles. We find these sad words written by Sir Walter in his *Journal* of December 18, 1824: "Sad hearts at Darnick and in the cottages of Abbotsford. . . . I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor, indebted man where I was once the wealthy—the honored." And again, on January 22, 1826: "I have walked my last on the domains I have planted, sate the last time in the halls I have built, but death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them."

These melancholy previsions were happily not realized. By Christmas Day Sir Walter was able, under more cheerful circumstances, to note his return to Abbotsford, adding these words: "On this day of general devotion I have a particular call for gratitude"; and many quietly happy days were still to be spent there by him during those years—the noblest of his life—in which he wore himself out in trying to retrieve his losses for the sake of others. As we know, also, when the end came, he had the consolation of dying in his beloved home.

After Sir Walter's death, in 1832, Abbotsford was for some years little occupied by the family. The sense of mournful change and irreparable loss made it difficult for them to return there, added to which young Sir Walter and his wife were obliged to follow his regiment to India, and it was on his return voyage, in 1847, that he died at the Cape. He left no children, and Abbotsford devolved on my young uncle, Walter Lockhart, son of Sir Walter's eldest daughter, and Mr. John Gibson Lockhart. At his early death, in 1853, the place came to my mother, who had married, in 1847, Mr. James Hope, third son of General, the Honorable Alexander Hope, son of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. They now, in accordance

with the terms of Sir Walter's will regarding the possessors of Abbotsford, added Scott to their name. By this time both my father and mother had become Catholics. My father, as is well known, being one of those most closely connected with Cardinal Newman and the Oxford Movement.* He entered the church some years later than the cardinal, being received on the same day as Cardinal Manning, on Palm Sunday, 1851, by Father Brownbill, S.J.

My dear mother could not yet see her way, and shed tears to think that she would not be able in future to pray with my father as hitherto; but a few weeks later, after much prayer and study, she too received the grace of conversion, and from that moment seemed to be like an old Catholic, so quickly did the faith take root in a heart naturally Catholic as was hers. My parents' first care was to arrange a private chapel at Abbotsford. At first a vaulted room on the ground floor was chosen, but when my father added to the house, in 1858, he built a beautiful room on the west side with a high pitched roof, and to this the chapel was eventually removed and now remains. How many memories cling to both chapels —Cardinal Newman and Bishop Grant said Mass in the old chapel during their visits to Abbotsford, and how many other holy bishops and priests besides! In this connection I may be permitted, perhaps, to recall a trifling incident regarding my little brother's baptism, which took place at Abbotsford. For some reason the chapel was at that time temporarily removed to one of the sitting-rooms, and one of my earliest recollections is of this occasion and of the quantities of lilies of the valley which adorned the altar. My brother was christened Walter Michael, in honor of the great Archangel, to whom my father had a special devotion; but this was cause of distress to Sir Walter's old keeper, then still alive, who feared he was named after our famous ancestor, Michael Scot, the Wizard. To allay his fears my dear father, using the Scotch idiom which he could well do on occasion, remarked: "John, you maun remember there was an archangel before there was a wizard."

After their conversion my parents lost no time in endeavoring to assist to their utmost the scattered Catholics of the

* In *Life of James Robert Hope Scott.* By Robert Ormsby. London: John Murray.

neighborhood, and in building the churches and schools which remain to testify to their zeal. My father ever bore in mind, we believe, the desire of making reparation for the devastations wrought by the reformation, and the fact that Abbotsford itself stands on what was church land. To realize the great and happy change since 1851, we must glance at the then position of the church in the border counties. The few Catholics of the neighborhood at that time were either Irish, who had come over to seek work, or of Irish descent, and the only church [built in 1844] was at Hawick; from there Father Tagart, affectionately known as the "Patriarch of the Border," evangelized the neighborhood, saying Mass also occasionally at Galashiels, Kelso, or wherever a few of the faithful could be gathered together. About this time, however, the erection of Tweed Mills and the work of new railways brought a great increase of Irish Catholic workmen to Galashiels and Selkirk, and my father at once built school chapels at each of these little towns; and from these beginnings two large missions resulted. Simultaneously almost with my parents' conversion, we may record that of the late Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, the late Dowager Lady Lothian, and of my uncle, the late Lord Henry Kerr, and his family, who all joined in the good work of bringing back the faith to this part of Scotland. After the church of Selkirk was finished the duchess supported that mission until her death. Jedburgh owes its pretty church to Lady Lothian's munificence, while Lord Henry Kerr, ever a zealous co-operator in the works at Galashiels and elsewhere, opened the private chapel at Huntlyburn, which was for years to be a great centre of Catholic life.* Galashiels, being in the Abbotsford parish, was of course the special object of my father's care, and while at Selkirk and Kelso pretty churches soon replaced the original school chapels, at Galashiels a large and stately church grew up, to be finally completed just before my father's death in 1873. His great wish had been to make it a centre of missionary work, and to have it served by a body of Religious, in order that the neighboring stations of Lauder and Earlston, and others which he foresaw would exist, should be served from there. At first

† See *Life of Madame Henrietta Kerr;* and *Life of Rev. H. S. Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit.* By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

the Oblates of St. Mary's undertook the mission, but in 1863 it was transferred, according to my father's original desire, to the Society of Jesus, who served it with devoted zeal until 1901; at which date, owing to the father-general's wish to withdraw them from country missions, they left to our immense regret. Before this an additional station had been opened at Melrose, where a church is now much needed. The happy changes we have noted in the neighborhood of Abbotsford are, we are thankful to say, a sample only of what has taken place and is still in progress all over Scotland, to which the conversion lately of several Scotch ministers lends additional hope for our beloved country. It is a pleasure to recall that, during his fatal illness at Abbotsford, some of Sir Walter's last conscious words were those of one of the great hymns of the church, the "Dies Iræ." His Abbotsford now belongs to Catholics, and the faith which he in many ways helped to bring back to the hearts of his readers is, we may hope, gradually spreading throughout the country.

AMERICAN EDUCATION AND THE MOSELY COMMISSION.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,

Head of U. S. Consular Service.

WHEN the Mosely Commission came over to study our educational institutions, a fear was felt by quite a large number of respectable, loyal, and patriotic Americans that Mr. Mosely and his associates would be fêted and feasted until anything like a fair, honest, and strictly objective view of our educational system would be out of the question. That fear seems to have been well founded. Be it far from me to find fault with the words of praise showered upon our educational system by Mr. Mosely and his Commission. Patriotism, according to Dr. Johnson, is the last resort of a scoundrel; sometimes it seems to me to be the first. Patriotism is a very much used and a very much abused word. If it stands for silence when truth is demanded, it is dangerous. At no time in many years was there so great a need as now for a strong word against the efforts of those who, ignorantly perhaps, but assiduously, are trying to blind us to the facts that stick out all over our public school system. It is no part of my purpose to point out all the weak spots in that system—that would take too much time. It would demand all the pages of one issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to point out the wickedness, unfairness, and iniquities connected with a system that refuses religious education to its pupils, and is unwilling to pay for the education of the millions who desire and demand religious training for their children. What a curious condition of mind is that which cannot see the injustice of making one part of the community, and the very part that will ultimately have to save society and the Republic, pay twice for the education of its children! In the German empire religious education is as much a part of the public school system as the three Rs. Besides, it is paid for by the public. May not some of the success secured by the empire in recent years owe its origin

to the stability that always comes to a religicusly trained people?

But it is no part of my purpose, in this article, to deal with that phase of the educational problem. At this moment I am very much interested in the report of the Mosely Commission, and of the visitors who, after running rapidly from one end of the republic to the other, are telling us what a wonderful people we are. I am anxious lest the American people be led to believe all that Mr. Mosely and his colleagues say.

All talk of American superiority in production deserves very careful investigation and consideration. As a matter of fact, we produce very few of the world's fine grade goods. The weavers of the East lead in silks and carpets; France leads the world in tapestries; almost every country in Europe is ahead of us in china, porcelain textiles, scientific instruments, etc., etc. The workers in wood, iron, brass, etc., etc., in this country, the men who do the really fine work, the designers and decorators, are, as a rule, foreigners; they certainly were until quite recently. The boss spinners, weavers, bleachers, dyers, etc., etc., of New England were, for a long time, and are now to a certain extent, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, etc., etc. Wherein then are we efficient, and along what lines have we achieved a success sufficient to merit the words which the Mosely Commission has uttered?

Let us see. We are rapidly rising to first place among the world's iron and steel workers. Granted; but what are the facts? We possess a land richest in the resources or raw materials that make iron production on a large scale possible. In the Mesaba iron range, or region, all we have to do is to scrape and scoop up the rich iron ore with steel shovels; from the mines it is carried to the docks of Duluth and Escanaba, to be transported by water to Cleveland, Toledo, and Pittsburg, where it comes together with the world's cheapest coal and limestone. But some doubting Thomas asks for the facts.

The accompanying statistics set forth the production and consumption of iron ore and pig iron and the production of steel in the United States, United Kingdom, and Germany, for the years 1900, 1901, and 1902. The figures for the United

States and the United Kingdom represent tons of 2,240 pounds; those for Germany, metric tons of 2,204 pounds.

Production and consumption of iron and steel by the three leading countries, 1900 to 1902.

Products and countries.	1900.		1901.		1902.	
	Production.	Consumption.	Production.	Consumption.	Production.	Consumption.
IRON ORE.	*Tons.*	*Tons.*	*Tons.*	*Tons.*	*Tons.*	*Tons.*
United States,	27,553,000	28,400,000	28,887,000	29,789,000	35 554 000	36,631,000
United Kingdom,	14,028,000	20,318,000	12,275,000	17,812,000	13,426,000	19,847,000
Germany,	18,964,000	19,824,000	16,570,000	18,550,000	17,964,000	19,053,000
Total,	60,545,000	68,542,000	57,732,000	66,151,000	66,944,000	75,531,000
PIG IRON.						
United States,	13,789,000	13,554,000	15,878,000	15,860,000	17,821,000	18,419,000
United Kingdom,	8,960,000	7,705,000	7,929,000	7,285,000	8,680,000	7,798,000
Germany,	8,507.000	9,105,000	7,867,000	7,985,000	8,518,000	8,314,000
Total,	31,256,000	30,364,000	31,674,000	31,130,000	35,019,000	34,531,000
STEEL.						
United States,	10,188,000		13,474,000		14,947,000	
United Kingdom,	4,901,000		4,904,000		4,849,000	
Germany,	6,362,000		6,211,000		7,422,000	
Total,	21,451,000		24,589,000		27,218,000	

A brief review of these figures reveals the singular fact that, whereas the United States, twenty-five or thirty years ago, was behind Germany or England in iron ore, pig iron, and steel, its production to-day is nearly as large in each class as is the combined production of the countries named. It is actually more than the total of both in pig iron and steel. Is it not at once apparent that it is our cheaper coal, iron, and limestone, rather than any greater skill, that has made our progress possible?

Reverse the facts, give Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, or Italy the marvelous mines of coal, iron, and lime that have been given to us, and we would see a success fully equal, to say the least, to any recorded in Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Alabama. It is doubtful whether Essen and the Krupps have been equalled by Pittsburg and Carnegie. A curious fact in this connection, however, must not escape us—Germany's proportionate increase in the production of steel, in 1902, was greater than that of either the United States or the United Kingdom. The iron yield of the Mesaba range increased

from 4,245 tons, in 1892, to 13,342,840, in 1902, and 12,892,-542 tons, in 1903. It must be remembered that this is the iron that is scooped into cars by means of steam shovels, is carried, or can be carried to the lakes by gravity alone as "the roads from the mines to the lake at Duluth and Two Harbors are short and on descending grades." It must be remembered also that the lake transportation is the cheapest in the world per ton mile.

Europe's total coal area is only 23,166 miles; that of the United States is 225,000. Europe's mines are, many of them at least, particularly those of England, nearing exhaustion. The coal area of a single section of this country is far larger than the total area of Europe. Pennsylvania and Ohio together have a greater area than Europe, for they have 15,800 and 12,000 square miles respectively; Missouri alone has 23,000; our Northern Appalachian region has 57,740; the Southern Appalachian 13,067; the Northern Interior coal fields cover 11,300 square miles; the Eastern Interior 58,000; the Western Interior 66,200; the Southwestern 27,876; the Rocky Mountain area 43,610. The other square miles are divided up among other parts of the country.

Coal production of the principal countries in 1901, 1902, and 1903.

Country.	1901.	1902.	1903.
	Tons.	*Tons.*	*Tons.*
United Kingdom,	219,047,000	227,095,000	230,334,000
Germany,	108,539,000	107,474,000	116,638,000
France,	31,634,000	29,365,000	34,318.000
Belgium,	22,213,000	22,877,000	23,912,000
United States,	261,374,000	269,277,000	320,983,000

Incidentally I may point out here, in passing, as pertinent to the discussion of national capacity, so often misrepresented by careless writers, that much if not most of Italy's difficulties, those that led to her so-called "*decline*," were due to the absence of just these two great raw material factors of industrial life—coal and iron. Now that we have entered upon an era of electricity, and Italy is getting what the French have poetically named "white coal"—water power, with which to generate electricity—Italy is giving evidence of another renaissance.

The coal production per miner, as given in the following table, would seem to bear out the claims of those who insist upon American superiority.

The average number of miners employed, and the tonnage production per miner, for the five countries were as follows:

Country.	Year.	Average number of miners employed.	Average production per miner.
			Tons.
United States,	1902	518,307	520
United Kingdom,	1902	805,100	278
Germany,	1901	448,000	242
France,	1901	159,957	198
Belgium,	1901	134,092	166

This table shows the productive capacity of the American miner to be far superior to those of other countries. This is partly accounted for by reason of improved coal-cutting machinery used in the mines of the United States, and to the fact that the mines worked are nearer the surface; consequently more horizontal shafts with car haulage are operated than in other countries.

As a matter of fact we have little more than scratched the surface of our vast coal deposits, while England, Belgium, and other parts of continental Europe are down thousands of feet in the bowels of the earth. Jevons, Wallace, and other English scientists have seriously discussed, and are now seriously discussing, the danger of England exhausting her coal mines in a short time, in less than two hundred years.

"But look at American boots and shoes," is shouted. Granted our superiority in mining machinery; granted our superiority in boot and shoe making; granted all the facts which the advocates of our superiority are able to advance; and the principal fact is not disturbed, viz., that we are far behind Europe in a large number of industries in which skill and expert knowledge count for a great deal. We raise something like seven-eighths of the world's raw cotton, and yet we import cotton textiles of all kinds for millions of dollars. If we had had a system of industrial, industrial art, and technical education equal to that of the German empire, does anybody

believe that the story told by the subjoined table would have been told in the years indicated?

Importation of cotton manufactures into the United States during the years 1902, 1903, and 1904.

	1902.	1903.	1904.
Cotton Cloths:			
Unbleached,	86,386	156,545	159,102
Bleached, dyed, colored, etc.,	6,934,393	9,013,092	8,144,383
Total Cloths,	7,020,779	9,169,637	8,303,485
Finished goods and yarn:			
Clothing, etc.,	1 656,513	2,247,903	2,505,035
Knit goods,	5.363,515	6,157,744	6,044,691
Laces, edgings, etc.,	22,449.314	25,110,081	24,848,764
Yarn, warps, etc.,	1,921,748	2,421,729	2,261,924
All others,	6,048,257	7,355,661	5,560,347
Total other than cloths,	37.439,347	43,293,118	41,220,761
Total cotton manufactures,	44,460,126	52,462,755	49,524,246

There is not a university in this great land that does not have to send to Paris or Berlin for its fine instruments. Thousands of the men that are making the republic first among productive nations came to us from the British Islands or from some part of continental Europe. Ericsson, Pupin, Steinmetz, and many of the leaders of our great industries give evidence of this.

Now, the fact is, our *education*, along industrial lines, has been as abominably bad as ignorance, stupidity, greed, and indifference could make it. For a long time we did nothing in our schools to develop the native genius that had become proverbial. Year after year we were willing to work along inferior lines, making coarse grades, importing expert labor, when we needed such, from Europe, and common labor from Canada, continental and insular Europe. The student of sociology, who will cut down deep into American society, will find lamina after lamina of different people. Among the working classes he will find, at the bottom the early settlers, then English, then Scotch and Irish, then French Canadians, and now Italians, Greeks, Armenians, and fifty other nationalities recruited from the lowest lamina of European society. But I will be told that Boston has its Massachusetts School of Technology; Worcester its Clark University; Brooklyn its

Pratt's; New York City, Colonel Auchmuty's School; Yale, Sheffield; Cornell its Sibley Institute, etc., etc.

But what of these? For whom were they built, for whom were they intended? Who was able to take advantage of them? Were they part of the public school system? By no means. Not nearly so much as were Harvard, Yale, and Brown proper.

The abundance of our natural resources, the peculiar forms in which they were found, made inventions not only necessary but inevitable. Take the case of Eli Whitney and the cotton-gin, and every contrivance for handling coal, iron, and steel. Besides, many of these called for little or no very great industrial or educational training. Then again there was much of mechanical genius in the mixed population of the country, and genius often acts independent of education. I must not be misunderstood. I would not for a moment maintain that education is not needed by men of genius. It is needed, and by them sometimes much more than by others, particularly if their full powers are to find play. It is curious what mental somersaults we are willing to make at the whip-snaps of the ringmasters of the world. For a long time we were told that we were better off and smarter than others, even though we had no technical schools; now we are told, because Mr. Mosely and his Commission have said so, that our schools are nearly perfect. Many and many a time writers and speakers were forced to advance argument after argument in favor of industrial, and industrial art education, so as to keep alive the fires from which the torches in the technical schools of every state of the country were afterwards to be lighted. Every one will remember that it was often urged that the decision in regard to such schools must not depend upon what we are or upon what we have done without such an educational system, but upon what we would have done and where we would be to-day had we had such a system. It is no argument against their value to say that "without them we have walloped Germany," as I heard an educator proclaim only yesterday. We haven't walloped Germany. We haven't walloped anybody very badly. We haven't begun to equal that empire. We haven't begun to be as big by any means as we might have been long since. We will have to begin, as the

German empire began, at the very basis of all great national efforts, among the people, if we are to be what we ought to be. Germany's system of industrial, industrial art, commercial and technical schools is to-day one of the world's wonders. They have done more, in my opinion, for the empire's agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, than all other factors put together. Here, if Mr. Mosely or anybody else is eager to build up an argument in favor of education, is a field full of rich, ripe grain ready for the sickle. Germany, beggarly poor, compelled to buy her cotton, wool, a large part of her corn, her copper, tin, some iron, and some coal, all her raw silk, etc., etc., outside, has built up an industrial and commercial result that reads like romance. Colonel Mason, our Consul General in Berlin, thus writes of it:

> At the dedication of a technical college for the textile industry at Sorau, Herr Möller, the Prussian minister of commerce, spoke with great earnestness and effect upon the peculiar importance of technical education to the present and especially to the future of German industries. He emphasized the fact that competition and other difficulties in the way of foreign trade are steadily increasing, and gave warning that the future holds a struggle for German export trade. Continuing, he said: "Those whom we have been pushing out are beginning to defend themselves. Our former markets are becoming producing countries, and we shall doubtless have to see certain branches of our business decline and pass over to other countries which have cheaper labor than we. Hence we shall be more and more obliged to perfect our industries, and not only to follow up promptly all novelties and changes of taste, but to take the lead in creating such changes." In a word, Germany, being mainly dependent upon foreign markets, requires the highest technical development to maintain her place in the competition.
>
> The lesson embodied in these words of the minister of commerce finds many illustrations in the various fields of German industry, but in none is the demonstration more striking and conclusive than in the department of chemical manufacture, of which the total annual product is valued at about $300,000,000. The organization of chemical study and research in Germany for industrial purposes was begun by Professor Justus von Liebig. . . . His example and

achievements had the important result of convincing the several state governments of Germany that it was wise and would in the end prove profitable to found and maintain advanced schools for scientific study.

From these technical schools and the laboratories of German universities have come the army of young chemists who have made applied chemistry the most vigorous and successful, as it is the youngest, of German industries. . . . It is these men, who now number between six and seven thousand, who are willing to work in original research, in laboratories provided by the great chemical companies, for small salaries and an interest in whatever of value they may discover, who have brought the chemical industry of Germany up to its present leading position and kept it there. . . .

The careful analyses of soils and the skilful use of chemical and other fertilizers to meet exactly the deficit in essential elements has revolutionized agriculture in this country. It is due largely to the work of expert chemists that the percentage of saccharine content in sugar beets has been raised from 5.72 per cent., in 1840, to 13 per cent. in recent years, whereby the whole German sugar industry was saved from collapse. Similarly in the iron and steel manufacture, and in the whole long, varied schedule of textile production, it is only the possession of a vast army of skilled chemists, metallurgists, designers, dyers, weavers, and spinners, recruited year by year from graduates of the universities and technical and industrial art schools, and backed by salesmen and merchants elaborately educated and trained for commercial work in foreign countries, that has enabled Germany to practically monopolize certain special forms of manufacture, and, despite limited natural resources, to conquer and maintain a place in the front rank of industrial nations.

FRANK H. MASON, *Consul General.*

BERLIN, GERMANY, *September 2, 1904.*

Can any one connected with the Mosely Commission, or any one interested in advancing the arguments about our efficiency and superiority, point to any such picture as that painted by Mr. Mason? And yet one great, very important factor was omitted by Mr. Mason. He does not tell us, as he might have told us, that the most of the raw material used in the manufacture of the empire's chemicals had to be imported.

He did not tell us that, before Bayer's time, English and French chemists had discovered the presence of analine colors, etc., etc., in coal tar, but that neither England nor France were fitted to secure the results; and that Germany was, because of her superior system of education. In connection with the matter of color, he might have called attention to the history of Hermsdorf's dyeing, a most successful system of combining the laboratory chemist with the workman dyer, and getting results beyond any other part of the world's best. He might have told of Hermsdorf having to dye for England, Ireland, and this country. If such a story can be told by anybody in this country I have failed, in spite of long and careful investigation, to find it. I do not deny its possibility, or even its probability; I doubt the ability of any one finding it as easily as the Mosely Commission seem to have found our superiority.

The fact is, we have foolishly allowed ourselves to take the bright, light, polite literature of the English Commissioners and Mr. Mosely for more than it is worth. What could the Commissioners find out in so short a time, and in a trip like the one under consideration? Little, very little; and surely not enough to justify us in sitting back with an air of superiority. What is to be feared, and what is to be avoided concerning this report of the Mosely Commission, are the fatal results to our own people from a too literal, hence too stupid, interpretation of what Mr. Mosely and his associates undoubtedly intended for polite praise; and the customary "thanks, thanks, and ever thanks!" for a very pleasant trip through the United States. To say that our great success, whatever that really is, judged from the highest standards, is due to our educational system is all nonsense; and the sooner we see that it is nonsense the better will it be for ourselves and the worse for others.

Another time I shall be pleased to present an article dealing with what we should do in order to make the most of our marvelous opportunities.

It is commonly urged that we have done wonders in the way of invention. How many Pasteurs, Darwins, Huxleys, Tyndals, Wallaces, Spencers, have we had? For the one Agassiz, or the one Edison, Germany, France, and England have had

epoch-making men. How many Austins or Savignys have we had in law? How many Helmholtzes, Humboldts, Du Bois Raymonds in the sciences, etc., etc.? Those are the higher fields. Even in the lower, in electricity, engineering, etc., etc., it is doubtful whether, since 1878, we have surpassed Germany. Prior to that time it was necessary to take out patents, in Germany, covering inventions, in every petty duchy and kingdom in the country. To do this was not only very expensive, it was tiresome and very troublesome. Before 1878, because of the trouble caused by the vexatious delays, criticism, etc., etc., many failed to take out patents, preferring to go on risking exposure or the dishonesty of assistants. At that time Germany was far down in the list of inventive nations, to-day she is number two—the United States alone excelling her. I question whether we would lead were we to eliminate German names from our lists, and were we to have our inventions subjected to as rigid an examination as the one to which persons seeking patent rights in the German empire are forced to submit. Anyway the record for Germany, since 1878, is certainly one of marvelous success; and much of it is to be traced back to what in my opinion is, all things considered, the best system of education on earth.

MORETTO.—"THE RAPHAEL OF BRESCIA."

BY M. RUSSELL SELMES.

TWO thousand years of valor and industry have crowned the little city of Brescia with many distinctions. Unhumbled by alien domination, unwearied by mediæval tumult, presenting a defiant front to imperial encroachment on the one hand and to rival pretensions on the other, undaunted Brescia still proudly points to her ruined castle, the old "Falcon of Lombardy," as the symbol of long leadership in Northern Italy throughout the Middle Age.

"Dying game" in terrible contests with French conquerors, rising phœnix-like from exterminating cruelties of Austrian tyranny, she stands to-day a centre of many activities, bearing the new title, "Armory of Italy," since from her comes the supply of fire-arms for the vast army which enables the kingdom to maintain the crushing burden entailed by the Triple Alliance.

In contrast to these distinctions Brescia has memories and memorials, born of widely differing sources. In the history of art no school of painting received her name, but, like so many Italian communes, she was richly productive in able artists, who worked on lines tributary to the great schools.

Mediæval art began to flourish at Brescia in the tenth century. It received its principal impetus from Venice, and henceforth it gradually developed talent, that finally culminated, in the sixteenth century, in the beautiful canvases of Ferramola and Romanino, and the perfected creations of Alessandro Bonvicino, generally known as Moretto.*

He was born in 1498, that year so crowded with memorable events, when the Renaissance, by an awakening of long-slumbering powers, was already stirring the civilized world.

Recent investigation has conclusively proved that Moretto

* "Moretto" was a family name, and not a nickname or descriptive appellation, as sometimes supposed.

first saw the light within Brescian walls. His entire life was spent in his native city, and the greater part of the heritage of beauty which he has bequeathed to the world remains in her keeping.

So absorbed was he in his appointed tasks, so unassertive of personal claim, so content to work apart from his peers, that he was little heeded, during his lifetime, outside of his own province, and fame tarried long before she adorned his name. Vasari makes slight mention of him, and it was not until the last century that he was recognized as ranking among the noblest masters of Italian painting. Signor Zanardelli published a paper, in 1855, arousing his countrymen to more appreciative attention to so elect a genius, and in 1893 inaugurated the enterprise of erecting a monument in Martinengo Square, to commemorate, in 1898, the completed round of four centuries since Moretto's death. The designing of this monument was entrusted to the Brescian sculptor, Pietro Ghidoni, and is one of the creditable productions of recent Italian art.

The unveiling of this monument, on September 3, 1898, was the occasion of never-to-be-forgotten festivities, in the rejoicing community, which is perennially vivacious and lively, but seldom showed such great enthusiasm as on this *festa* of national interest.

Visitors of every taste had reason to rejoice in Moretto's birth. Crowds from far and near gathered to attend the art exhibitions and the musical fêtes, which were of particular interest, for the Brescian philharmonic society is regarded as the finest in Italy. Many pictures by Moretto were obtained from other sections of the country for a Loan Exposition to be open for several weeks.

It was notable that this celebration was almost exclusively attended by Italians. Brescia is not a spot where tourists ever congregate. Art lover, antiquarian, and historian may find occasional, and unnoticed way there, but, as a rule, Brescians are pursuing their industries and cherishing their treasures without a distracting dependence on the alien largess of irresponsible passing throngs. The Moretto celebration was one of those outbursts of genuine local sentiment, unvitiated by covert appeal to tourist patronage.

Alessandro Bonvicino was an artist by inherited faculty, as well as by education, for genius was manifestly cumulative

THE MADONNA IN GLORY AND THE SAINTS.

through generations of artistic endeavor, in that epoch of magnificent achievement.

Moretto's father and uncle were painters, and the boy undoubtedly had early instruction in the management of the brush and in the mixing of colors, before he was placed, at the age of fourteen, in the studio of Ferramola, then the foremost of Brescian artists, whose leading pupil was Romanino. The last named was several years older than Moretto, and was destined to gain equal fame among his contemporaries.

In 1509, when Moretto was only eleven years old, Louis XII. sent a French army to besiege Brescia, which, after an obstinate resistance and great suffering, finally surrendered. It remained under the French yoke with apparent submission until 1512, when a violent revolt caused Gaston de Foix and his forces to wreak vengeance on the heroic community, by massacring forty thousand of the inhabitants. The pillage, rapine, and atrocities perpetrated by the French soldiery were of exceptional horror, even in those bloody days, and left a deep impression on the mind of the sensitive boy, Moretto. His soul was more and more confirmed in its purpose to turn from all worldly ambition and struggle, and to occupy itself solely with the holiest ideals of religion.

The only instance of Moretto's attempt to depict a scene of tumult and tragic movement is the "Massacre of the Innocents" in the Brescian Church of St. John the Evangelist, a painting with no conspicuous defect, but lacking the inspiration which marks his other work.

Like the Umbrians, to whom scenes of blood and violence were constantly familiar, and who lived in a social atmosphere dominated by martial sentiment, but who were impelled to the opposite pole of feeling in art, ever portraying rapturous piety and mystic calm, so Bonvicino turned in spirit from spectacles of martyrdom and of warring human forces, such as his youth witnessed, and consecrated his genius to evoking the highest types of saintly beauty. He gives no suggestion of the ascetic, for sumptuous adornment and palatial settings are always a feature of his pictures, painted with a delicate sense for the fineness of texture. These accessories are not unduly emphasized, but are presented as harmonious requisites to the court of the heavenly King. Moretto's "Madonna in Glory" * dis-

* In the Martinengo Gallery, Brescia.

ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI.

plays embroidered surfaces and gorgeousness of robe that are unsurpassed on Venetian canvas. The cloth of gold and velvet damask of the two bishops' vestments are treated with consummate skill. The superb brocades of his "St. Justina in Vienna"; the silks and velvets and fabrics wrought with silver and gold in the "St. Nicholas of Bari"; the ermine, velvet, and plumes in the portrait of Count Martinengo; and the rich robes and armor in the great Madonna over the high altar of San Clemente, testify to his skill and taste, and also to his restraint, when they are compared with the Venetians in general and their dealing with luxurious appointments.

The last-mentioned painting received singular tributes of admiration from three European celebrities, whose exclamations were overheard by Luigi Gaddola, at one time priest in charge of San Clemente. Dumas, after gazing long at the canvas, suddenly exclaimed: "It is a Greek idyl!" Disraeli murmured: "It is worth a kingdom!" "It is beautiful as a victory!" cried General Wolf.

The upper part of the painting shows the Virgin and Child amid a shower of garlands. Roses and lilies are tossed among the clouds by cherubs of infantile grace and charm. The spring-like freshness of color, the wealth of opening blossoms, the auroral tints of silvered rose and azure, blending with the youthful loveliness of the Virgin, are of indescribably joyous effect, as of a May morning in paradise, opening above five majestic figures of enraptured saints, who stand in a sanctuary of subdued lights, where the rich depth of color gives a strength of perfected harmony to the delicately-toned, silvery upper spaces.

Moretto's paintings have been called "prayers on canvas," and the "confidences of a pure soul." One of the most notable instances of his earnest piety and self-surrender to each work, is found in the story of his famous "Paitone Madonna," so admired by artists for its rare beauty, and so revered by the people as perpetuating the loved memory of a miracle.

The hill hamlet of Paitone, about twelve miles from Brescia, was stricken by pestilence in the summer of 1532. One August day a deaf-mute peasant boy, named Viotti, wandered from his Paitone home, in search of berries on Mount Lavignone. As he was busily filling his basket, he suddenly beheld a gentle lady, dressed in white. The boy knew it was the

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.

Blessed Virgin, the "Santissima Maria," for she blessed him and endowed him with the powers of speech and hearing. In tones of tenderness and pity, she then commanded him to return home and tell the people of the village that the pestilence would cease, if they promptly built a church on the spot where she was standing.

The church was built, and after its completion, Moretto was commissioned to paint the child's vision of the Virgin to adorn the high altar. The artist toiled for days to no purpose, until it occurred to him that he was not religiously disposed for so sacred a task. He threw aside his brush and, after three days of prayer and fasting, went to confession, received Holy Communion, and then began his work anew. The beautiful picture that thereupon grew under his hand was declared by the little shepherd, as the mute Viotti is called in some versions of the story, an exact likeness of the Madonna as she appeared to him on the mountain. The Madonna is represented in a white, nun-like garb, and over her head floats a veil; her hands are folded upon her breast, and her face, with downward gaze upon the child, expresses gentle sadness for the affliction she is yearning to relieve; the boy, holding a basket of berries, stands beside her, looking up wonderingly into her eyes; in the background is a glimpse of the rugged slopes which guard the Lombard plain, contrasting in their austerer lines with the type of landscape among the nearer approaches to Brescia.

Smiling valleys, castled hills, abundant streams, fresh springs, rich woodland, with their gleaming lights and balanced masses, attuned Moretto's eye to a varied gradation of brightness and shadow, differing from the infinite iridescence and golden splendors of Venetian water and sky, which reflected such glories on the canvas of Titian, Veronese, and Giorgione.

It is a matter of dispute whether or not Moretto ever visited Venice and entered Titian's studio as a pupil. Those who cherish the theory of his Venetian apprenticeship, rest it upon an exclusively speculative basis. But there were opportunities for studying the great Vecellio without journeying far from home. Before Moretto was twenty-five years old, the Brescian church, St. Nazaro, had secured two pictures by Titian's hand—a "Resurrection," and a "St. Sebastian." The latter is

THE ANNUNCIATION.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

known to have been copied by Moretto, whose assimilative power was alert to receive impetus and widened range from all that came in his way. He undoubtedly derived advantage from serious study of Titian's work. Raimondi's engravings of a number of Raphael's important pictures are supposed to be all that Moretto knew of the Umbrian genius, so akin to his own in conceptions of nobility and grace.

In Moretto's "Coronation of the Virgin"* the figure of St. Michael is equal in style, and in a certain melodious beauty of line and pose, to anything Raphael ever painted, and is reminiscent of Raphael's manner.

The "Annunciation"† has the mellow glow, the soft effulgence of lighted background, the ample type of womanhood, characteristic of the Venetian school.

The "Feast in the House of Simon," deemed by many authorities Moretto's masterpiece, hiding in an upper gallery of the bare church, Santa Maria del Pieta, of Venice, is a large

* In the Church of St. Nazaro, Brescia.

† In the Brescia Pinacoteca.

work, where we find wealth of color and accessory worthy of Paul Veronese, combined with an elevation of sentiment never attempted by that portrayer of luxurious festivities.

In endeavoring to trace the influence of other masters upon Moretto's work, we are increasingly impressed with his individuality and detachment from contemporaries, while still responsive to developing suggestion from any source with which he chanced to come in touch. He never saw Rome or Florence, and but twice visited Milan. There is no evidence that he ever sought or desired contact with the world outside his provincial home. He was an active member of religious sodalities, and never-failing in his charities. For many years he gave support and shelter under his own roof to an invalid cousin, "for the love of God," as the old record expresses it. His marriage occurred late in life, and four years afterward, in 1554, he died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, when his powers were seemingly in the unabated vigor of a prolonged prime.

Gentle and shy, Moretto clung to the repose of familiar surroundings, where in pureness and holiness of life, and in tranquil content, his mind mirrored ever more and more clearly the celestial beauty, which he set forth to men, in sweet human forms, aglow with the light, which kindling fire of love

> "Is heavenly-born and cannot die,
> Being a parcel of the purest sky."

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN HOLLAND.

BY A DUTCHMAN.

THE year 1903 was a glad year for Dutch Catholics, a year of new hope for the future. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the liberation of the church in Holland, which took place in 1853. It is rather difficult for an outsider to appreciate the importance of this event; neither is this the place to enter into historical details; yet it is necessary to state briefly how matters stood with the church in Holland at that time.

The influence of the French Revolution upon religious parties in the Low Countries had not been to the advantage of the Protestants; and though Louis Napoleon, who was well disposed to the Catholics, upheld the liberty of the church against her enemies, his reign lasted so short a time that its results need not here claim our further attention. In 1813, when Holland threw off the French sovereignty, the Protestant party began to recover ground again under William the First; and the war of 1830, which withdrew Belgium from his rule, made the situation, for the now smaller body of Dutch Catholics, more critical. As for William, whatever may be the opinion of historians of his talents as a statesman, to his Catholic subjects he was a cause of great discontent. His son, King William the Second, who succeeded him in 1840, was welcomed by Protestants and Catholics alike. Honest and fair-minded, he was not blind to the sincere affection which his Catholic subjects showed towards him. By a revision of the Constitutional Law, in 1848, every congregation was allowed to organize itself according to its own principles, and the church in Holland was enabled to pursue her work under the same conditions as any of the sects.

The time for action had come. The sighs and prayers sent up to God, year after year, from hearts silent and trustful under their sufferings, had not been in vain. The seed sown

in secret had begun to appear above ground, and, though the enemy was on the lookout, there was one thing which he had not taken into account—that the sower of the seed was God himself.

On March 13, 1853, the papers reported an allocution by the pope in consistory, announcing that the hierarchy in the Netherlands had been restored. In this allocution the pope speaks of the church in Holland, of the misfortunes which heresy had caused, and was still causing, and expresses his joy at the friendly attitude of the government towards the church. He thanks God, also, for this promise of the return of a people to the true way of salvation.

In the same document we read: "We have accordingly established a spiritual province, and have decreed that there shall be five episcopal sees—at Utrecht, Haarlem, S. Hertogenbosch, Breda, and Roermond. Moreover, mindful of the glorious history in the past of the church of Utrecht, to which our predecessor, Paul the Fourth, granted the privileges of an archbishopric, and having taken into consideration that it would be greatly to the benefit of religion, and suitable to present conditions, we have not hesitated to restore to Utrecht the dignity of an archiepiscopal see, and to declare the four other bishoprics subordinate to it."

The hierarchy was restored! How can we describe the rejoicings of the Catholics? Henceforward their talents and their energies, until now forced by unjust laws to remain in obscurity, were to be united, and drawn up in the open under the captaincy of the legal successors of the Apostles. Courageous and enthusiastic as the Catholics were in 1853, all their enthusiasm was, and is still, needed to maintain a social and political warfare against the prejudices and hatred of heresy. But the true Catholic spirit is not easily discouraged. We may recall the well-known words of De Bonald: "I return thanks to my century, because, by the very fierceness of its attacks upon the Church of Christ, it has given new proofs of her veracity. It is only truth that can arouse such furious hatred!"

We may divide the camp of our adversaries into two parties: those who recognize the rights of the Catholics, and those in whom passion, bigotry, and false zeal have extinguished all sense of justice. Against these last what attitude were

Catholics to adopt? Their leaders understood the task before them. It was far from their aim to resort to fierce recrimination. Truth is powerful, and even when hard pressed can defend itself without violence. Truth, too, is humble; and indeed it is its humility which finally makes its possession loved and esteemed. How, then, could the defenders of truth better show themselves equal to the work before them than by letting these qualities of truth appear in their actions and in their writings? And so, we may fairly say, has it been. The controversial works in which they defend themselves against the slanderous attacks of the enemy witness to their composure, their dignity, and to the solidity of their cause. Their whole conduct has been marked by that invincible calmness which becomes the upholders of truth for truth's sake.

And now to consider, more in detail, some of the aspects of the Catholic revival in Holland. The conditions of a spiritual improvement are often in great part material, and we may, perhaps, begin by saying a word about the Catholic churches of Holland. In their zeal for the glory of God's house, our Dutch Catholic ancestors had imitated their fellow-Christians of other countries; but many of the beautiful churches which they built were lost at the time of the Reformation, and are still retained by the Protestants. Yet, during the first twenty years that succeeded the restoration of the hierarchy, Catholics spent no less than 60,000,000 guilders in building new ones; and altogether, since 1853, five hundred and sixteen new churches have been consecrated to religious worship, and the number is still increasing.

Of course a visitor to Holland must not expect to see cathedrals like that of Cologne, or of Notre Dame at Paris, though the cathedral of S. Hertogenbosch, which has remained in our possession, is a noble example of the old architecture. Yet, among those of modern structure, one will find not a few which are real works of art. The Protestants themselves recognize all this evidence of material progress. In a Protestant review, of the year 1887, we find a writer describing himself as standing upon the tower of an old Protestant church in Amsterdam, and gazing about him at the numerous spires of the Catholic churches of the city. While he cannot withhold a meed of praise from them as material structures, he

yet adds: "This fair wreath of spires, of which Catholics may well be proud, may well avail to stimulate us to union among ourselves." Amsterdam is constantly growing; new suburbs are being built all about the city, and the ecclesiastical authorities are careful to secure sites for churches in view of future needs. May the time soon come when their foresight shall have its reward.

As we have spoken of the churches, it may next be of interest to the reader to learn something of the clergy who serve them. In 1853 there were fourteen hundred priests in Holland, and their number has since doubled. Every diocese has its own church-school and seminary, and those who are being educated in these institutions are exempt from military service. It is noteworthy that the connection of the clergy with public life is not as it was in 1853. Even thirty years ago the priest confined himself strictly to the management of his parish. The influence of the church on social and political life was not of such a nature as to require that priests should concern themselves with questions that affected society at large.

At that time Catholicity, though on the increase, was not yet a power in the country, The priests were good and zealous men, but their lives were very obscure. The church attracted little attention among Protestants, though already, in 1853, an important Catholic daily paper was in existence. The labor question was then in its infancy; but now that socialism has everywhere gained so much ground, and irreligious teaching in the state schools deprived the poor of their only treasure—their faith and trust in God—now while the spirit of the time has doubled or trebled their wants, and the workingman hears incessantly that the rich are oppressors, the priests tyrants, and religion but a fable; now, in these days, the Catholic priest must assume a new rôle.

He has to be not only a preacher of the gospel, but a man possessed of a practical knowledge of the questions of the day, and able to marshal the faithful, in all their social relations, as an army of Christ against the army of Satan. In the performance of this high and priest-like duty, his part is the maintenance of the principles laid down by the church, whilst encouraging laymen to the greatest freedom of action. And

we may say, happily, that in Holland we have many zealous and learned priests, who, in union with and under the direction of the bishops, carry out the great plan of the late Pope, Leo XIII., and fulfil with no little success the noble work to which they are destined in these modern times.

We see them as spiritual advisers in every department of public life, especially in the "Volksbond"—an association of Catholic workingmen in ninety-nine divisions established throughout the country — which has for its object, in the words of the encyclical letter, "Rerum novarum" to keep up the dignity, and to ensure the prosperity of the working classes, while condemning the principles of the socialists. We see our priests at the head of temperance societies, founding military clubs where, in garrison towns, Catholic soldiers find a safe refuge in the midst of surrounding corruption; we see them at the head of the confraternities of St. Joseph, of guilds for young people—everywhere organizing and working to secure the victory of sound Catholic principles. For they are thoroughly convinced that now, if ever, earnest work must be done, if the enemies of religion are to be prevented from overthrowing the good already accomplished.

It is very consoling to be able to add that our priests find among the laity many talented men who, in one way or another, possess greater influence than the clergy, and who employ the same in the promotion of Catholic interests with marked success.

I must regret that space does not permit me here to enter into further details, that might show what union and association between clergy and laity, with perseverance and sacrifice, are able to effect. But I may note that the irritation displayed by our enemies is a clear proof of the good which has resulted from the intervention of our priests in the social life of the country.

The influence of Catholicity upon public affairs in Holland is supported by thirteen Catholic daily papers, sixty-six weekly papers, thirty papers which appear two or three times a week, and forty-five periodical reviews. Catholic political associations are to be found in every borough constituency, and they give their votes, according to circumstances, either to a Catholic or to a Protestant who will uphold sound princi-

ples, to the exclusion of a liberal or socialist candidate. In cases where a Protestant is supported some tact is required, but the reasonable conviction that only union can produce an effective opposition against a common enemy has enabled Catholics to work in harmony with those outside the church, often with very satisfactory results. Indeed we have lately seen Protestants voting for Catholic candidates, and Catholics for Protestant ones.

The result of the elections of 1901 was that in our Second Chamber—which may be compared to the English House of Commons, or to the French *Chambres*—a majority has been obtained by Catholics and Protestants together against all other parties combined. In the First Chamber also—which corresponds to the House of Lords, or to the *Sénat,* and is elected by the members of the Provincial Councils—the periodical elections have of late resulted in a victory for the Christian parties, and thus, after a fierce attack, the last fortress of liberalism has fallen. So that Holland enjoys nowadays the full blessing of a Christian, if not an exclusively Catholic, government—as great a blessing, perhaps, as can be looked for in a country where every kind of religious opinion has complete freedom of action.

But the church has other objects to aim at, besides the purifying and ennobling of public life. She is of divine origin, and we may not say that she is flourishing when only worldly glory is her share. Christ founded his kingdom on earth, but his kingdom was not of this world, and the spirit that he sent was not the spirit of this world. The worth of the Catholic revival in Holland must be put to other tests before we can be assured that it is genuine.

Now, as a general rule, it may be said that the numbers of those who adopt the life of the counsels is a proper test of the prosperity of religion in a particular country. Happy, indeed, is the land where there are many vocations to the religious life. Good earth brings forth good fruit, and the good fruit of the counsels presents infinitely varied qualities, according to men's needs—but always sweetness and strength, freshness and loveliness.

In the Holland of to-day the religious life is in full vigor, in the cloister, in the hospital, and in the school. We see its

followers uniting prayer with work, instructing others in profane sciences as well as in the knowledge of religion, laboring in the fields or studying theology, preaching God's word from the altar or addressing meetings in public halls, giving and consecrating themselves entirely to the happiness of their neighbor, and, in fine, devoting their whole lives to the greater honor of our Lord. In 1853 there were 711 religious men in Holland, and 1,943 religious women; in 1903 these numbers had increased to 4,000 and 13,000. The schools founded by these orders, as well as those erected by Catholic laymen and Catholic school-societies, enjoy the fullest freedom. Of the thirteen thousand religious women, five thousand are employed in education, three thousand are in the colonies, seven hundred lead a contemplative life, and the rest are employed in different works of charity. As to the orders of men, no branch of religious activity is neglected by them. The success of their schools has played a most important part in recent Catholic progress. Not only in Holland, but in Belgium, England, America, South Africa, China, Palestine, the West Indies, Australia, and Hindustan, Dutch religious are to be found. Of these some have their mother-house in Holland; others form the Dutch province of congregations of foreign origin.

The perfect freedom of their brethren in Holland has caused many religious orders, driven out of their own country, to take refuge there. Indeed, the flourishing state of Dutch Catholicity, while due, doubtless, in great measure, to the living faith and zeal of its followers, may surely be set down in part to the special blessing of God given in reward for the hospitality which the country has so generously extended, and is still extending, to the poor exiled religious of other lands.

It will now be of interest for the reader to hear something of the condition of Catholic schools. The question of education is so intimately connected with the future of Catholicity that we must endeavor to find space for a few words concerning it. The fight for the souls of the children is the great struggle of to-day. Our century understands well that they who succeed in moulding the present generation will be masters of the next. Accordingly as the child belongs to God, or knows him not, so will it be with the man.

This has been clearly perceived and acted upon by the

Dutch liberals. In 1857 they forced upon the Christian parties a new law, by which religion was totally divorced from education. Private religious instruction might be given to the children, but in the schools there was to be no word of faith. Those whom our Lord would have suffered to come to him, on whom he laid his fatherly hands in blessing, were to be snatched from his embrace. This iniquitous measure filled every Christian with dismay. What was to be done? Many Catholics, weary of fighting, and shrinking from new troubles—perhaps, also, in a few cases, not perceiving the grave consequences of the new law—were content to yield for the present, and look forward to better times. Not so our bishops. They saw and understood the danger; they knew the enemy better; and, foreseeing that passive resistance would lead to utter defeat, took every means to lessen the impending ruin. Finally, in 1868, they issued a pastoral, in which they urged Catholics to erect their own schools at whatever cost. This pastoral bore fruit. In 1868 we had only forty-two schools; in 1899 we could count 550, not including many which are in private hands. Thus Catholics have to pay for the support of the state schools, and in addition to this defray the cost of the education of their own children. Until 1889 their own schools never received the smallest subsidies from government. In that year, in which the liberals for the first time lost their majority in Parliament, subsidies were granted, and have since been considerably increased.

To set all the schools upon the same footing is now the aim of the united Catholic and Protestant parties. If the new Education Bill, which will give grants to the secondary as well as to the primary schools, becomes law, the vexed question of school subsidies will have been, in great measure, solved. The establishment of a free university is now engaging the consideration of the government; and we may expect a favorable outcome of the matter after the recent changes in the balance of parties in the First Chamber, the Second Chamber having already given its approval.

Even now Catholic students at the universities do not lack the necessary instruction in their religion, which is ensured to them by societies. More lately similar associations have been established among intelligent Catholic laymen, who take an interest in the great scientific questions which have an immediate

bearing on religion. At present their number is fifteen, and all have the approval of the bishops. Negotiations are now on foot to obtain more united action among these different bodies, with a view to promote their mutual prosperity, and, in principle at any rate, the plan has already gained acceptance. Considering what well-equipped scholars the leaders and spiritual advisers of these learned bodies are, we may take it that a successful future is assured to them. Such is at present the state of Catholic education in Holland, obtained, after heavy sacrifices and prolonged and incessant exertion, by the co-operation of the Catholics with their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

From all that has been said it will be clear that the church in Holland is enjoying a period of peace and of enviable freedom. We see its members in Parliament, defending orthodox principles; we see election societies established everywhere, and organized with reference to the needs of the district; we see the Catholic "Volksbond" existing throughout the country, and forming a body with which all politicians must reckon; Catholic military clubs have been founded in garrison towns, as we have already mentioned; education is free, and learned Catholic associations flourish; the press is doing its utmost to place Catholic newspapers on a position of equality with the liberal journals.

Besides all this, many other institutions might claim our further attention if we could give them the space they deserve: associations of lay Catholic schoolmasters, temperance societies, agricultural societies, societies for the spread of Catholic literature, Catholic libraries, etc. Special mention, too, must be made of an organization instituted lately, the object of which is to bring together the various other bodies. It is called the Society for the Organization of Catholic Social Work, and by uniting all existing societies into one great corporation, but leaving to each its own particular sphere of action, it aims at perfecting more and more the hold of Catholicity upon the public life of the country.

One other matter demands a few words—Catholic almsgiving. Is there any Christian charity in Holland?—in that cold, prosaic land where, as the southerner sometimes seems to suppose, men never lift their eyes to heaven because the

sky is not blue, or where, because the land is flat, men have no hearts, and cannot feel the influence of tender ideals! Not so; the Dutch nature, if practical, and quick, perhaps, to criticise, is, above all things, true and tender and prompt to sympathize with those who suffer and are in need of consolation. This natural trait is consecrated and ennobled by religion, and as fair a crown of charitable works adorns the head of Christ's bride in our dear Netherlands as in other countries.

This is not the place to speak of private charity. The land, though, is full of such public institutions as the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which has 201 different centres; guilds for boys and girls; free Catholic hospitals, which admit all patients without any payment, whatever their religion; orphanages; homes for the blind; the societies for the Propagation of the Faith, of the Holy Infancy, the "Claverbond" society, and so on. I remember that some years ago, while abroad, I was talking with a Frenchman about charity in Holland, and without paying me a French compliment, he acknowledged the liberality of my countrymen, and their readiness to spend their money freely upon works of mercy. "But," he added, "Holland is rich." Well, let us say rather "Holland is generous." Yes; practical, prosaic, heretical Holland is a charitable and generous nation.

And now, in conclusion, what are my desires for my own dear country? First, that true piety of heart be more deeply ingrained in its people, and especially in their leaders, for this alone can save them from a merely external Catholicity. Mere external religion is only too possible a danger in a country which now enjoys full freedom of worship, and in which the rising generation will reap advantages for which they have not had to labor. I desire, too, for my fellow-countrymen the preservation of the grave and solid character of their ancestors, in union with all that modern progress in science and art has done for the elevation of society; and, most of all, I desire for it that spirit of faith through which a people feels itself invincible, not because of pride in its own strength, but because it has set its ideal in the fulfiling of God's will.

A FRANCISCAN WONDER-WORKER.

II.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE religious of St. Paschal's, Chiaja, seeing the new government continually suppressing convents throughout the kingdom, daily trembled for themselves. Egidio did not understand this alarm. When the brethren, surprised at his tranquillity, tried to make him realize the danger to which they were exposed, he replied smilingly: "You're afraid of being expelled by the French; but first of all they should at least say, '*if God wills it.*'"

The government of that time, although foreign and revolutionary in its principles, respected the Chiaja convent, and the religious were left at complete liberty; but the government in our time, although national, has not had the same regard for the holy place. The convent, which the Venerable Egidio filled with the odor of his virtues, has been suppressed like others, and his precious remains which repose there could not save it from the general proscription.

Various instances are given in his biography of his gift of prophecy, of his knowledge of events which took place at a distance, his discovery of hidden objects, his revelation of the secrets of consciences, his power over inanimate as well as animated creatures, which acquired for him the title of the thaumaturgist, or wonder-worker of the eighteenth century.

We are told how he cured numerous sick people whose cases were given up as hopeless and past remedy by the doctors; how he predicted the death of sinners who had abused all the means of salvation; how he discovered hidden crimes; how tradespeople who refused to give him alms or asked exorbitant prices were punished, and how those who were generous were rewarded; how at his word the meat for a festival day was multiplied, and plums and plum-tree leaves

were procured in midwinter; how on two occasions eggs which had fallen and been broken were made whole; how he stopped a duel between two soldiers by causing the sword blades to break in fragments, leaving only the hilts in their hands; how, like the apostles, he gave sight to the blind, and raised the dead to life, the crowning miracle of all.

The old man seems to have singled out women and little children as the special objects of his tenderest charity. Many a poor woman, at that trying and critical moment when two human lives are in jeopardy, was fortified and consoled by his prayers. At other times he fixed a mother's thoughts on the life beyond more than upon life in this nether sphere. "Oh, what a beautiful angel for heaven!" was the expression he usually employed to predict the death of little children. He always displayed great joy when he foresaw such deaths; he knew by a heavenly odor the place whence these pure young spirits had fled heavenwards. He was going upstairs one day at the house of Gaëtano Clementi, to stand godfather to a newborn child, when he exclaimed: "Oh, what an odor of paradise above and below!" There was, in fact, a child of Clementi's dead, while another was coming into the world; and a poor man who lodged on the ground floor had just lost a young son.

A story is told of a miraculous draught of fish which reminds one of St. Anthony of Padua and the miracle of Rimini. The religious of St. Paschal's were keeping one of their feasts on a fast day or day of abstinence. The guardian, having issued several invitations, said to Brother Egidio: "Go and quest some fish, and try to bring us something good." The servant of God pondered for awhile and thought of where he was likely to find some excellent fish. It occurred to him that he would catch none better than in the pond near the Royal Palace, and he bent his steps in that direction. On reaching it, he said to the king's servants that he would want some fish of good quality for a solemnity they were about to observe in his convent. The servants replied that they could not fish in that place on that day. He answered that he did not want them to fish, but that he would catch them himself. They asked him with what, and he replied, with his hands. This reply was met with a loud laugh. "Go," they said, "and

fish with your hands as much as you please; we give you all the fish you can catch in that way." Satisfied with this permission, he went straight to the pond or lake, drew from one of his pockets a little bread, crumbled it in his hands, and cast the crumbs on the surface of the water, inviting the fish to come and eat. On the instant a multitude of fishes of all kinds and sizes, coming up from the bottom of the lake, passed, as it were, in review before his eyes. He examined them attentively; when he saw one that suited him, he put out his hand, saying: "For St. Paschal!" At these words, the fish stopped and Fra Egidio seized it without any difficulty and put it into his basket. He thus continued fishing until he was fully provided, and then joyfully returned to the convent. The guardian, seeing what he brought, exclaimed in amazement: "Who gave you such beautiful fish?" "No one," said the lay brother, "I took them myself"; and he told the story of this miraculous draught.

Having so good a quester as Egidio it would seem that the community of St. Paschal's did not need a better beggar; but they actually pressed into service a young cow, whom they called Catharinella. The cow was a present from a rich cattle merchant. They trained her to go alone through the city, and every morning loaded her with a brace of big baskets. Fixed to the cow's forehead was a brass plate on which was engraven an image of St. Paschal. Pious persons put their alms into the baskets, and at evening the faithful animal found her way back to the convent. The Neapolitans became very fond of the young cow, and vied with one another in feeding her, until she became very fat.

A butcher in the Strada della Pigna Secca, seeing such a fine animal wandering about the streets without any one to take care of her, made up his mind to steal her, secretly slaughter her, and sell her meat. He took into his confidence one of his boys. On a certain day they drew Catharinella into a cellar and slaughtered her.

The religious waited in vain that evening for the animal's return. The guardian went in his uneasiness to Fra Egidio and said: "Catharinella has not come back." The servant of God replied: "Make your mind easy, I know where she is, and I shall go myself and bring her back to-morrow."

Early next morning, taking another brother with him, he went straight to the butcher and said: "Bring a light as well as the keys of the cellar and come with me." At these words the thief, feeling he was discovered, was so terror-struck that he let his butcher's knife drop. Egidio, to calm him, told him not to be afraid but to do what he was told. The butcher signed to the boy to go with the brother, which the latter promptly did. When they reached the cellar, Egidio asked the servant where Catharinella was. The boy pointed to the different quarters, hung up here and there, ready for sale. The lay brother said: "Bring me the hide." The boy brought it out of the place where it had been deposited, and laid it before the servant of God, who asked: "Where is the head?" The boy got it, and put it on the part of the hide to which it corresponded. Brother Egidio then asked for the forequarters, next the hindquarters, and placed them, as well as he could, in their natural order. When all was done, he said: "The entrails are still wanting." The boy brought them out of a corner of the cellar, and put them in the middle of this mass of flesh. Then Egidio bent down, took the four ends of the hide, folded them over the beast and strove to re-cover the whole. He next rose, paused, prayed, and taking the end of his cord blessed the animal, saying: "In the name of God and St. Paschal, Catharinella, arise." At that moment the cow lowed, shook herself violently, and bounded upon her feet. Fra Egidio said to the boy: "Attach the image of St. Paschal to her forehead." The lad, having found the brass plate which the animal had previously carried, hung it on Catharinella's head. Egidio added: "Throw a cord around her neck, and lead her after me." When this was done, Egidio walked towards the door, the boy following, leading out the cow thus miraculously restored to life.

God would not leave such a great miracle thus hidden. A man belonging to that quarter of the city, having seen Brother Egidio enter the cellar, was curious to see what he was going to do. He slipped into an obscure place where he could observe everything without being seen. When he saw the cow so marvelously restored to life he could not restrain his admiration; hurrying from the place where he had hidden, he went through the city proclaiming what he had just witnessed.

News of so extraordinary a prodigy of course passed from mouth to mouth, and instantaneously a multitude of persons hurried to the place from all parts of the town. At the sight of Egidio and Catharinella, whom safe and sound and full of life the boy was leading along, the crowd gave expression to a thousand exclamations of enthusiastic wonder. The most ardent, in the fervor of their veneration and excess of their indiscreet devotion, would have cut his habit and mantle into bits, but fortunately some of his friends came to the lay brother's assistance, and rescued him from the crowd who, in their blind enthusiasm, would have left him hardly anything to wear. Twenty men came forward and carried Egidio and his companion bodily and put them into a cab which proceeded slowly through a dense crowd to the convent, Catharinella being led after it by some men who formed a cortége. It was a triumphal progress, the only cool and collected person being the object of this popular ovation. From that day Catharinella, resuming her office of quester without running any risk of being stolen and slaughtered, became doubly famous throughout Naples.

Filled with the spirit of compassion, which is of the essence of the genius of Christianity, and its purest and most unalloyed expression, Egidio not only cured all manner of diseases, sometimes by a word or by the simple signification of his will, but he raised the dead to life, an unequivocal and indisputable evidence of the possession of miraculous power. He performed this miracle first on a stillborn infant, the child of Donna Gesualda Calveria and Andrea di Scaffa of Torre dell' Annunziazione, near Naples, one of the benefactors of the convent. It was raised to life in the name of St. Paschal, and received that saint's name at its baptism; it lived to reach the age of seven, and may be said to have been indebted to Fra Egidio for the life of nature by its miraculous resuscitation, the life of grace by baptismal regeneration, and the life of glory by passing away in all the freshness of its innocent childhood. The second was Luke Perella, who had died of fever contracted in the pestilential atmosphere of Mazzoni, near Capua. The child, who had already been laid out for burial, survived his restoration to life by Egidio twenty years.

These marvelous deeds acquired for the venerable lay

brother the well-founded reputation of a saint, a wonder-worker, a man powerful with God. He enjoyed universal confidence to an extraordinary degree. Personages of the highest rank, members of the royal family, regarded it as a favor to converse with him and receive his advice. Rich and poor, princes and peasants, alike venerated him as a saint, and received his words as oracles. Several bishops and archbishops, the families of the Marquis del Vasto, Prince della Torella, Count di Policastro, the illustrious houses of Maresca, Mastrilli, Fiorizzi, and many others, gloried in having relations with him, and loudly proclaimed that he was a saint and friend of God. The highest personages desired to have him stand godfather to their children, undertaking to obtain the authorization of the Holy See for that purpose. The little sacristy of St. Paschal's was often full of priests, lawyers, and members of every profession, waiting for the servant of God to come down from his cell, or return from questing.

The people were so eager to possess something that belonged to him, that the brethren had to wind iron wire and even small iron chains round his habit to prevent them cutting it off piece by piece. The French police, employed under the Neapolitan government, alarmed at seeing this mendicant friar followed by such a multitude, forbade his superiors to let him appear in public. The guardian obeyed, and Fra Egidio, ensured a tranquil life, passed happy days in labor and long prayers. But the great families, unable to have him visit them, made such complaints to the government, that the latter authorized him to go whither he was wanted, provided he went in some vehicle, and avoided as much as possible showing himself to the people.

When one who had ministered commiseratingly to so many who were sick and suffering, was himself stricken down with a mortal malady in 1811, and the doctors, having exhausted all the resources of medical science, gave him up, great was the consternation in the convent and the city. Fra Egidio was apparently on the brink of the grave, and the community had assembled around his poor pallet to recite the prayers for the dying—those solemn words with which the church bids the Christian soul go forth through the portal of death into the "house not made by hands"—when, in pres-

ence of the weeping religious, the sick man smiled and said: "Fathers and brothers, do not weep; the hour of my death has not yet come; I must even be healed of this malady. The Blessed Virgin has told me that I shall live some time longer, to take care of her altar and see that the lights are kept burning before her holy image." Knowing well that these words were not lightly uttered, they withdrew, not doubting their fulfilment. The cure took place and the old man was restored to his community and to the love of the Neapolitans, who were transported with joy.

But it was only a temporary respite, a flickering of the flame before it went out. At last the saintly old lay brother came to lay him down to die, worn out in the service of God, his brethren, and the people. Although suffering severely from acute sciatica and asthma, he made light of his bodily infirmities, lest his superiors, through a sentiment of compassion, should dispense him from any duty imposed by the Rule, or hinder him from serving his brethren to the last. His activity and devotedness to his work made him forget that he was more than an octogenarian, until he was forced to take to his bed, never to rise from it again.

When the Brothers-infirmarian carried him to the ward reserved for invalided brethren whose cases were incurable, he took leave of his poor cell with the words: "Good-by, little room; I shall not return to my little room again." He asked for the statuettes of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, which had formed the only adornment of his cell. They placed them on his bed, and every moment he took them in his hands, covered them with kisses, and clasped them affectionately to his heart. Then he said: "Begin a novena for me to the Blessed Virgin, because after the novena I shall die." To one of the religious who asked him how he was, he replied with a smile: "I am going home." They began the novena that very evening, and he answered the prayers as well as if he were in complete health, although enduring great pain. When the Holy Viaticum was brought to him, he could not restrain the transports of his love in the Eucharistic Presence, and, getting out of bed, prepared to receive the Blessed Sacrament more respectfully, kneeling on the bare floor, until the guardian ordered him back, when he instantly obeyed without

uttering a single word. Loving and practising holy poverty all his life, like a true Franciscan, he was faithful to the last to the mystical bride whom the founder had espoused, calling her "my Lady Poverty." Having asked pardon of the community with such humility that it moved them to tears and sobs, he asked the guardian to select the worst and most worn habit in the house in which to lay him out after death.

The last trial to which his humility was subjected was when the brethren brought an artist from the palace to paint his portrait, being anxious to preserve his venerated features on canvas; but, although the artist concealed himself behind a compact circle of religious, Egidio defeated the stratagem by turning from side to side and making it impossible to sketch either his face or profile; and it was only after his death, when they took a cast of his face, that the portrait could be painted.

When the last day of the novena, February 7, 1812, came he asked what o'clock it was; and they told him it was twelve. The novena having closed, the religious expecting his immediate death, although it was the dinner hour, did not like to leave him; but Egidio, with that consideration for others which he always displayed, slowly raised himself up and calmly said: "Go and dine, I shall not die for half an hour, and I shall let you know when the moment has come." They went down to the refectory and took their meal, and half an hour afterwards the little bell of the infirmary was rung by the direction of the dying lay brother, and all hastened to witness his edifying death.

Egidio had lost the use of speech, but his lips moved in prayer when he heard the names of Jesus and Mary, and when they presented the crucifix he kissed it, and, pressing the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph to his heart, peacefully expired. The body remained flexible for the five days preceding interment. The doctors, who witnessed this unusual phenomenon, bled him twice, and on each occasion bright, limpid blood flowed from his hand and arm, as if he were alive.

The Neapolitan government was still in the hands of the French, and on that account the monks resolved to bury Brother Egidio quietly the next day; but before the day

passed the whole population of Naples, hearing of his death, crowded to St. Paschal's to gaze for the last time on the face of the friend of God. The monks had to leave his remains exposed for several days in the church to satisfy the people's devotion. In their eagerness to procure some souvenir, they would have cut away every bit of even the poor worn-out habit of the dead man; two strong, robust brothers were detailed to guard his coffin, but these not sufficing, recourse was had to the police. The religious distributed, in small pieces, his habit and fragments of the linen used during his illness, and allowed the people to touch the body with their beads, medals, and other objects.

The enthusiasm having abated on the fifth day, the religious took advantage of it to inter the remains in their common burial place. In 1836 these remains were exhumed and translated to the church, a modest monument being erected near the entrance. Numerous miracles have been wrought through his invocation since his death, and the cause of his canonization is in progress.

CANTICLE TO THE HOLY FACE.

Translated, by S. L. Emery, from the French of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face.

Jesus! Thy dear and holy Face
  Is the bright star that guides my way;
Thy gentle glance, so full of grace,
  Is my true heaven on earth to-day.
My love finds out the holy charm
  Of Thy dear eyes, with tear-drops wet;
Through my own tears I smile at Thee,
  And in Thy griefs my pains forget.

Oh! I would gladly live unknown,
  Thus to console Thy aching heart!
Thy veilèd beauty, it is shown
  To those who dwell from earth apart.
Fain would I fly to Thee alone!

Thy Face it is my fatherland;
  It is the sunshine of my days;
My realm of love, my sunlit land,
  Where through the hours I sing Thy praise.
It is the lily of the vale,
  Whose mystic perfume, freely given,
Brings comfort when I faint and fail,
  And makes me taste the peace of heaven.

Thy Face, in its unearthly grace,
  Is like divinest myrrh to me,
That on my heart I gladly place;
  It is my lyre of melody;
My rest—my comfort—is Thy Face.

My only wealth, Lord! is Thy Face;
  Naught ask I more than this from Thee;
Hidden in the secret of Thy Face,
  The more I shall resemble Thee!
Leave on me the divine impress
  Of Thy sweet, patient Face of love,
And soon I shall become a saint,
  And draw men's hearts to Thee above.

So, in the secret of Thy Face,
  Oh! hide me, hide me, Jesus blest!
There let me find its hidden grace,
  Its holy fires, and, in heaven's rest,
Its rapturous kiss, in Thy embrace!

THE UNEXPECTED LETTER.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

I.

RAT-TAT! The postman had just left a large, important-looking sealed letter at Mrs. O'Dougherty's. The little woman stood looking at it with perplexed eyes, and a rather harassed expression on her pretty face. Around her the children were playing noisily. Her eldest hope, a bright-eyed urchin of three, had clambered to the top rail of a chair and, at imminent peril of life and limb, was stretching forth a grubby hand towards the sugar bowl, while his little sister, noting his performance, and not being a participant, screamed at the top of her childish lungs: "Oor a bold, bad boy, Jemmie!"

The breakfast things still lay on the table untouched, although it was nearly ten o'clock. This was a most unusual state of affairs in orderly Mrs. O'Dougherty's household. To add to the general confusion, the baby had got hold of the little woman's knitting, and was busily engaged taking out the needles, to the delight of a frolicsome kitten, who made sad havoc of the scarlet ball, winding it in and out round the feet of a chair in an intricate maze that would be hard to undo without breaking the wool, a thing Mrs. O'Dougherty hated.

Yet all this went on unheeded while she scrutinized the letter. She twirled it up and down in her trembling fingers, held it towards the light of the window, as if that would help her, but, strange to say, never attempted to open it, though the address bore in large, bold letters, her own name, and had an American postmark.

The truth of the matter was Mrs. O'Dougherty could neither read nor write, a fact she had carefully concealed from her husband during four years of happy wedded life. Fortune had favored her wonderfully in the matter, and up to now,

when Nemesis stared her in the face in the form of the American letter, and threatened to destroy her domestic happiness, her life had been as smooth as a barque on sunlit waters. Now a sudden wave threatened to engulf the frail craft of happiness, and it would require all her brain power at the tiller to steer it safely to land.

When honest John O'Dougherty married her, it was under the firm impression that she was a scholar. In his youth education in Ireland had been bought at too dear a price, the cost of faith, the jewel bead in the Irish rosary. But with Mary it was different. She was ten years younger and had had opportunities; but, alas! had not taken advantage of them; preferring to run wild over her native heather than to master the subtle difficulties of the A B C. The consequence was her present predicament. For John, like most of those to whom it was denied, had a great idea of learning; and had vowed never to marry a woman who was not a scholar. Pretty Mary's letters during their brief courtship had not tended to undeceive him on this point; for Mary had a friend, Miss Norah Fitzgerald, the daughter of a wealthy landowner, a harum-scarum schoolgirl, who had taken a fancy to her, and to whom she acted as a sort of companion. Norah volunteered to act as Mary's amanuensis and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed it immensely. But, madcap though Norah was, she had sensibly enough tried to get into Mary's giddy head the necessity of breaking the news to honest John once the knot was tied; and Mary had promised to perform faithfully the disagreeable task as soon as possible.

On the marriage morning, following the suggestion of Norah, Mary had a violent pain in her hand, and went to church with it bandaged, so that when the signing of the register came, she made a creditable enough X in lieu of her name; and simple John was so happy that he never doubted, and, with a flourish, signed his own big X.

If Mary had told him there and then, no doubt in the first flush of happiness he would have forgiven her, and forgotten his disappointment; but, alas! Mary was weak; and when she overheard him whispering regretfully to Anthony Carroll, the schoolmaster, who was John's amanuensis: "You know it's herself is the illigent writer; it's a pity her hand is so bad," she checked the rising impulse to tell him of her deception.

The schoolmaster, who had a shrewd idea that Mary never wrote the scholarly epistles he had read to the enraptured lover, nodded his head in sympathy, and remained wisely silent.

Strange as it may seem, four years had elapsed, and honest John was none the wiser as to his wife's educational deficiency. Any odd time when discovery seemed inevitable, Mary had skillfully warded it off. Letters were few and far between in the little household, and when one did come Mary would fly to her friend to learn its contents by heart, and then, like the diligent scholar she was, read it glibly to her unsuspecting husband, who would listen to her so proudly that, as time went on, she found it more and more difficult to undeceive him.

But, alas! matters this morning had come to a climax. The American letter had arrived, and Norah was away in Dublin, and there was no one within the radius of a mile to whom Mary could appeal. The poor little woman was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She thought of burning it; but she knew that would be useless, for John and the postman were great friends, the latter usually dropping in for a smoke and a *schanachie* to the little house. He would be sure to pass a remark about the letter, just as he had done when he was handing it to her! "Who knows but there is a fortune in that letter, Mrs. O'Dougherty," he had said jokingly; "don't forget to invite me to the feast."

Mrs. O'Dougherty, with rather a wan smile, had assured him in the same tone: "Sure an' its yourself will be welcome; but fortunes don't grow on haystacks"; and had hurried away from the door, afraid that he might await the opening of the letter.

And, as if to worry her still more, Mrs. O'Rorke, the greatest gossip round the country-side had dropped in when she saw the postman, and had evinced a very pardonable curiosity as to its contents, until the little woman was nearly at her wit's end as to how to get rid of her without giving offence; finally she murmured something about having such a terrible headache that she thought she would have to take a rest. Mrs. O'Rorke saw through the device, but politeness forbade her expressing what she felt. And with a snort that told plainly that she suspected something was up, and eyeing the letter

that lay carelessly on the breakfast table with a sour glance, she departed without deigning to suggest a remedy.

Added to all, Mrs. O'Dougherty herself was devoured with an all-consuming desire to know what was in the letter, and whom it was from. She had no friends in America save an uncle whom she had never seen, and the wildest ideas shot through her brain concerning him, almost overshadowing the misery of being found out in her deception. Perhaps the creature had died and left a fortune to wee Jemmie, who had been named after him. Already she saw her eldest joy in all the glittering paraphernalia of wealth. Visions, too, of John and herself seated in a brand-new cart, drawn by a fine horse to market, instead of the modest donkey that hitherto had been the height of her ambition.

"I'll get new clothes for the childer," she murmured, lost in a golden dream, "and a new square of drugget carpet for the kitchen, and fresh muslin curtains for the windows."

By this time Jemmie, seeing that his depredations passed unnoticed, became bolder, and toppled the sugar bowl on to the floor, breaking it in two. The crash was the first thing to awaken Mrs. O'Dougherty from her reverie.

"Ye little thief o' the world," she cried, catching the child and giving him a shake.

Jemmie set up a howl, in which his little sister joined in token of sympathy; while the baby, open-eyed, watched the pair in wonder.

"God help me!" said the poor little woman, "but that American letter is bringing the bad luck. There is my good sugar bowl gone, and himself will be in shortly, and what am I to say to him about the letter. Goodness knows it's the worried woman I am."

She never stopped to think that it was her own deliberate deception that led up to this train of unhappiness. Like many another poor mortal she trod the broad and flowery path with such ease, that it never occurred to her to seek the narrow one and confess the whole matter to her husband, relying on his love for forgiveness. Now that discovery seemed imminent, the little woman, with a face like death, and a heart like lead, tried to prepare herself for it. She hastily put away the breakfast things, tidied the kitchen, put clean tuckers on the children, prepared a tasty dinner for the arbiter of her des-

tiny, and then went to the window to watch for the first sign of his coming.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Mrs. O'Dougherty, you look like as if the end of the world was coming?" said a gay voice.

The poor woman started as if a pistol had been fired at her head, and a gleam of hope lighted up her pale face as she recognized Terence Fitzgerald, Norah's twin brother, whom she had often assisted out of numerous scrapes in his younger years when, as a frolicsome schoolboy, he had been the delight and terror of the neighborhood.

"Mr. Terence," she gasped, "will you do something for me?"

"What is it?" said the young man smiling. "I'll do my best, but don't ask too much. I am just off the train and dead tired."

"Read this letter for me before John comes in."

Then, noticing his bewilderment, she tried to explain in short, gasping sentences her dilemma.

"Is that all? Poor little woman, I wish I had never learned to write my name; there would not be so many I O Us flying about with that interesting appendage to them. However, here goes," and with a quick motion of his hand the young fellow opened the letter and read aloud the following extraordinary epistle:

DEAR MADAM:

Enclosed find a copy of the last will and testament of your uncle, the late James O'Reilly, of Broad Street, New York, who died on the 10th of June last, leaving you the bulk of his fortune, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. For further particulars apply to our London agent, Mr. Tuites, of Lincoln Inn Fields. We are, madam, your obedient servants,

GRASS & GROSMITH, New York.

With a low whistle of astonishment, Terence read and re-read this most astounding intelligence. "Do you realize what this letter means?"

"Not quite," said the little woman, trembling," but I am so glad you happened to come in before John came"; the red coming back to her cheeks and the brightness to her eyes.

"By Jove!" said the young man, "it doesn't matter much whether you can read or write, as long as you are the possessor of a cool one hundred thousand. It is like a tale out of a fairy book."

"We will be able to get the horse and trap now, and new things for the children," said Mrs. O'Dougherty practically.

"My good woman, you do not realize your good fortune. Wait until your husband comes in. Hello! here he is," as the stalwart form of John O'Dougherty came into the kitchen.

"Lucky beggars," murmured the young man.

"Oh, John! here is a wonderful letter from America. I have just been reading it to Mr. Terence. We have fallen into a fortune. Uncle James is dead, and has left me all his money."

"Which amounts to only a hundred thousand dollars!" supplemented Terence.

"A hundred thousand what?" said John, his ruddy face turning pale. "Sir, you are joking."

"No"; said the young man gravely, in answer to an appealing look from Mrs. O'Dougherty, "I will read it to you myself."

Gallantly guarding the little woman's secret, he read again the wonderful letter. Suddenly his eye caught a postscript which had escaped him in his hurried perusal.

"Mrs. O'Dougherty," he cried, forgetting all about the little woman's secret, "Did you read the postscript?"

"No"; stammered Mrs. O'Dougherty.

"Read it, wife, read it," quoth honest John, thrusting the letter into her unwilling fingers.

The red burned in the little woman's face, then faded away and left it deathly pale.

"John, she murmured faintly, the tears running down her face like rain, "I have deceived you. I can neither read nor write."

"Tut, tut, woman, you are fooling me. Haven't you read many an illigent letter to me? Sure an' it's herself is bashful. Don't be afraid, Mary."

"I can neither read nor write," wailed the poor woman"; "and I am a wicked woman for deceiving you so long."

"Don't mind her, Mr. Terence, she is just the best little woman in the world," said John staunchly; "but she some-

times takes notions, an' it's hard to put her past them. Talkin' about her schoolin', sure an' it's herself wrote me the illigent letters."

"Don't, John, don't; you will set me mad," almost screamed Mrs. O'Dougherty. "Amn't I the hateful woman to have such a good husband. I can't either read or write."

"Hush, mavourneen, an' if you cannot, what's the difference?" said John soothingly, frightened by this hysterical outburst; "sure an' I married you and not the letters. Why didn't you tell me long ago, and not keep troublin' that purty head of yours?"

"Sure an' I hadn't courage," murmured Mary, as she buried her head on his breast. "I thought you would cease to love me."

"Well, well, but women is foolish," was John's answer.

"As to the postscript," broke in Terence, "which I most unpardonably alluded to," with a penitent glance towards Mrs. O'Dougherty, "it is merely an intimation that Mr. Tuites, the agent, will be in Ireland in a few days, and give himself the pleasure of calling on you, thereby saving you a journey to London."

"Don't be blaming yourself, Mr. Terence. It's me that is the happy woman," said Mrs. O'Dougherty with shining eyes. "Sure an' it was the one skeleton in my cupboard, and kept frightening the life out of me; and only for you it would never have come out."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you, Mr. Terence, for your kindness in reading the American letter," said John with a simple dignity that sat well on him, "but I don't know what we will do with the money."

"You will soon learn," said the young man smiling, "money soon takes wings, as I know to my cost."

"But you are used to it, we are not"; said John dolefully. "The little woman an' me was quite happy here. Now she'll be wanting silks and satins, and I would rather see her in that pink cotton gown, with her white apron on, than the grandest dress in the world."

"Keep to those sentiments, John," said the young man gravely, "and you will never regret the day you received the American letter."

II.

After Terence's departure, John O'Dougherty and his wife stood staring at each other, neither of them able to realize their good fortune. The little woman was the first to recover herself, and it was astonishing how quickly she adapted herself to their changed circumstances. She did so much more readily than John. Truth to say, he felt more flurried than pleased at the coming of the totally unexpected fortune. He was an easy-going mortal, and his practical little wife nearly set him wrong in his mind with her talk of what they would do, and what they wouldn't do.

The next morning her first question staggered him. "John," said she, "how many pounds of our money is in one hundred thousand dollars?"

"I don't know," answered the honest man, a puzzled expression stealing over his face, "I never was good at figures. Sure an' I can ask Mr. Terence." So away he went with his question in arithmetic to the big house, about a mile distant.

"Is Mr. Terence at home, Mike?" he inquired timidly enough of the butler, who was an old friend of his.

"Just step this way, sir," said the man, as if he had never seen John before. Evidently the good news had travelled quickly, judging by Mike's demeanor, for he drew himself up stiffly, with the grand air on him "just as if he were speaking to one of the quality," as John afterwards expressed it to his wife. "Come this way, Mr. O'Dougherty," Mike repeated, with a stress on the Mister, "and I'll see if Mr. Terence is disengaged."

"Mr. O'Dougherty," repeated John with labored politeness, "who, might I ask, is he?" Then suddenly changing his tone, and putting his brawny fist right up into Mike's eye, he added: "If you mister me, my fine sir, I'll break every bone in your body!"

Mike's face relaxed into a broad grin. "It's yourself, John, that money can't spoil"; and he shook his old friend heartily by the hand.

"Don't be going an' making such mistakes again," said John grimly.

When Terence came into the room, he found John sitting

on the edge of a chair, evidently very ill at ease, not a trace of his usual natural dignity about him, and a very perturbed expression on his good-natured face.

"Master Terence," he said earnestly, "it's myself is the unhappy man since I came into this pile. I have only had one night of it, an' how an' ever am I to spend the rest of my life in such misery, I don't know. The little woman is off her head," he declared ruefully; "the silks and satins have commenced already. She was down in the village this morning ordering a blue dress with pearl trimming like Miss Norah's."

The young man carefully smoothed his moustache to hide the smile playing around his mouth. "Are things really so bad as that?" he said gravely. "I thought Mary had more sense."

"Troth an' she hasn't," said honest John. "Not but she is the best little woman in the world," he added loyally. "By the same token, I came to ask you how much it is?"

"How much what is?" said Terence mystified.

"I mean how many pounds of our money is in a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," said the young man promptly.

John's face fell. "If it had been about five hundred now, I could have managed it all right. We could have bought a little farm and had a horse and car."

"Instead of that you can drive your carriage," broke in the young fellow with a smile.

"That's where the trouble comes in. She's ready enough for that, but I am not. I never was one for making a fool of myself," he added, with unconscious irony, "and I can't commence now."

"There are very few," said the young fellow gravely, "who would take such good fortune the way you are doing. I admire your sentiments; but when you become accustomed to it, I am afraid you will change your views."

"Never," said John earnestly; though I know most of the neighbors will envy me being a warm man."

"And even that consideration doesn't attract you?"

"Well," said John smiling, "I wouldn't be too sure of that. I'm only human."

"A piece of advice before you go. Naturally your wife,

woman-like, is dazzled with her future prospects; but she has a good heart, and is pretty practical. Allow her full scope, deny her nothing, and she will soon regain her senses."

Terence threw out his hand, which John grasped earnestly, and with many good wishes on either side they parted.

When John reached the house he found Mary absent; but old Mrs. O'Rorke and rosy-cheeked Mrs. Ryan, the post-mistress, sat waiting in the little kitchen. They had just lifted the latch and walked in, country style.

"John," said Mrs. O'Rorke, "is it true the news I hear of you falling into a big American fortune?"

"It is," said John modestly; whereupon both women shook him heartily by the hand.

"I happened in the day the letter came, but I heard no word of it then," said Mrs. O'Rorke, with a sniffling of her nostrils, like an old war horse; and she glanced suspiciously at John. Your mistress had a headache and could not read it. Is it better?"

"Is it Mary have a headache, sure an' she never had such a complaint in her life," said John incautiously.

"Just what I said," returned Mrs. O'Rorke, looking triumphantly at the postmistress with an "I told you so" air.

"Bedad, I have put my foot in it now," thought John, as he perceived the old gossip's drift. "Is it Mary have a headache," he said with an air of not altogether understanding, which didn't deceive Mrs. O'Rorke in the least. "Now, when I come to think of it, she was complaining one day; but I think she imagined it."

"As if I was going to let them know how deceived I was in thinking Mary such an illigent scholar," said John afterwards. "Sure an' I would be the laugh of the parish if they knew I had been married four years, and never found out that she was as great an omadhaun as myself with regard to the reading and writing, and me always boasting so much about marrying a scholar. Please God, the childer won't have to complain about want of eddecation, anyhow."

At this moment in came Mrs. O'Dougherty laden with parcels, the two children clinging to her skirts, while a small girl carried the baby.

"John," said she, "I am quite exhausted," and she sank down on the nearest chair. "How are you, Mrs. O'Rorke,

and you, Mrs. Ryan? It is very kind of you to come and see us"; there was a condescending note in her voice.

"We both came to congratulate you on your good fortune," said the postmistress hastily, seeing a wild look in Mrs. O'Rorke's eye, and fearing that she would commence the assault,—and in fact she did afterwards assure Mrs. Ryan that she was at "boiling point."

"Yes; we are very fortunate. John and me can live on our money. Uncle James died and left us one hundred thousand dollars," said Mrs. O'Dougherty proudly.

Both the visitors uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"How much might that be?" they inquired simultaneously.

Mrs. O'Dougherty looked at her husband.

"About twenty thousand pounds," he answered briskly.

"My, oh, my!" cried Mrs. O'Rorke, lifting up her hands in astonishment. "It's a power of money. You will never be able to get through it." While Mrs. Ryan's round, rosy face pursed itself into an expression of wonder.

"That remains to be seen," said John. "The little woman there has been out buying already. Look at the parcels."

"Yes, indeed"; said Mrs. O'Dougherty, with a mincing air totally at variance with her usual manner, "I was just down ordering a few things. Of course the money hasn't come yet, but John's lawyer is to be here shortly, an' I didn't want myself and the childer to disgrace him. They haven't a dud that they can wear. As for myself," she looked disdainfully down at her pink cotton gown, "I would be ashamed to appear before the gentleman."

"Troth an' you needn't," said John, "there is nothing I like you better in."

Mrs. O'Dougherty pretended not to hear this outburst, and continued her conversation. "So I just went into the big drapers in Ballyvaghan, and ordered an elegant silk to be trimmed with pearls."

John groaned.

"With what, did you say?" inquired Mrs. O'Rorke, who was a little bit deaf.

"With pearl trimming," repeated Mrs. O'Dougherty, with intense satisfaction. "And I am going to get it made laced up the back like one I saw in a pattern book."

"And who, might I ask, will lace it for you?" said Mrs. O'Rorke sarcastically.

Mrs. O'Dougherty looked a bit nonplussed, but soon recovered herself. "Of course," she said grandly, "our circumstances being changed, I will have servants to do that for me."

"Servants, did you say?" almost screamed Mrs. O'Rorke; then she whispered in an audible undertone. "Put a beggar on horseback and she'll ride to the—you know where, Mrs. Ryan."

"Talking about horses," said Mrs. O'Dougherty, who had only caught an odd word of the impertinent remark, "John, you must buy a couple. I cannot abide a one-horsed affair; and there is the loveliest little trap that will just hold ourselves and the childer. I'm near about tired walking to church of a Sunday."

"She has lost her head completely," whispered Mrs. Ryan to her crony as they left the house. "I'm about sick."

"So am I," repeated Mrs. O'Rorke. "John is a decent man and a good neighbor, but she is an upsetting hussey. She never so much as offered us a cup of tay. I don't believe all I hear," she said darkly. "Didn't you notice how confused John was, when I spoke about the American letter? Oh, never a headache had she!"

"There is something going on that we don't know about," said Mrs. Ryan cutely. "Not but I always thought John O'Dougherty an honest spoken man, with no double dealing connected with him. I wonder is the fortune as big as they say."

"Oh, it's true enough about the money; but there is something strange behind it," said Mrs. O'Rorke, angrily; "and I'll find it out. Katherine O'Rorke will not be made a fool of for nothing. Headache, indeed!" With the last exclamation she bade her companion good-by, and each went her way.

In the meantime John and Mary were having it out, to use a homely expression. When the visitors had gone, John said quietly in a voice of concentrated wrath: "What do you mean, woman, by forgetting yourself so far, an' talking in that upsetting manner to decent neighbors?"

"Woman, indeed!" said Mrs. O'Dougherty, with a saucy

toss of her head. "I'll thank you, John, to call me by my right name."

John stared at her in astonishment. Was this his humble, loving wife? Truly, the world was going upside down.

"And I think it's better," said the little woman," to call me Mrs. O'Dougherty before strangers. The quality all do it."

"What have we to do with the quality, I would like to know?" cried John aghast.

"Well," said the little woman wheedlingly, "we are going to be quality now, and it's better to begin early." She nestled her brown, glossy head on her husband's shoulder and looked at him with feverishly bright eyes.

John remembered his promise to Terence, and stifled back a cutting retort. "Well, well, Mary," he said softly, "I suppose you must have your way."

"That Mrs. O'Rorke is a spiteful old cat, and Mrs. Ryan is nearly as bad," said Mrs. O'Dougherty. "I don't believe they were a bit glad to hear our good news."

"Ah, well, wife, you cannot expect people to be like yourself. All the same, I would give a good deal that the letter and money was a dream; for it seems to me we had very little peace since it was first mentioned."

"John, you are mad"; said little Mrs. O'Doughterty indignantly. "Just think of the grand times we'll have when the money comes. I am longing to see a good broadcloth on you instead of that old frieze. Seven years you are wearing it now."

"I wouldn't wear a shiny cloth coat to save my life. I leave that to the quality. Frieze is good enough for me."

"There you go again now," said the little woman testily. "You are as good as the quality any day."

"Perhaps better," said John, with a sly wink. "Anyhow, I think more of myself than some of them does. Begor, here comes one of them. It's herself from the big house, and here is the postman flying at her heels," cried John, as he stood at the window watching Miss Norah Fitzgerald leisurely coming towards the cottage, the postman following at a respectful distance.

"I don't expect any more letters. I wonder what's bringing him. I am glad Miss Norah's home," cried the little woman.

"Good-morning, Mary; good-morning John. I was delighted to hear of your good fortune," said the lady as she lifted the baby, who was named after her, and sat down quite at home in the little kitchen. "What do you intend to do?" she inquired.

Rat-tat!

"God bless me! I'm not easily startled, but that made me jump," said the little woman, whose nerves were upset with the excitement of the past two days.

John opened the door. "Is it another American letter, Pat? If so, you can keep it. One of them is sufficient to last a lifetime," he said jokingly.

"How did you guess it, John?" said the postman in surprise. "It has the American postmark. But I'm off; I have to go to Widow Flannigan's, an' it's a good tramp."

When the door closed John held the letter towards the young lady. "Miss Norah, I would feel obliged if you would read it. I know Mary is no scholar," and he looked at his wife who stood with downcast head and shamed face. "Not that I mind, but I thank you all the same for keeping her secret."

Miss Norah blushed as rosy red as the little woman. "John, she said simply, "you are a man in a thousand. She took the letter and read the following:

DEAR MADAM:

We regret very much, owing to an error on the part of our clerks, that you should be under the mistaken idea that you are the heiress of the late James O'Reilly of Brooklyn. By a strange coincidence, there are—or rather were—two James O'Reillys, and still more singular, each had a niece called Mary O'Dougherty. Both men were clients of ours, the only difference being that one lived in New York, and the other in Brooklyn. The estate of James O'Reilly of New York, your esteemed relative, realized one thousand dollars, while his namesake in Brooklyn realized one hundred thousand dollars. By some mischance the letters got mixed. Hoping you will overlook this carelessness, we are, madam,

Your obedient servants,

GRASS & GROSMITH, New York.

"Thank God!" said John heartily. "I can grapple well enough with that, it means about two hundred pounds; the other was too much for me."

Mrs. O'Dougherty turned white and red alternatively, then finally burst into a flood of tears. Miss Norah sat a quiet, sympathetic spectator. "Mary," she said gently, perhaps it is all for the best."

"It will take me a long time to get over it," said the little woman. "How that spiteful old gossip, Mrs. O'Rorke, will laugh when she hears the disappointment I got."

"Them that laughs last, laughs longest, "said John oracularly. "I wouldn't say she would turn up her nose at a thousand dollars."

"The little woman dried her eyes briskly. "You are right, John, as you always are; it's me that is the foolish woman," and she threw her arms round her husband's neck, while Norah quietly slipped away.

Mrs. O'Rorke's remark when she heard the news, consisted of the one significent sentence—"I always knew there was something queer in that American letter—headache, indeed!"

THE PRESENT POSITION OF DARWINISM.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.

IN the December number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD Dr. William Seton, in an article on "Darwinism on its Deathbed," discusses the question of the present position of Darwinism in the world of science in order to show that this popular system of biological thought is not so near its last gasp as some of its critics would say. There have been in quite recent years at least three books which have suggested that the end of Darwinism has come. When Hartmann's book, *Der Niedergang der Darwinismus—The Passing of Darwinism*, appeared last year in Germany, it was even said by one of the critics that Hartmann had written the inscription for the tombstone of Darwinism. It is with regard to Dennert's *At the Deathbed of Darwinism* that Dr. Seton protests, and gives a series of quotations from prominent men of science, in order to demonstrate "that the Darwinian hypothesis, which certain well-meaning persons to whom the wish may be father to the thought, would have us believe is no longer in favor in scientific circles," is still quite as important a factor as ever in biological thought. As an added demonstration of the present position of Darwinism, he quotes certain letters that have been received from prominent teachers and writers on scientific subjects.

It may be said at once that Dr. Seton's statement is eminently fair, and contains most of the grounds on which the Darwinian system may lay claim to occupy men's attention for some time to come.

It is not with any idea that natural selection, the real essence of Darwin's theory, contains any dangers overt or covert for orthodox thinking, but entirely because of the scientific interest of the question that I have ventured to gather some quotations that seem, to me at least, to point to a conclusion directly opposite to that which Dr. Seton's article suggests.

It may be said at once that any fancied opposition between

Darwinism and revealed truth has been seen only by those who did not realize the supremely tolerant spirit of the great English biologist, and who did not know his works at first hand.

It has often been said that Darwin considered that there was no evidence for the existence of a purpose in the creation, and that consequently, for followers of his school, the principal truth of the existence of a Creator fell to the ground. I have often wondered how many of those who argued thus from Darwin's *supposed* teachings had ever read these last few sentences of his most important book, *The Origin of Species:*

> To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings, not as special creations, but as lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. All the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, and we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length.
>
> There is a grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

This is as supreme a tribute to the Creator as might come from the most sturdy of orthodox philosophers. It is not because of supposed opposition to religion that Darwinism has lost prestige, but because its hypothesis fails to stand the test of observation. So many quotations might be given to prove this that it is hard to know where to begin and where to leave off.

The decline of Darwinism in estimation among the serious men of science is not a recent event. Nearly twenty-five years ago Huxley, who was considered in his time a very ardent Darwinian, and to whose marvelous power of scientific controversy and brilliant polemics the Darwinian theory owes

much more of its popularity than is usually realized, had begun to hedge with regard to the all-pervading importance of natural selection in evolution. It is a very curious reflection on Huxley's state of mind that when, in 1880, he delivered his famous address on *The Coming of Age of the "Origin of Species,"* he did not once mention the term or the supposed factor, natural selection. There is a passage in that address which was delivered at a time when men of science generally (apart from a few commanding geniuses) were rather enthusiastic in their adhesion to Darwinism, which must be recalled now, if we wish to realize the beginning of the failure of Darwinism to satisfy minds well versed in science.

> History warns us that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions; and, as matters now stand, it is hardly rash to anticipate that, in another twenty years, the new generation, educated under the influences of the present day, will be in danger of accepting the main doctrines of the *Origin of Species*, with as little reflection, and it may be with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries, twenty years ago, rejected them.

Another passage still more striking, in showing the failure of the Darwinian theory to satisfy Huxley's acute and exacting logic, is to be found in his book, *Man's Place in Nature:*

> Our acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis must be provisional, so long as one link in the chain of evidence is wanting; and so long as all the animals and plants certainly produced by selective breeding from a common stock are fertile with one another, the link will be wanting. For, so long, selective breeding will not be proved to be competent to do all that is required of it to produce natural species.

Huxley then admitted that Darwinism as a system was unproved, and even left a loophole through which scientists might escape the consequences of their concessions already made with regard to it. All this occurred twenty-five years ago, when no one who wished to be considered familiar with science, dared breathe a word against Darwinism. In the last few years "natural species" seem to have been produced, but

their production has been the severest blow that Darwinism has received. Father Mendel, a monk of Brünn, Austria, has, by observation, not theory, shown certain true principles of heredity. His work was performed nearly forty years ago, but only during the last five years has it attracted the attention which it deserves. Since then there has been something to replace Darwinism for those who must have a theory to cling to, and if Dr. Seton's quotations had been taken from more recent volumes on biological science, he would have found it more difficult to get passages frankly accepting Darwin's teaching.

The present position of working biologists was stated very well by Professor Loeb, of the University of California, in an address delivered at the Congress of Arts and Sciences in St. Louis last September. Professor Loeb, selected for the special purpose, spoke to his hearers, men of science assembled from all over the world, with regard to the present outlook on questions of development and heredity. Professor Loeb said:*

> The theory of heredity of Mendel and De Vries is in full harmony with the idea of evolution. The modern idea of evolution originated, as is well known, with Lamarck, and it is the great merit of Darwin to have revived this idea. It is, however, remarkable that none of the Darwinian authors seemed to consider it necessary that the transformation of species should be the object of direct observation. It is generally understood in the natural sciences, either that direct observations should form the foundation of our conclusions or mathematical laws which are derived from direct observations. This rule was evidently considered superfluous by those writing on the hypothesis of evolution. Their scientific conscience was quieted by the assumption that processes, like that of evolution, could not be directly observed as they occurred too slowly, and that for this reason indirect observations must suffice. I believe that this lack of direct observation explains the polemical character of this literature, for wherever we can base our conclusions upon direct observations, polemics become superfluous. It was, therefore, a decided progress when De Vries was able to show that the hereditary changes of forms, so-called "mutations," can be directly observed, at least in certain groups of organisms; and secondly, that these

* See *Science*, December 9, 1904.

> changes take place in harmony with the idea that for definite hereditary characteristics definite determinants, possibly in the form of chemical compounds, must be present in the sexual cells. It seems to me that the work of Mendel and De Vries and their successors marks the *beginning* of a real theory of heredity and evolution. If it is at all possible to produce new species artificially, I think that the discoveries of Mendel and De Vries must be the *starting point*. (Italics ours.)

It should be noted that he says *the work of Mendel and De Vries and their successors marks the beginning of a real theory of heredity and evolution*—the beginning of a work that Darwin, according to the popular expositors of his theory, is supposed to have finished long ago.

How much Mendel's work meant for biology may be appreciated, to some extent at least, by those unfamiliar with the recent revolution in biology, from what Professor Bateson, of Cambridge, in his book on *Mendel's Principles of Heredity*,* writes with regard to this subject:

> In 1868 appeared the first edition of Darwin's *Animals and Plants*, marking the very zenith of these studies, and thenceforth the decline in the experimental investigation of Evolution and the problem of Species has been steady. With the rediscovery and confirmation of Mendel's work by De Vries, Corens, and Tschermak, in 1900, a new era begins. Had Mendel's work come into the hands of Darwin, it is not too much to say that the history of the development of evolutionary philosophy would have been very different from that which we have witnessed.

Professor Loeb's declaration is not the only authoritative one with regard to the necessity of beginning all over again in every department of biology, and casting aside the impedimenta of theory with which we have unfortunately been cumbered as the result of adhesion to Darwinism. The following quotation is the more interesting because it occurs just after a passage which, if quoted alone, would seem to show that the writer was an enthusiastic follower of Darwin. Professor Hargitt, of Syracuse University, as Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and chair-

* Cambridge University Press, 1902.

man of the section on Zoölogy, delivered the address before the section at the meeting held early in 1904.

That address began as follows:

> With the advent of the *Origin of Species* became current the naturalistic interpretation of organic nature, epitomized in such phrases as "natural selection," "survival of the fittest," etc. So rapid and general was the acceptance of this conception as a working hypothesis, that in thirty years, or within a single generation, Wallace made bold to claim for it universal recognition in the well-known and oft-quoted declaration. "He (Darwin) did his work so well that descent with modification is now universally accepted as the order of nature in the organic world."
>
> As a general statement of the fact of evolution, as the phrase may be literally interpreted, it may, after fifteen additional years of intense biological activity, be as vigorously claimed and as readily conceded. If, however, it be so interpreted as to include the full content of Darwinism, and the all-sufficiency of natural selection as the prime factor, with its details of endless adaptations to environment, whether physical or physiological, it need hardly be said that consent would be far less general or prompt.

The speaker's gradual departure from assent to Darwinism should be noted. Two paragraphs farther on he continues:

> The recent impulse which has come to biologic progress by recent experimental methods, and the remarkable results which have been attained thereby (the reference is to the Mendelian movement), may, without exaggeration, be said to have raised anew many an earlier doubt as well as brought to light problems apparently quite beyond the scope of the older explanations. It may not, therefore, be an extravagant assumption to announce the *entire question of organic adaptations as open for reconsideration*, in the light of which no apology will be necessary for directing attention to certain phases of the subject upon the present occasion.

The italics are ours; but Professor Hargitt, it will be seen, considers the whole subject, which Darwinism was said to have had settled once and for all, to be again open for consideration.

Although until quite recently biologists generally harbored many doubts with regard to Darwinism, it was quite difficult to secure a definite expression of their opinions in the matter. Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, in the introduction to his book on *Evolution and Adaptation*,* has stated one of the reasons for this difficulty. Professor Morgan is one of our best known working biologists, and in this, and in his other recent book *Regeneration*,† has impugned completely the significance of Darwinism: He writes:

> The unsophisticated man believes that all other animals exist to minister to his welfare; and from this point of view their adaptations are thought of solely in their relation to himself. A step in advance was taken when the idea was conceived that adaptations are for the good of the organisms themselves. It seemed a further advance when the conclusion was reached that the origin of adaptations could be accounted for, as the result of the benefit that they conferred on their possessor. This view was the outcome of the acceptation of the theory of evolution, combined with Darwin's theory of natural selection. It is the view held by most biologists at the present time; *but I venture to prophesy that if any one will undertake to question modern zoölogists and botanists, concerning their relation to the Darwinian theory, he will find that, while professing in a general way to hold this theory, most biplogists have many reservations and doubts, which they either keep to themselves or, at any rate, do not allow to interfere either with their teaching of the Darwinian doctrine, or with the applications that they may make of it in their writings.*

The italics are again ours, and Professor Morgan's expressions represent so exactly what has been our own experience in conversations with prominent biologists, that we break the quotation to say that among workers in biology we have never in the last five years met an enthusiastic Darwinian. They were common enough during our study of medicine in the early nineties, they are frequent yet among the popularizers of science; but in laboratories in Dublin, in New York, in Naples, in Paris, in Philadelphia, we found only half-hearted followers of Darwin, ready to admit the many shortcomings of

* Macmillan, 1903. † Macmillan, 1901.

the theory, though they had not as yet reached that state of mind which would recognize that the theory had practically ceased to be the working hypothesis of the laboratory, an honor which it has unfortunately so long retained. Most of them seemed to harbor an inner dread of being thought reactionary or, save the mark, influenced by tendencies to orthodoxy as regards the relations of Creator and creature if they should openly express their feelings.

These words may seem to express a great deal, but remember Huxley's expression made nearly twenty-five years ago, with regard to the possibility of Darwinism becoming a "superstition," and being accepted with as little justification as that with which it was rejected when first proclaimed. Professor Morgan writes further:

> The claim of the opponents of the theory that Darwinism has become a dogma contains more truth than the nominal followers of this school find pleasant to hear.

It is indeed interesting to know that a biologist should think that his fellow-biologists are influenced by a doctrine that is accepted on authority, for that is the sense in which the word dogma is used here. What modern writers on natural science have most deprecated has been just such an acceptance, and it is amusing to find that the unconscious tendency of the human mind to lean on authority has brought them into what even their fellows in science consider a self-contradictory position.

Even Professor Morgan himself would not have us reject Darwinism entirely. He merely wishes it relegated to its proper plane, that of a theory with some significance, but none of that preponderance in biology, the hasty acknowledgment of which has been the cause of much lost time. He says:

> But let us not, therefore, too hastily conclude that Darwin's theory is without value in relation to one side of the problem of adaptation; for while we can profitably reject, as I believe, much of the theory of natural selection, and more especially the idea that adaptations have arisen because of their usefulness, yet the fact that living things must be adapted more or less well to their environment in order to remain in existence may, after all, account for the widespread occurrence of adaptation in animals and plants.

As a matter of fact, and as any biologist will realize, this statement robs Darwinism entirely of the place that has been accorded it as the basis of evolution.

We have seen the two words superstition and dogma used with regard to Darwinism. If we wish to carry out one of the thoughts suggested by these words, it might be interesting to suggest that there are also legends connected with the development of Darwinism, and that some of these have been believed quite as firmly, and accepted on just as little real evidence, as some of the legends which scientists delight to make fun of and to ridicule. Every one knows the story of a butterfly which so closely resembles a dead leaf that when it lights, is protected by similarity to the leaf from the attacks of all marauding enemies. This very protective simulation enables it to propagate its species while many other forms of butterflies have disappeared. In the course of time natural selection has made this particular butterfly resemble the leaf so closely, that it possesses even certain defects of dead leaves in a way quite inexplicable, except, of course, on the principle of progressive simulation.

Unfortunately the butterfly story is only a legend. The popularizers of Darwinism have used it so often that it has come to be looked upon as one of the most interesting confirmations of the Darwinian theory. Lately, however, "the higher criticism" has taken the field in science and insisted that observations are wanted and not theory. Since then it has been found that the butterfly resembles the dead leaf at the time when leaves are green, and that therefore its color would make it conspicuous for its enemies rather than protect it. Then it was found that this kind of butterfly apparently has no winged enemies, and it is after all only bird enemies that it could be expected to escape by lighting among leaves similar to itself—if the leaves were similar. Finally the whole process of pigmentation in butterflies has been studied, and it has been shown that temperature and feeding, and not any vaguer factors, regulate the pigmentation of the butterfly's wings. So much for this wondrous legend of the butterfly that has proved such a never-ending topic for popular lectures, and which now must go the way of all the other good stories, from Tell's hat to Washington's hatchet.

This whole subject of coloration has proved a trap for ur-

wary followers of Darwin. Long ago Darwin himself said that the thought of the peacock's tail always made him sick. It is, of course, in its regal splendor utterly incapable of explanation on any theory of protection, or simulation, or survival, or any other phase of natural selection. Now the chapter on coloration particularly must all be re-studied by the observer, because of the too-ready acceptance of theories in the past.

Professor Hargitt, already quoted, after calling attention to the fact that books on Darwinism are very much occupied with the subject of coloration, and indeed that more than one-third of Wallace's latest book on the subject is occupied with it, says that this whole subject must now be studied from the standpoint of observation and experiment and not from that of theory.

> It cannot be questioned that in some cases we find among these forms what would seem at first sight to be splendid illustrations of protective coloration. If, however, we trace in detail their distribution and variable habits we shall often find, as did Semper in the case of Myxicola, that the supposed case of marvelous mimicry resolves itself into merest coincidence. This case cited by Semper is described in detail in *Animal Life*, and its careful study by some of our *over-optimistic selectionists* would prove a healthy exercise, conducing to a more *critical scientific* spirit and, as a consequence, to *saner interpretations* of appearances in the light of all the facts.

The words are italicized in order to emphasize what the abandonment of Darwinism in this field is expected to lead from and to.

The Darwinian superstition has even its relics which have been honored far more than they deserve and have been given by devoted adherents to Darwinism a significance quite other than that which on historical grounds can really be attached to them. I refer, of course, to the show horse of evolution, the supposed demonstration of the evolution of the horse. Professor Fleischman, of Erlangen, has, in his recent book on the Darwinian theory, especially insisted on the total absence of convincing evidence for the supposed development of the horse, which has been so often appealed to as the greatest confirmation of evolutionary ideas. As a matter of fact we

have, as some of the supposed links in the chain of the development of the horse, only the teeth. According to the story the horse began as an animal about the size of a hare, and gradually developed to its present size. It is easy to understand what a field for theory and speculation is offered in the intermediate animals of a series like this, especially when there remain at most only a few bones of many of the animals.

This whole subject of the evolution of the horse is very well reviewed in Father John Gerard's book, *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*,* a book to which we are very glad to be able to express our acknowledgment for many of the points of the present paper. Those who still seriously think that our nineteenth century biologists have come any nearer to answering the old riddle of life, will do well to read this excellent review so rich in quotations from acknowledged authorities, so thoroughly conservative in its treatment of the difficult subject, and demonstrating so conclusively that in the Darwinian explanation of evolution we have had only one phase of a discussion that is almost as old as the world. Each successive step has, perhaps, brought us a little nearer the truth, though each generation has been apt to feel that it was the only one that had truth in its fullness.

A very striking summary of the vicissitudes of the Darwinian theory is to be found in an article by Edward von Hartmann, which appeared last year in Oswald's *Annalen der Natural Philosophie*, with the striking title *Der Niedergang der Darwinismus*. Hartmann is known as a rather bitter opponent of Christianity. He has not been brought to his conclusion, therefore, from any possible idea of opposition between Darwinism and revelation. He writes:

> In the sixties of the past century the opposition of the older group of savants to the Darwinian hypothesis was still supreme. In the seventies the new idea began to gain ground rapidly in all cultured countries. In the eighties Darwin's influence was at its height, and exercised an almost absolute control over technical research. In the nineties, for the first time, a few timid expressions of doubt and opposition were heard, and these gradually swelled into a great chorus of voices aiming at the overthrow of the

* See CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1904, "The Latest Books."—[*Ed.*]

> Darwinian theory. In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered. Among its latest opponents are such savants as Eimer, Gustav Wolf, De Vries, Hoocke, von Wellstein, Fleischman, Reinke, and many others.*

A scientific theory that has gone through such vicissitudes has never been known to count for much afterwards. The present tendency, as regards Darwinism, is to give it ever less and less consideration. With conservative scientists and reviewers foreseeing the end, there may yet be a resurrection, but it seems unlikely.

In conclusion, as to the actual position now occupied in scientific opinion by Darwin's hypotheses, we cannot do better than recall principles insisted on with such logical completeness by Professor S. H. Vines, in his presidential address to the Linnæan Society, May 24, 1902.

> 1. It is established that natural selection, though it may have perpetuated species, cannot have originated any.
>
> 2. It is still a mystery why evolution should tend from the lower to the higher, from simple to complex organisms.
>
> 3. The facts seem to admit of no other interpretation than that variation is not (as Darwin supposed) indeterminate, but that there is in living matter an inherent determination in favor of variation in the higher direction.

A word on the second part of Dr. Seton's article, which consists of letters from more or less distinguished working scientists of the present day with regard to their ideas on Darwinism. In order that this part of the article should have its proper value, we ought to know whether other men besides those whose answers are given were consulted, how many there were who refused to answer, either because they were dubious about their position in the matter, or did not care to put themselves on record, or felt that at a moment of transition like this, it was better to avoid the discussion of the subject, Finally, we should know whether there were any letters of reply in which perhaps Darwinism was spoken of so lightly that it was not deemed proper to publish them, since they did not make in favor of the proposition that was to

* Translated by the *Literary Digest*, New York, January 23, 1904.

be demonstrated. Almost any working scientist, when asked bluntly if Darwinism is on its deathbed, would reply that it is not. Even those who realize most the weakness of many positions of the Darwinian system, are also persuaded that it is as yet a fair, working hypothesis, and that it must be kept for the moment at least.

Besides there are many biological workers who, realizing the value of Darwin's contributions to science quite apart from his theory of natural selection, and not wishing to be considered as failing to recognize Darwin's merits as a biological observer, would prefer to state that they did not consider Darwinism to be on its deathbed, than by assenting to such a radical proposition, apparently deny to Darwin the merit of the great work he has done; though too zealous disciples have undone it and made the theory accountable for more harm than good in nineteenth century biology.

Some of the authors I have quoted, while distinctly disavowing the influence of Darwinism in their own special field, still do not like to make their proposition of dissent universal. It is a little bit like what was said of Herbert Spencer. Most scientists thought him a great original thinker except in their own special department. The most striking factor in the present position of Darwinism is the decreasing number of its advocates. Darwinism has not vanished entirely as yet; but, oh! how changed it is from the tyrant that dominated biology in the eighties of the last century.

IN THE FOREST.

BY E. MOSBY.

TAP, tap, tap! Just so had the fairy oak sounded in the forest of Normandy when the storm-wind blew its branches against the casement. But the oak had been overthrown, split to the core by lightning. Spring had seen it full of nests and songs, and thick with tasseled blossoms. Autumn had witnessed a kind of second blooming, so rich was the crimson of the foliage when the sunshine poured through.

Tap, tap, tap! "Trees have no ghosts," said Alyse, the undernurse, to herself, as she moved to the window. It was snowing fast, and she saw nothing, but on hearing the slow steps of the old nurse coming along the gallery she took courage and unfastened the casement.

"Perchance it is some bird, frightened by the old owl," she murmured. At the very instant a fierce gust tore the casement from her hand and threw it open, scattering the ashes on the hearth.

Ah, Alyse, *there* is the spirit of the oak! See its fagots blaze, leaping higher and higher; the flames hovering over the hot coals, or rushing up the chimney in a triumphant roar. Alyse, with a struggle, fastened the casement again, not heeding a little figure, which flitted like a shadow behind the boughs of evergreen and holly that decked the room.

"A strong wind," said the old nurse as she entered, "there's a chill in the air."

She crossed softly to the curtained bed, and looked in at the childish face on the pillow, and the flaxen curls just escaping from the lace nightcap.

"She is like her uncle Guy, the young lord who loved the forest so well. Sweetheart," she called in a low tone, but the child did not stir.

"She sleeps well," the nurse said, and moved to the fire. "A night for good company."

"And old stories," added Alyse, drawing up a big chair for her.

"If the oak could talk it would tell us stories—of the boar, and the stag, the wolves"—and then she shuddered—"and of Master Fox and his tricks!" she ended with a chuckle. "See how the dry wood burns!"

"'Twas an old tree," answered the young nurse. "Was it here when Sir Guy went to the Holy Land?"

"I know not, but 'twas a great tree when I was a girl. Is P'tite lonely?" she asked, looking again towards the bed. "Poor babe! 'Twas hard—her father wounded in the wars, and her mother called away to nurse him; and she, poor child, left here alone! But I will wish no playmates for her—the family have been over-quick to find companions outside castle walls, if old tales be true! As for me, I like not the edge of a forest."

Alyse gazed at her with wide-open eyes.

"Do you think there is danger?" and her voice trembled. "I thought the robbers had been put down with a strong hand."

"Ah, bah!" cried the nurse. "Robbers, indeed! Do you know all the creatures that lurk in the forest and cross its glades by mooonshine? Some are more than flesh and blood of our kind, I know."

"The wild boars—there's a fierce one, still in the wood, *Tête-Bleu*, Peter calls him; but we inside need not fear the beasts."

"Ah," and old Margot shook her head, "once—I have heard the curé say"—and Alyse drew nearer, "strange gods were worshipped under the oak, and, routed by our blessed church, dwindled into fauns and satyrs, and hid inside the trees."

The green boughs were suddenly stirred.

"How the wind blows!" said Alyse, glancing fearfully towards them. "The little one to-day wanted to know why at the castle the boughs were brought within the walls at the first fall of the leaf, while the church waits until Yule?"

"Why, see you, now," answered Margot, "long years ago it was so done by the pagans to give shelter to the wood sprites."

A soft sigh caused Alyse again to look toward the casement. "Is it wrong, then?" she asked.

"Our good curé said not, only a kindly superstition; and

folks have forgot the reason long ago. The dryads and the fauns have dwindled into fairies now."

"But however can you remember the strange names?" asked the younger woman with some awe.

"I have been much with my lady, and my lord's mother before her," answered old Margot with a superior air. "Besides, I always loved to hear of strange things. But the old superstition is all forgotten, only a fairy oak or a fairy pool in the forest to remember it by. The blessed Christmas Babe rules the world."

"I thought I heard a sigh," murmured Alyse, going to the bed, "but the little one sleeps. Did you speak of strange playfellows? My granddame—"

"Old dames tell too many idle tales," broke in Margot, suddenly cautious. "I'll to bed, and hold my tongue."

"Is there no hope of heaven for the wood spirits?" faltered Alyse, her voice full of pity. "The good God made them too."

"Well," said the old nurse, "they say, if a fairy saves a mortal child for love's sake, that fairy will be born at Yule, a human child itself, though in lowliness and poverty like the Child of Christmas."

Next day it was bright, and Sylvie played in the picture gallery. "Is this his portrait?" she murmured, pausing before the picture of a beautiful boy blowing upon a rude musical instrument, fashioned of reeds. "My father said he learned music in the green forest where he played with—*what was that?*" she called suddenly, as a shadow fell across the floor. Startled, she looked behind her, and her gaze met two smiling eyes, half-mischievous, half-wistful.

But before she could see the small figure distinctly, it seemed to glide swiftly toward the stairway and invite her to follow.

Away ran Sylvie in pursuit, crossing the bars now of shadow, and now of sunshine—beneath the windows—and out, through the great doors, across the terraces, down the marble steps into the rose-gardens, white with snow. Breathless was the chase, which grew more earnest as Sylvie caught a glimpse of a flying form, or of a small hand waving to her to continue.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sylvie enchanted, when at last

there was a pause beside the fountain sparkling in the winter sun.

"Your playfellow—your comrade," replied a silvery voice; and Sylvie held out her hands in rapturous eagerness.

"Yes; and your name? Your name, dear playfellow? How can we play together until I know what to call you?" And the little mortal maid waited impatiently for a reply; but the other answered slowly and almost in a whisper:

"You may call me Desirée."

"Did you come in a coach?" continued Sylvie. "If so, I did not hear it."

"Nay, nay"; said Desirée, moving away out of Sylvie's reach. "Why should I need a coach?" And she laughed with pretty, scornful mirth, which Sylvie could not help echoing; for, indeed, every motion was as light as thistle-down, so light that the idea of a heavy coach seemed absurd.

"But you did not trudge through the snow like the woodmen and the charcoal-burners?" asked Sylvie, noticing how silvery and delicate the garments of her companion were. At this moment the blare of hunters' horns, and the baying of hounds, sounded nearby, and there came a crash from the bushes, as if a large stag had broken through, and was making for the forest.

Sylvie, excited, ran to the top of the marble steps to see which way the hunt went, calling once or twice: "Desirée, Desirée!"

But no one answered. Sylvie returned to the fountain and searched, but not even the slightest trace or footprint of her mysterious comrade could be seen. Old Trumpeter, the stag-hound, came at last, and walked beside her, looking curiously at her as she searched, but Sylvie did not see her new friend again that day.

It was some days after, and the Angelus bell was ringing. Sylvie had just finished the prayer when, looking up, she saw her former playmate at the edge of the forest. She was swaying back and forth as if in a slow dance to the tolling of the bell, and a mischievous, elfin smile lit up her face.

"Oh!" cried Sylvie, shocked, "you mustn't dance to the Angelus bell, Desirée; it's wrong!"

"I don't like the bell," replied Desirée wilfully. "I used to play with a boy once—in the forest. Sometimes the bell

called him away." And she pointed a tiny finger towards the little church near the village.

"Oh, that must have been on Sunday," and Sylvie climbed over the garden wall and ran across the bridge. All the poplars —now bare—seemed to shake their heads in the wind. "Was it my great-great-great-uncle Guy?" she asked eagerly; and then she laughed merrily. "But how silly; he would have been an old, old man to-day."

Her companion did not heed. "Once we saw the last faun —oh, so wrinkled and hairy, with big ears and rough horns and funny legs like a goat's," she said.

"'Twas one of Master Peter's goats at the farm," commented Sylvie with practical directness.

"No"; replied Desirée impatiently. "No; we were afraid, and hid behind a great beech, and he looked down into the crystal pool—oh, what an ugly thing he saw!"

"You said a fawn," exclaimed Sylvie puzzled, "but it sounds like a goat."

"You know very little," replied the stranger gravely.

Sylvie flushed. Why should this little maid, who did not go to church, or have nurses, or any lessons apparently, talk so to her? "I do know," she answered indignantly. "*I* know about heaven and the dear angels, and the Christ-Child! They sing of him on the blessed Christmas days. I wonder if my mother will come then?" And all at once big tears shone in her blue eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Desirée looked at her wonderingly, but not unkindly. "You are—crying, Sylvie?" she said.

"Yes; do you not cry when—? Oh, there is nurse calling, and I must go."

She ran back to the garden, and her companion frowned, as she was left there alone.

"I may if I will," she thought. "The old nurse said so. At the gatekeeper's lodge a little human child will be born— I heard his wife tell the other women—but it will be poor and humble—" she paused, pondering, until she felt a little nip at the hem of her skirt, and turning swiftly saw a little red fox, with twinkling eyes, begging for a frolic. In an instant they had disappeared in the old wood.

Sylvie often played with this strange creature afterwards, usually it was at the forest's edge, but sometimes they entered

farther into its depths. Once Sylvie was delighted to find herself on the brink of the Pool of the Beeches, and to see within its crystal waters a reflection of the blue sky.

For the first part of December, though cold, had been filled with sunshine, and now and then the little green woodpeckers tapped on the old tree trunks, or the small wood creatures ventured forth from nest or burrow. Sylvie heard her playmate at dusk sing a slumber song to the noiseless old owl, her arm around his soft, downy wings, as he perched beside her, blinking his honey-yellow eyes sleepily, in compliment to her lullaby, although really he was just waking up.

Again the brownish-gray hares and the bright-eyed woodmice would sit around the little forest maid and Sylvie; and the latter grew quite cross with Trumpeter when he came dashing through the bushes.

She knew he had come to look for her, however, and she turned back home with the faithful old hound. Did she not owe it to his guardianship that she was allowed to run out-of-doors without an attendant?

Nor did the nurses dream how much of her time was thus spent. Alyse thought that she was with Margot, and Margot believed her to be with Alyse; and, with the curious reserve that children often show, Sylvie never once spoke of her companion to either.

But at last the winter storms swept down from the mountains, and Sylvie was kept within doors.

Once at church she had a delightful surprise. Looking up at the stained glass window, Sylvie saw Desirée's face, with eyes fixed so earnestly on the Divine Child in the Mother's arms, that she did not see Sylvie. An old oak stood outside, close beside the church window, and doubtless Desirée had climbed up by its branches. Once or twice again Sylvie saw Desirée's light figure flit by, at the edge of the forest, but her face was thoughtful, and there was no mockery in her shining eyes.

However, one day the sun shone out after a storm. Joseph-Marie, Margot's son, was going to the forest for the Yule log; would not P'tite, the little one, like to go with him? Sylvie's feet and eyes danced together, and her tongue kept pace with both. It was but a rude vehicle to which the huge log was to be attached by strong chains, and it would be drawn by broad-backed Percheron draught-horses. The outfit was as

little fitted for lady's service as was good old Joseph-Marie himself, in his blue blouse and clinking *sabots*, but Sylvie heeded not. She went to the forest.

Hardly had they started, when they suddenly halted. Joseph-Marie bared his head, and Sylvie bowed hers reverently.

The passing bell was ringing—a tinkling melody, rippling in waves above yonder hills, the blessed bell which the peasants believed would protect the dying from evil spirits, and guide the rising soul on its right way.

"Is it in Martain?" asked Sylvie, as they started once more.

"No, no; P'tite ma'm'selle, Martain is too far. 'Tis from St. Martin's in old Belleme. Sound carries well to-day. Soon we'll hear our own Angelus from Belleme itself."

Almost with his very words rang the sweet Angelus bells near by, and from old Belleme as well, and Sylvie fancied she could hear the Martain Angelus too, far, far away, but so sweet. Hardly had the noon prayer ended, when down came a shower of dry snow from the oak close by the road.

Joseph-Marie looked up amazed. "Not a breath of wind," he muttered, but smiled when Sylvie's ringing laugh pealed forth. She knew whose roguish fingers had set the snow flying! Desirée was gay again. Sylvie caught a glimpse of her in the branches above; and again, saw her tripping over the snow, pointing merrily where an empty nest hung, or a hole in a dead tree told of Master Woodpecker's work.

Sylvie clapped her hands. "Next year I'll see where the little foxes play!" she cried. "Oh, Joseph," she urged, "here's the log! While you fasten it, put me down on the snow, and let me run a bit. Hear the fox calling."

Sylvie knew it was Desirée's mimicry, but Joseph-Marie listened and was puzzled. However, he lifted Sylvie from her high perch, and then he stared with open eyes. She had disappeared among the white trees, and all around him, were little frogs peeping, big frogs croaking, just as they do over a marsh when the year begins to wake and stir.

"My faith!" exclaimed the old man, crossing himself devoutly. "Never, never did I hear the frogs in frozen forests; surely it is magic—and where is the little maid?"

He searched and searched, hearing sometimes mocking

laughter, and again little spring voices, peep, peep, as if coming from the very ground.

He fastened the log securely, for the Yule log was to be blessed by the church and, he thought, might be a defence. In his despair he thought of Trumpeter, and whistled, and sure enough the good old hound appeared. With him came Sylvie, but she was very cross, and she was striking the dog upon the head with a long, thorny bramble.

Trumpeter remonstrated at last with a low, rumbling sound, which was hardly a growl; but Joseph-Marie, alarmed, caught the bramble out of Sylvie's hand, and swung her up into her warm nest of wraps, brushing the snow from her feet and shoulders.

Sylvie rebuked him rudely, and called him a stupid boor who knew nothing. She ordered him to drive home at once. He had no politeness, and she was tired; and she laughed, a hard little laugh, as the slow tears of age gathered in his pale blue eyes, because of her reproaches. Never had any one thus spoken to him before. He was the son of my lord's foster-brother and of Margot, my lord's nurse. He would have given his life without a murmur for one of the race, and his loyalty had been known and valued—until now! He hung his head in stupified, sorrowful silence.

All at once they heard a voice singing a Christmas hymn. It came from a peasant who was carrying home fagots, and at whose side ran a child. The hymn led Sylvie to think of her own mother; for she had often heard her mother sing this very hymn, which told of how the Lord God had pitied the miserable and the poor and the common people; how he had chosen to be born among them; and now Sylvie had despised these truths and had thought them unworthy and contemptible, because Desirée mocked! Desirée did not know anything of love, poor Desirée!

Sylvie had a tender heart, and she began to sob: "Joseph-Marie!" she cried, "Joseph-Marie! I was ungrateful to you, and wicked. Forgive me, Joseph-Marie; I was a little beast!"

It hurt the old man to hear his beloved P'tite blame herself, and he tried to explain. "But, no, no; ma'm'selle was cold and tired, and no doubt hungry. It is all right. Soon we will be at home," for the Percheron horses, remembering their warm stalls, were moving along briskly.

As they emerged from the forest, and the outer gates closed behind them, the old man asked timidly: "Does ma'm'selle know that evil spirits are in the forests?"

"Oh, no"; cried Sylvie with energy. "The forest is beautiful. Think of the purple tree-trunks and how the golden furze shines at their feet; even the fallen leaves are pretty, a soft, rosy brown; and the earth smells so sweet, Joseph-Marie, and there are such stirs and rustlings; oh, everything there is beautiful."

Old Joseph-Marie shook his head, and the many wrinkles on his face deepened. He had quarreled with Pierre, the goat-herd, because Pierre had said that he saw, deep in the forest, two children playing, one of whom was P'tite. It could not be, but Joseph's breast was filled now with vague alarms.

"Yes"; he murmured, "P'tite, strange things are there. Once I saw—by the setting moon—"

"Oh, Joseph-Marie, *what?* Tell me what you saw?"

But they had reached the house, and Alyse hurried out for her darling.

"Come to-morrow, and Margot will mend your blouse," Sylvie called back in her childish treble. "Come to morrow—*surely*—Joseph-Marie." The men came to help unfasten the Yule log. It was a noble log, indeed, and they hoped that their lord would see it blaze on the old hearth.

"Desirée, Desirée!" cried the castle child in rapture, entering the long picture gallery a few days later, as she eagerly ran towards the pretty figure, half hidden among the evergreen boughs.

How they danced under the old portraits of the ancient lords and ladies of Belleme, some in armor, some in ruffs and brocades, frowning haughtily, or smiling languidly, from their splendid frames, as these two small figures pirouetted and stepped gracefully to an old air that Desirée hummed, a quaint, merry air, with many swift changes!

Then they played hide-and-seek, in which game Desirée so far excelled that Sylvie cried out, laughing, for another dance; but she suddenly paused. "I hear—footsteps—on the stairway. They are coming here. Ah, now they shall see you, Desirée!"

But no; when the curé opened the door, followed respect-

fully by Alyse, and Sylvie ran joyfully to greet the kind old man, and receive his blessing, Desirée had disappeared.

"Father," she had exclaimed, "I want to show you—" but as she looked around there was no one—not a stir of the green branches, not a sign; Sylvie understood, and ended quickly with—"this new dance," and she hummed the air that had been on Desirée's lips, and showed a step or two.

"You must have a light heart, my child, to dance *alone*"; and the old curé smiled, but suddenly a troubled look crossed his face.

"A *new* air? But, my little one, you cannot read music. No; impossible—" and he glanced at the baby face and diminutive figure; "and no one has been here?" His eyes sought those of Alyse.

"No one," she answered respectfully, "has entered these doors since—"

"Ah, well, well, I forget I grow old; but, my daughter, I saw that air last written on paper yellow with age—here it is, if my old eyes do not play me false," and he examined the portrait of Sir Guy, the happy boy with the pipes in his hand. On the side of the portrait was a half-open scroll with some musical notes. "The same, I am sure; but I never noticed that it was inscribed there too."

At the same moment, the air sounded through the gallery, so silvery, so fine, so delicate, so full of airy mirth, that each listener smiled as he or she held the breath to listen—all believing it Sylvie's voice, except Sylvie, who *knew* it was Desirée's.

"You have a true ear, my child," nodded the curé with delight, as the silvery music ceased; "but I am forgetting the letter; a letter full of good news, my daughter, from your mother. It was for that I braved the rude wind this cloudy day"; and he took out the precious sheet, and went nearer to the light.

Sylvie's cheeks burned, her feet could hardly keep still, her eyes danced with eagerness. "Father," she exclaimed suddenly, "my father's nurse, Margot, would be so glad to hear this letter. May I bring her? She loves us well."

"It is a kind thought, my daughter. Go, and I will try to get my breath again. The wind was rough."

The curé was weary; so weary that when Sylvie had gone, and Alyse with her, he lost himself in a sort of reverie. Suddenly he heard a timid voice behind him asking: "Father, is this love—the service of love—the *best* thing?"

"The best thing," he replied earnestly, "and blessed are they who—" but he was interrupted by a clacking of sabots and the noise of a cane and a great shuffling outside, and in came the old hound first, and Sylvie leading her nurse, and Joseph-Marie, looking as old as his mother, but radiant over the privilege bestowed upon him of hearing his lady's own words.

The letter was full of thankfulness for her lord's recovery, and her joy in bringing him to Belleme for the blessed Christmas feast. She added that the three orphaned children of my lord's sister, for whom he was now sole guardian, would accompany them. The daughter was but two years old, but the twin boys were of Sylvie's age, and would be as brothers to her own little daughter, who had been so much alone.

Sylvie was overcome with expectant happiness during the next few days, which were to bring to her Yuletide, her beloved mother, her father, and the two new strange brothers. She did not miss Desirée, but she loyally included her in all her dreams of spring games in the old forest.

Sylvie never heeded the anxious queries of the women about the road from Martain, the bridges, and the fallen trees. She only remembered that to-morrow would be Christmas Eve, and her mother would watch with her the blaze of the old oak in the wide chimney.

But Desirée knew the danger. She had laughed as the bridge had been whirled from its base, and many a boat crushed like an egg-shell in the foaming current. Man's work against the storm—how unavailing! Desirée knew well whose coach entered the forest. Again and again had it seemed as if the wind from very malice would block its way with fallen boughs. If that coach and its occupants perished, naught was left for Sylvie but the forest. Its spell then would be strong upon her soul, and Desirée had been lonely so long!

"The gust sounds like wicked laughter," said a woman's voice within the coach. "Give me the babe, nurse. I will not heed the wind's mocking tones when I hold the little one on my breast."

A soft, low, cooing sound, "as if love spake with a tongue"; a huge tree rocked above them—barely did they escape being crushed beneath its weight.

"Pierre," called a man's voice, "Mind you take the upper fork of the road soon. My God, if the bridge be gone, and we follow the lower road, we will perish!"

"It grows strangely light," said Pierre. "I see a glimmer, as of a white robe. Good horses, they take the upper road of their own will!"

No one had remarked that just as the far-off elfin laughter died, and the horses paused, there had been the same soft, exquisite cooing, the dearest utterance of infancy! Love had conquered then!

The next day the carols rang out, *Noël, Noël!* The smoke rose from every fire in cabin and hall; and in the gatekeeper's lodge the old granddame warmed on her breast a newborn babe—a little human soul born to poverty and lowliness, but also to love, earthly and eternal!

GRATITUDE.

BY JOHN MARYSON.

The lordly sun looked kindly on a wave,
  A tiny wave that ran upon the sea;
And, lo! the wavelet brake with joy, and gave
  A very shower of grateful brilliancy,
A thousand timid sparkles, every one
An image of the sun!

Current Events.

International Arbitration.

Of the many movements for the improvement of the present condition of the world, moral, economical, and political, the movement for the promotion of International Arbitration has of late been the most successful. Twenty-five years ago its promoters were looked upon as well-meaning, but altogether impracticable enthusiasts. When, in 1888, the representatives of the Society came from England and were granted an audience by the President, he received them indeed with courtesy, and addressed to them appropriate platitudes; immediately afterwards, however, he proceeded to an inspection of the National Arsenal. This was generally taken as a clear intimation of the degree of trust reposed by him in their proposals. The fate of the arbitration treaty, subsequently negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, told the same tale. But the past eighteen months have proved that among those who have sown in tears, to reap afterwards with joy, are to be ranked the promoters of International Arbitration.

No less than twenty-five treaties of arbitration have been made between various powers greater and less, and a few weeks ago Mr. Choate informed Lord Lansdowne that the United States was prepared to enter upon negotiations for the making of a treaty with Great Britain.

The Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, speaking at the Guildhall banquet, on which occasion the government is accustomed to give an indication of its policy in the immediate future, gave in his adhesion without reserve to the principle of settling disputes by arbitration, and spoke of war as a clumsy and brutal method of settling differences. Our own Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, recently declared war to be the most futile and the most ferocious of human follies.

These opinions as to war are, it is true, not universally accepted. Count Moltke has written: "War is sacred. . . . It upholds the great and noble sentiments among men—honor, disinterestedness, virtue, courage, and, in a word, prevents them from falling into dreadful materialism. The world with-

out war is not conceivable; if it were, it would be far from a beautiful dream." And, to descend from a sublime authority to an almost ridiculous one, we have a certain Dr. Miller Maguire declaring, at a recent meeting of an army institution, Mr. Hay's condemnation of war an unbelievable statement, and Lord Landsdowne's speech futile and silly, enough to make him, Dr. Miller Maguire, sick for a week. While it is true that luxury, effeminacy, and political chicanery are worse than war, it is not at all necessary that these evils should be the offspring of peace. War is a judgment of God in punishment of wrong-doing and injustice. Peace is the work of justice, Holy Scripture declares, and, improbable as we may think any great progress of the human race to be, it is the duty of Catholics, upon whom the well-being of the universe depends, to foster and encourage everything which makes for progress, and to welcome every sign of it.

The recent Convention made between England and France is another indication of the same spirit of conciliation which is shown by the arbitration treaties, of that spirit which is ready to make mutual sacrifices in order to remove difficulties. This Convention was made several months ago, and it would be out of place to describe it particularly. And perhaps it is more valuable for what it indicates than for itself; for it is a step towards the formation of a friendship which must be fruitful for good in many ways. In fact, there cannot be any reasonable doubt that it has already been the means of averting, or at least of postponing, a terrible war between England and Russia. In both countries there are strong war parties, anxious to bring on a struggle, and willing to use any means to effect their purpose, and to avail themselves of every misunderstanding. France, on this occasion, stepped in as an intermediary and found the way of settling the dispute. This was done by adopting one of the provisions settled at the Hague Conference held in 1899. This again has strengthened the peace party's hopes in every country. The Conference at the Hague was looked upon by many as an amiable aspiration, a merely academical project, sure to be of no practical consequences. The scoffers and pessimists treated it with undisguised contempt. But the five years which have elapsed since its meeting have proved that pessimists cannot, as they claim, have even the poor glory of seeing things as they are.

The Hague Conference has already been the means of settling the Venezuela question, and now it has proved a means of preventing what would otherwise have been a terrible international struggle.

If to the Emperor of Russia the credit is due of initiating this method of effecting peace, to the President of the United States will, we hope, be due the credit of the extension and confirmation of its labors. Certain questions were left unsettled on the adjournment of the Conference, questions of a more or less technical character. For the settlement of these Mr. Hay has issued a letter to the powers proposing a second Conference.

To this proposal several powers have already responded, and there is but little doubt that, sooner or later, it will reassemble. Although not mentioned in Mr. Hay's letter, there are hopes that on its reassembling the question of the disarmament of the great European nations may be settled, or at least discussed, and that it may result in Europe being no longer, as it so long has been, an armed camp, and that its people may be left to devote themselves to the pursuits of civilized life.

Although the initiation of this movement is due to Russia, and its furtherance more especially to France and England, this country is now well to the front, owing to the Conferences at St. Louis and Boston, and to the action of the President.

Reforms in Russia.

Of all European countries at the present time the Russian empire deserves the closest study; not merely on account of the war which is being carried on with Japan—although it, and still more the results of it, will be of the gravest moment both to the combatants themselves and to the world at large—but especially on account of the efforts which are now being made for the attainment of constitutional liberty.

While the rest of the civilized world has been making more or less close approximation to self-government, while in them the power of the ruler has been greatly limited, in theory at all events, the Russian Emperor's absolute rule over tens of millions of men has not been diminished. On the contrary, his sole will has, within the past year, been more actively

exerted in the restriction of rights previously recognized and solemnly guaranteed. Of this the Russification of Finland has been but one instance, and the arbitrary *régime* of M. de Plehve another. For both a remedy has been sought in assassination; and in the second case, at least, has been, to a certain extent, found. The newly appointed Minister of the Interior, Prince Svietopolk-Mirski, holds opinions quite opposed to those of his predecessor; and the presumption is that he has been appointed for this reason. He has declared that he will guide his conduct by a true and broad liberalism; in so far, however, as that liberalism is not of a nature to change the established order of things—a qualification which seems to nullify, in a large degree, his proposals. He declares himself a determined advocate of decentralization. All questions ought not to be referred to St. Petersburg. To the *Zemstvos*, that is the provincial and district assemblies elected for the purposes of dealing with local affairs, are to be given the largest possible powers for the regulation of these affairs, in accordance with the wishes of the people, in all things affecting schools, local affairs, and railways. The prince proposes to do this, not as leading to the establishment of a Parliamentary *régime*, but in order to avoid it. In common with not a few political observers of the present time, the proceedings of the already established Parliaments do not commend themselves to those who seek the well-being of the commonwealth.

The prince rejects also any idea of the appointment of ministers in any way responsible to the people, or in any way dependent upon them; it is upon the Tsar alone, the sovereign by the grace of God, that they are to be dependent. This is, of course, the theory of autocratic governments, and as a theory is ideally perfect; but in practice it works very badly, especially in Russia and at the present time. It is edifying in this age, from which reverence for authority seems to have departed, to hear the Tsar addressed by his ministers as august and sacred, and to listen to the expressions of profound respect and submission. But, as a matter of fact, this is, to a very large extent, lip-service and self-seeking. In no civilized country is there more self-will on the part of subordinates, more confusion and disunion even in government circles. There is but little doubt that the Tsar was opposed to the war with Japan, and that he wrote a letter which, if it had been promptly

obeyed, would have prevented the war. In the recent controversy with England, the Foreign Office and the Admiralty were so opposed, one to the other, that no information could be obtained by the Foreign Office from the Admiralty. So great is the want of harmony between the various departments that the new war loan, to be issued in Germany, is said to have been negotiated without the knowledge of the Russian Minister of Finance.

There is, however, no doubt that the absolute rule of one single individual is the weakest and least beneficial of all forms of government; it is also evident that, in proportion as the influence of the church and of Christianity becomes greater, that rule tends to disappear. At the present time, at all events, it is in the Catholic countries that the authority of the crown is most strictly limited. England may appear to be an exception; but the principles of the English Constitution were laid in Catholic times. The church, by her very existence, is the destroyer of tyranny the world over.

The divisions and dissensions between the various Russian departments have only been accentuated by the appointment of the new Minister of the Interior. An advocate of progress, such as the prince openly declares himself to be, he has met with such determined opposition that he has already given in his resignation. It has not yet been accepted; time only will show how long he will be able to hold his ground. Perhaps, however, his worst enemies are his would-be friends. Changes and reforms, if they are to come, must be gradual; any sudden change will be as suddenly reversed. One thing at a time is all that a man, or still more a nation, can do. For this reason the proceedings of members of various *Zemstvos* seem to be premature. Elaborate programmes have been drawn up by the members of several of these bodies. These programmes comprise a constitution giving the people elective representatives with legislative rights, complete liberty of conscience, of the press, of association, and of meeting; the participation of the people in public affairs, the representation of the people in the *Zemstvos* without distinction of classes, and various other concessions. All and each of these proposals are undoubtedly good, but to demand them all at once increases the number of the opponents in direct ratio to the number of the demands.

If, however, the statement is true that the members of the *Zemstvos*, in making these proposals, have done so at the request of the Emperor, with a view to their being presented to him, the prospect of a practical outcome is more hopeful, especially as the bitter opponents of all change have resigned —those who look upon the peasantry as, in their own words, "of no more account than so many fleas on the body of a dog."

It is due to the new Minister of the Interior that any exercise, even of power of talking, has been accorded to the *Zemstvos*. M. De Plehve's policy was to curtail their powers, and to bring them under stricter control; in one province he had suppressed them. It is to be hoped that they will act with great prudence, and thus become the means of the restriction and ultimate abolition of that personal bureaucratic rule which is next door to anarchy. Their existence is due to Alexander II., and they were founded in 1864 as part of the reforms instituted by that emperor. They were at first regarded as destined to receive further powers; on the contrary their powers have been curtailed. In 1880–1 a general revision took place, and in 1890 the franchise was raised and the number of peasant deputies reduced. Better days, however, seem now to be at hand.

Germany.

Events in Germany offer but little subject upon which to comment. The personality of the Emperor is more predominant than in any other country of Europe, but he is held in pretty strict bonds by the Constitution and by his brother-sovereigns of the empire. He has been guilty of only one indiscretion of late, that of a threatened interference in the Lippe-Detmold succession; the tact of the Chancellor of the empire, however, prevented the consequences from being serious. The Imperial Chancellor is not in any way the man of blood and iron which the first Chancellor was willing to be thought. His ideal of the German empire is that it should be based on the concord of princes and peoples, that it should assure to small and great the measure of their rights according to the law and constitution, that it should succor the weak, safeguard the growth of domestic prosperity and order, and offer a free opening to

honest labor. Even the fleet, for the strengthening of which so many efforts are being devoted and sacrifices made, is not, as many in England would think, meant as a challenge to any one. The German empire takes its stand among the friends of peace all the world over. It has no wish to determine the course of the destinies of the world. Such are the Chancellor's ideas; and they form a striking contrast to certain utterances of the Emperor, such as "The trident ought to be in our fist"; "Up and at them with our mailed fist"; "nothing can now be decided, on the sea or in distant lands beyond the sea, without Germany or the German Emperor"; "May the German empire in future times become as powerful, as firmly united, and as authoritative as was the Roman empire."

Whether the ideals of the Chancellor or those of the Emperor are the truer representatives of those of the German people is not, at the present moment, ascertainable. In the meantime the Emperor is doing all that is compatible with the most benevolent of neutralities to help Russia in her struggle with Japan; and when the war comes to an end he undoubtedly will have something to say in the settlement of the terms of peace. Rumor says that he aspires to the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire, of which empire he is to be the supreme head. To obtain this, Protestant though he is, he looks to the Sovereign Pontiff, and for this reason it is that he has of late been so deferential to his Holiness. To the United States, too, he has been trying to make himself acceptable, by the present of the statue of Frederick the Great, recently accepted with much ceremony by the President at Washinton. How far his efforts have been successful we must leave to the judgment of others better informed.

Austria.

While all lovers of progress, and of the well-being of Russia, wish for the success of the efforts that are being made for the attainment of a measure of self-government in that country, the achievements and performances of the Parliaments, both of Austria and of Hungary, prevent them from unalloyed satisfaction with the use made of the liberty attained. In fact the Austrian Reichsrath, like the legislative bodies of all the countries on the continent which have parliaments, is suffering from the factious spirit, due to that

exaggerated nationalism, which is now so widely dominant. These bodies are not, as in this country and in Great Britain, divided into two great parties, one in power and one in opposition, but into many small parties. The government, existing by dexterous manipulation of a sufficient number of these factions to form a majority, makes concessions for this purpose. It is not reason which prevails; in fact it is something akin to brute force; and were it not for the Emergency Clause in the Constitution of Austria, which enables the Emperor to govern at his will in certain defined cases, the country would have reverted to chaos. Germans are at war with Czechs, and within the ranks of each are divisions and sub-divisions. Eighteen months ago a coalition of the German parties was solemnly formed to give support to Dr. von Körber, the Premier. German radicals united with the German Constitutional party, Christian Socialistic, Anti-Semites, and German Progressives banded together. The coalition has, however, been brought to an end by the disturbances which have recently taken place at Innsbruck, and the German Radicals have determined to go into opposition. These disturbances at Innsbruck show to what lengths the national spirit exists in the Empire of Austria.

The Italians in the empire have long desired to have a university. To this the government have not yet acceded, but they instituted, at the University of Innsbruck, lectures for Italian law students alongside of the lectures for German students. The German students regarded this as an encroachment on their rights. They would not tolerate the innovation. They attacked a meeting which was being held by the Italian students. The Italians defended themselves with revolvers; nine or ten Germans were wounded and one killed; in return the Germans demolished a hotel and thrashed all the Italians they could catch. This is an illustration of the antagonism which exists between the various nationalities of which the Austrian empire is made up, and which penetrates into the Reichsrath. On the opening of the Reichsrath the Premier was greeted with cries of "Pfui Körber," by Germans who object to concessions recently made to the Czechs. The crown itself is not spared. By one member the Hapsburgs were described as the ruin of Austria, and individual members of the imperial family were assailed in terms of incredible vulgarity. In fact, the language used by some members was so coarse,

and the sentiments given utterance to so treasonable, as to disgust all who are not convinced that, bad as some parliaments may be, they are better than personal autocratic rule.

The growth of the personal power of monarchs within the last few years is one of the significant signs of our times. It is well known, and is an established fact that such unity as the Austrian empire possesses is due to the respect and reverence paid to the wisdom of its Emperor. His personal influence is the strongest, almost the only dominating force. In England, too, the personal influence of the King has made itself felt in a remarkable way, not in internal affairs—for there it would not be tolerated—but in international relations. There is no doubt that the recent rapprochement between France and England, the effects of which have already made themselves so widely felt, was due to the visit paid by him to France. That this personal influence of the king will grow in England itself, so that Edward VII. should govern as well as reign in the same way as George III., is not to be expected; although there is no manner of doubt that the Parliament is losing in a large degree the respect in which it was once held. This is due to its inability to do useful work; the desire of members to speak is so great that laws cannot be made. It is quite certain, too, that the power of the crown, as represented by the cabinet, is growing at the expense of the Parliament as a whole, and that it is impossible for anything to be done if the cabinet is unwilling; but as the cabinet represents rather the majority of the people than the royal authority, the fact of the increase of its power does not indicate the growth of the king's power; he in fact is bound to defer to it.

If obstruction has been the cause of great difficulties in Austria, in the other half of the dual monarchy it has brought the machinery of government almost to a standstill, and this not for a few weeks or months, but for nearly two years—from October, 1902, until March, 1904. The present Hungarian Premier, Count Stephen Tisza, regarding, and it would seem justly, this practice of deliberate obstruction, which is rendered possible by the existing standing orders, as perilous to the national life, has determined to strike a decisive blow and to revise the standing orders which render it possible for an insignificant minority to rule by means of wanton obstruction.

His proposals have met with the most determined opposition. All of the various factions of which the Hungarian Parliament, like those of most other continental countries, is composed have banded together in defence of what they term the liberties of the Parliament. The Banffy, or New party, the Independence party, the Clerical Independents, the Clerical or People's party, and the National or Apponyi party, have all united and have declared that they will not recognize the decision of the majority as of any validity, and will treat it as non-existent, inasmuch as, according to them, it will be a breach of the Constitution. Count Tisza, however, undeterred by this opposition, introduced his motion in the midst of great tumult. His opponents made a rush in order to drive the president of the chamber from the chair; liberal deputies advanced in his defence; inkstands were thrown; books were hurled; chairs swung; until the house somewhat resembled a battlefield. Count Tisza's proposal having been carried, the president declared the session closed. The minority have prepared a manifesto to the king in which they declare that the premier and the president have laid sacrilegious hands upon the guarantees of that Constitution which is the only foundation of his majesty's royal power, the inviolability of which he had sworn to respect. They went so far as to say that it had been done in a way and under circumstances which, if unredressed, would affect his majesty's royal repute. A bitter conflict is being waged; whether the count will be supported by the crown in the struggle is not yet known. He has been abandoned by many distinguished members of his own party, including Count Julius Andrassy and a former premier, M. Koloman de Szell. Count Tisza, however, is a manly man and will fight to the end.

Macedonia.

The reforms in Macedonia, which the governments of Russia and Austria demanded of Turkey, are being carried out in a very perfunctory way. The friends of Macedonia, and those who hope that the Christians dwelling therein may soon be delivered from the degrading tyranny of the Turk, are waiting patiently in the hope, although it is a small one, that some good may be the outcome. The families who were ruined during the outbreak last year have been

helped by benevolent offerings; a great deal, however, remains to be done.

The most pitiable and the shameful part of the whole Macedonian question is that the Christians living in this region seem to hate one another more than they do their common oppressor. The hand of the Greek is against the Bulgarian, and that of the Serb against both. Whether the recent visit of the King of Servia to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will bring about greater unity it is hard to say. The exaggeration of national feeling is working evil here as in so many other parts of the world.

The Italian Elections.

Italy has recently passed through a somewhat serious crisis. The general elections have been held and the question involved nothing less than the subversion of the Constitution. The Socialists have become a power in the kingdom, owing to the oppressive taxation which has followed upon the establishment of the kingdom and the policy adopted by its rulers. The Triple Alliance and the maintenance of a large army, necessitated by this alliance, have made the people groan under the burdens imposed, and they long in many places for the old *régime*. Like the rest of the continental parliaments the parties are so numerous as rather to be factions than parties. Signor Giolitti, the present premier, is himself a member of the Left, but to the depths there are lower depths, and his opponents also of the Left are divided into some three or four divisions, and these into sub-divisions. The extreme Left, to give merely the genera, consists of Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists. Such is the state of the Parliament. The state of the country, after thirty-four years of the present *régime*, may be given in Signor Giolitti's own words: "The country is profoundly disturbed by disorders, artificially produced without any reason; and this created a state of things which hardly allowed the Chamber of Deputies to discuss with any serenity matters of vital importance to the country." He has learned by experience the wisdom of the church's teaching, and finds it necessary, for the sake of liberty itself to promise to take energetic action for the coercion of his opponents. The result of the election has been to vindicate his policy. The extreme party has been defeated.

This result is due to the fear inspired by the strike which took place last September. The promoters of this strike, and of the wide-spread disorders by which it was attended, were the Socialists, and it was supported by them as a manifestation of hostility to the monarchy. Signor Giolitti's own programme embraces what would be considered in this country a socialistic proposal—the nationalization of the railways, thereby placing them under the control of the state.

The part taken by Catholics in the elections is not quite clear. The *Germania*, the organ of the Catholic party in the German Parliament, announced that the Pope had empowered the bishops in special cases to allow Catholics to take part in the elections. This was very improbable on the face of it, and was denied by the *Osservatore Romano;* the *non expedit* was declared to be in full force. No solemn official declaration, however, was made to that effect, and it seems clear that in a few places there were Catholics who voted, and in one or two places they seem to have exercised a decisive influence on the side of order. In the final result the Socialists have lost three seats in the new Parliament, and the extreme Left, as a whole, has been reduced in number to ninety-one, losing sixteen seats.

With reference to foreign countries, the relations of Italy to all, even to France, are now cordial. There is, however, one exception—Austria. There is no doubt that beneath the surface there are questions which may prove serious in the immediate future, and which may lead to a conflict. The riots which lately took place at Innsbruck, have not contributed to a satisfactory solution.

France and the Church.

Of the political events which have recently taken place on the continent, those of which the French Parliament has been the scene are the most interesting to Catholics. In the French Premier the church has, at all events, an open enemy; he does not conceal either in word or deed his animosity; he is, and glories in being, an embodiment of the spirit of the age. He expelled the religious orders, as he himself declared, because they were opposed to that spirit. France, even in protecting the Christians in the East, was not inspired by Christian ideas; she was acting in

obedience to the maxims of a more humane, a loftier, and a more liberal philosophy.

The embodiment of these loftier ideals is the state; it no longer requires the help of the church. He has, accordingly, introduced the long expected bill for the separation of church and state. Such is its avowed object, but it should rather be looked upon as a bill for the subjection of the church to the state. It provides for the complete suppression of every kind of public expenditure for the church, and after two years deprives her of the gratuitous use of all the cathedrals, churches, seminaries, and residences of bishops and priests. The bill gives power to lease these buildings to associations to be formed for the exercise of religion on the payment of rent; reserves to the state the right to inspect all books, and to inquire into all accounts; it forbids placing any religious sign or emblem on any public buildings; and inflicts fines and imprisonment upon any minister of religion who shall say or do anything which may be construed as an insult to or a slander of a member of the government or of the chambers, or of a public authority, or who shall try to influence the vote of electors, or to determine them to vote or to abstain from voting. All churches or other buildings, which may be considered as not needed by the church, may be leased by the state to other religious bodies or put to secular uses.

Such are the proposals dictated by the spirit of the age and the tender mercies of those imbued with it. The bill has been referred to a committee, and is now under its consideration.

Another opportunity of studying the spirit of the age, of which M. Combes and his ministry are the embodiment, has been presented by the series of events which have led to the fall of General André, and almost to the destruction of the ministry of M. Combes. They form a useful object-lesson of what the so much vaunted liberty means in reality. It has been proved by documentary evidence, which is undeniable and no longer denied, that ever since General André has been in power all promotions in the army have been subject to and ruled by a detestable system of delation; officers have been watched and watched by Freemasons, and not once in a while but regularly and systematically. Espionage of the most odious kind has reigned supreme. Within the army the most zealous in-

former has been the most sure of promotion. Nor has this odious system been confined to the army. The Freemasons by means of their organization kept the authorities informed as to the doings of their victims in civil life; whether he went to Mass or not; or even whether his wife went; to what newspaper he subscribed; to whom he entrusted the education of his children. These and similar proceedings were made so clear that even the assembly, which has so long been dominated by M. Combes, almost passed sentence of condemnation upon him. The ministry was saved by only four votes; and had it not been for the foolish action of a certain M. Syveton, who in the midst of the assembled members struck General André two blows in the face as a mark of contempt, the ministry might have fallen. It has been saved by the folly of its foes rather than by its own virtues. The feeling excited by the revelations of his subserviency to Freemasonry, and the hateful consequences of that subserviency, has forced General André to resign. His place has been taken by a stockbroker. Whether, after France has learned by this example what state domination means, she will be ready to place the church beneath that domination, is what remains to be seen.

New Books.

ST. ELIZABETH.
By Montalembert.

Montalembert's great *Life of St. Elizabeth* * has been put into English by Mr. Francis D. Hoyt, and our spiritual and historical literature is thereby genuinely enriched. There is much in this work of Montalembert's own heart and soul: his poetic love for the Middle Ages, his knightly loyalty to the church, his scrupulous honor to verify every statement, and his noble zeal to present to the modern world a defense and apologia of Catholicity. Listen to these words of the Introduction to this book, wherein Montalembert utters the hope that is in him for the return of the world to the church, its abandoned mother: "And yet I firmly believe the day will come when humanity will demand its release from the dreary waste in which it has been enthralled; it will ask to hear again the songs of its infancy; it will long to breathe again the perfumes of its youth; to present its thirsty lips at the breast of its mother, that it may taste again before death that milk, so sweet and pure, which nourished its infancy. And the prison doors of that mother will be broken by the shock of so many suffering souls; she will come forth more beautiful, more powerful, more merciful than ever. It will no longer be the naïve and fresh beauty of her young years, after the painful labors of the first centuries; but rather the grave and saintly beauty of a courageous woman, who has read again the history of the martyrs and confessors, and has added thereto her own page. In her eyes will be discerned the trace of tears, on her brow the furrows wrought by her sufferings; but because of these she will appear only the more worthy of the homage and veneration of those who, like her, have suffered."

The Life of St. Elizabeth did great good when it first appeared in France. We trust that a similar fortune will attend this English translation.

* *The Life of St. Elizabeth.* By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A SUMMA OF PHILOSOPHY.

We have received the second volume of the philosophical course now issuing from Mount Melleray,* and find in it the same good points for which we recently commended the volume on "Logic." The subject-matter of the present manual is "Cosmology and Psychology." The author or authors of this *Summula* deserve praise for their effort to bring their work into contact with the thought of modern times. The extensive footnotes often in English, though the language of the book is Latin, which give the opinions of men in close touch with the intellectual needs of the hour, are a refreshing and helpful innovation which we trust will be imitated by other scholastic authors. A most agreeable gleam of modernity too shines out from the chapter "De terræ nostræ efformatione." There the nebular hypothesis, with the consequent evolution of the inorganic world, is distinctly maintained; and a citation from Bonney is given with approval, to the effect that our earth must be about one hundred million years old. Not only that, but the theory that God created, *talia qualia*, the fossil remains in the earth's strata is mildly discountenanced. The epithet "absurd," dear to the *schola*, might well have been used in rejecting this decaying opinion rather than as designating certain other conclusions on which our author has fastened it.

As to evolution, the question is put: "Is organic evolution opposed to faith?" So far as materialistic evolution is concerned, which denies Creation and Providence, of course the answer is affirmative. But what of evolution which admits Creation and Providence? "*Controvertitur*"; answers our author. With all respect, we would suggest that the controversy is over. It is impossible to hold any longer, and furthermore, it is of utmost injury to religion to pretend to hold, that moderate evolution is opposed to faith. It is not opposed to faith; and thousands of loyal Catholics are evolutionists. As for the old notion of Lamy and Urraburn that Genesis disproves evolution, the whole thinking world is aware by this time that Genesis, apart from the affirmation that God is Creator, says nothing at all about the question one way or the other. Genesis pictorially

* *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in Usum Adolescentium Seminarii B. Mariæ de Monte Mellario Concinnata.* Vol. II. Cosmologia et Psychologia. Dublinii: Apud Browne et Nolan.

states the doctrine that God created the universe. That is a dogma of faith. Genesis is not a treatise on geology. We must express our regret that this manual, in many points the best that we possess, has left the impression that every theory of organic evolution is doctrinally unsound.

THE STORY OF ST. PAUL. By Bacon.

Professor Bacon's work on St. Paul,* although intended for popular reading, is less a life of the great Apostle than a critical inquiry into the disputes and controversies connected with his life. It is a popularization of the higher criticism of the Acts of the Apostles and of the Epistles, almost as much as a biography properly so-called. It summarizes the biographical material for St. Paul's life, it is true, and has a suggestive chapter on the formative influences in the Apostle's education and character; but still it is predominantly an essay in criticism. Professor Bacon, in this as in his other works, shows himself an adherent of the more advanced critical views, although his tone is reverent, and his hold upon some fundamental ideas of supernatural religion seems positive and firm. He has not a high opinion of the historicity of the Acts, with the exception of the "We-section," or the "Diarist's contribution," as he calls it. He contests the unitary authorship of the book; and maintains that the Lucan or non-diaristic portion is constructed with the purpose of concealing the unedifying dissensions in the early church between the Judaizers and the followers of St. Paul. On the subject of St. Paul's conversion Professor Bacon does not seem sure of his ground. He endeavors to explain that event by almost entirely natural causes, and at the same time to make some small allowance for miracle. The outcome of the effort is not by any means the most creditable thing that Dr. Bacon has written. He gives the usual reasons for supposing that Paul's Pharisaism was already weakened; that he had been powerfully wrought upon by Stephen's bloody death; that he was in interior torment on the matter of personal righteousness; that he had come to doubt the efficacy of the Mosaic ordinances; and finally that the glare of the sun upon the desert sands as he rode to Damascus brought his quivering

* *The Story of St Paul.* By Benjamin Wisner Bacon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

nerves to the verge of hallucination and ecstasy. With considerations like these Dr. Bacon all but closes the door upon any supernatural element in the conversion. We hardly need say that this is entirely uncritical; as uncritical as the author's astonishing statement that, "if the conversion had no rational preparation, Paul must have gone back to his previous convictions and beliefs as soon as the immediate effects wore off." Why, St. Paul's whole after life is inexplicable, his repeated assertions about his conversion are untrue, the argument on which he bases his call to the apostleship is either falsehood or folly, unless we credit the history of Christ's real appearance, and of Saul's instantaneous and miraculous change of heart and creed. True criticism does not devise theories; it studies facts. And every shred of fact that we can gather about St. Paul is opposed entirely and absolutely to explanations of his conversion which would eliminate a real vision of the glorified Savior, and a real miracle in the breather of "threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord."

The latter part of this volume consists of historical sidelights upon the Epistles. Professor Bacon's wide reading in the apocryphal and apocalyptic writings, which so abounded among the Jews when Christianity arose, enables him to give us many hints of great value for the understanding of the Pauline letters. Those who think that here also he is too prone to theorize upon non-Jewish and non-Christian influences, and to push certain resemblances into dependencies, will make due allowance accordingly.

THE DYNAMIC OF CHRISTIANITY.
By Chapman.

In the great harvest of books purposing to reconstruct Christianity, to invent a new or to account for the demise of the old Christianity, Mr. Edward Mortimer Chapman's volume * stands out with a certain measure of distinction. In the first place, its style is excellent, possessing the easy dignity of true culture, and the simple directness of a finished instrument of English expression; in the second

* *The Dynamic of Christianity*. A study of the vital and permanent elements in the Christian religion. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

place, the book shows wide reading in the modern literature of religious experience and criticism. Many of its quotations and illustrations are, in consequence, extremely happy, and so striking as to linger long in a reader's memory. But we can not say that it is a deep book. Rather must we declare that the author has failed to embrace his thesis comprehensively, and many of its profounder implications he has left quite unconsidered. Mr. Chapman's philosophy is not solid enough, and his history is totally inadequate.

The point of the work is briefly this: The Christianity of fixed creed is dead, never to live again. And it has died because everything static must die—evolution is the law of life; and evolution means change in the organism to correspond with change in the environment. Creeds cannot survive, for they are unadaptable; how then will Christianity live? By the doctrine of the immanent spirit in each soul. The race must go through its varying religious experiences, age after age, and these experiences, if we trust ourselves to the onward-leading, future-regarding spirit, careless of doctrine and heedless of the past, will be successive phases of truth; each phase proper and sufficient for its day. Nothing in religion can be permanently fixed, for that which was fixed in one age may be useless in another, and if useless it must perish.

It is to be feared that Mr. Chapman, in describing a religious process, has forgotten all about religious substance. He will admit that there is something of finality, something of imperishable truth and decisive authority in Christianity, the religion taught by God, over and above any merely human system ever devised by man. Now this given, definite deposit of divine truth left us by our Lord must be presented to human minds, and consequently clothed in human language. And hence in its mode of expression that truth may be and must be adaptable. What better proof of this than the church's borrowing of Platonic and Aristotelian terms for the clothing of ideas given originally in Semitic forms?

This much is required by normal growth, by orderly change, by (let the word not give offense) evolution. But the primal substance of God's truth cannot change. When it speaks to Jew, it will speak Hebrew; to Greek, it will speak Greek; to Roman, it will speak Romanwise. But *in se* it is forever the self-same Christ; to the Jew he was Messias; to the Hellene

he was the eternal Logos; but to both he was God our Savior. So, while there may be change in terminology, there can be no change in essence. Now from recognizing the fact that a change in terms is to a degree necessary with the succession of centuries, Mr. Chapman has missed the far more important matter, that in the substance of the faith once delivered to the saints no change is possible. He has told us much of the changeable, but hardly anything of the permanent, in Christianity. If he examines the subject somewhat more deeply, he will find, we hope, that for the preservation of the immutable element of faith, a divine authority external to changing years and changeful man is absolutely necessary—just as necessary as providence is for the preservation in the physical order of God's original plan amid the destructive and wanton forces that sometimes seem to disfigure it. If he admits, as he seems to, that Christ brought to us an objective truth, higher, deeper, and richer than any human philosophy could ever teach, he will be driven to concede, if he pushes his thought to the logical issue, first, that this truth is eternal; and secondly, that it must be protected by infallible authority from changing with the fashions of men. The great misfortune is that the supernatural has so far vanished from men like Mr. Chapman, that they speak of adapting and modernizing Christ's religion precisely as they would speak of adapting and modernizing Plato's philosophy. The idea of our Lord as a final and absolute authority, and of his truth as definite and immutable doctrine, has withered away. Their Christianity is not an evolution from the primitive Gospel, but a complete divorce from it. Another generation and it will be bald and dismal infidelity.

LECTURES ON THE CANON. By Moore.

Professor Moore's Lowell Institute Lectures on the Canon of the New Testament* have certain features about them which make them a noteworthy contribution to the religious thought of the day. Not that the author has made new discoveries on the problem of the Canon—the age of new discoveries in that field is probably over—but that throughout his discussion, and

* *The New Testament in the Christian Church.* Eight lectures by Edward Caldwell Moore, Professor of Theology in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

especially in the last three chapters on the Church and on the Idea of Authority, he gives a striking indication of the modern state of mind with regard to the supreme question of religious certainty. In fact we cannot now recall a better presentation of that state of mind than these chapters contain. Let us first say a word on the more technical part of the book, and then return to this matter.

Professor Moore is acquainted pretty thoroughly with such writers on Christian origins as Harnack, Spitta, Zahn, Sohm, and Holtzmann, and is generally in accord with them in their main positions. However, his critical views are always tempered with a spirit of devout reverence, and are dominated by the desire not to destroy but to establish faith.

Naturally in a popular treatment of such a subject there must be a certain insufficiency and incompleteness, and some conclusions are apt to be stated with an appearance of finality which really are still matters of debate. For example, St. Justin's importance in the history of the Canon is, we think, rather inadequately described; and the incidental remarks that Justin had but little sympathy for the fourth Gospel, and a positive antipathy to Paulinism, may easily be uncritically and harmfully interpreted. The opinion too that the existence of a Gospel according to the Hebrews, and a Gospel according to the Egyptians indicates that the four authentic Gospels were then unknown in Palestine and Egypt, should, if stated at all, be given along with the great difficulties against it. Then to say that the first Christians were held together by no external bond of authority, that they had no "book, bishop, or creed," as a principle of unity, but only "a bare being commmitted to the following of Jesus Christ," is to forget the Council of Jerusalem, the intense anti-heretical feeling of the Apostolic age, and such striking proofs as St. Paul's enumeration of the church's organized leaders in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and his "how can they preach unless they be sent?" in the letter to the Romans.

But the most significant part of Dr. Moore's volume is that in which he studies the nature and function of church authority. His investigations into the history of the Canon have brought him face to face with this question; for, as he himself in so many words declares, the New Testament did not form the church, but the church formed the New Testa-

ment. We should not have had our New Testament but for the voice of a teaching church, solemnly deciding that these writings and these alone were inspired, and should be received as of God. Of course this elementary fact of history destroys the contention on which Protestantism is based; inasmuch as that contention maintains that the Bible is the sole authority in matters of faith. Dr. Moore admits that this platform on which the originators of the Reformation took their stand, is shattered. What will replace it? Indeed this question is a searching one. Dr. Moore feels the solemnity of it and the gravity of the issue which will follow from answering it. Protestantism's original charter is invalid. Catholicism's title to the allegiance of modern men is precisely the same as the title of the primitive church to the allegiance of Greek and Roman. Why is not the obligation of the nineteenth century to obey, as urgent as was the obligation of the second century and the first? The way of escape provided by Dr. Moore is this: The Papacy, and in general the whole apparatus of an authoritative church, were necessary and providential in the early ages, but now the seat of authority has shifted from the *Ecclesia docens* to the individual conscience. Each of us must pray and study and use all the resources of advancing scholarship to find the true meaning of God's word, and God's word will then be what each of us thinks it is.

Apart from the speculative and philosophical consideration that this method would absolutely destroy the objective truth and the inherent authority of Christianity, and would make man not a learner and disciple, but a teacher and final judge in Christian doctrine, we would ask how Christ's religion would have fared, if such a rule of faith existed from the beginning? Would the church ever have settled on a Canon? Would it ever have survived the Greek heresies? Would it ever have possessed either the spiritual dynamic or the dogmatic consistency necessary for the conversion of civilized man? Never, most certainly. The Christian religion has for its purpose to enlighten the mind with the light of substantial truth, and to empower the will with the energy of moral enthusiasm. Imagine either light or enthusiasm in a method which answers man's instinctive prayer for guidance with sending him back to his own insufficiency, which he thought it the very purpose of Christianity to supplement and to assist;

with bidding him to seek truth amid the tumult of discordant doctors; and with telling him that religious certainty exists not in Christ the Lord, but in an indefinite futurity, which we can plod on towards reaching, but can never hope to see.

If this is true Christianity, Professor Moore will be obliged, we fear, to abandon the Christianity of history, the religion of sure statement and of boundless inspiration, and give himself to a drift of sentimentalism confessedly unable to do aught for souls that cry for truth, and most mournfully incapable of producing either an apostle or a saint. Still while thus expressing our conviction of the shortcomings of Dr. Moore's method, we would wish also to express our grateful appreciation of his sincere and devout attitude in the face of these great problems. He is a seeker for the kingdom of God. He has come to see that traditional Protestantism holds not the keys of the kingdom. He looks to the mighty church to which was spoken: "*Tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum*"; but he shrinks from her claims; chiefly, perhaps, because he dreads the rulers who hold the keys. So he has built himself a refuge; it is a refuge we think which would as effectually keep him away from Christ as from Catholicity, if he applied it to the Master as he has applied it to the masterpiece. Souls like his will some day learn, even though the day be distant, that the authoritative Christ of the Gospels is the authoritative Christ of history; and that means that the unfailing church which has led the world to the Savior is in these our days the appointed teacher unto men of the promises made of old, and renewed forever.

A STUDY OF ECCLESIASTES. By Genung.

John Franklin Genung's commentary on Ecclesiastes* is not a critical but a philosophical study of the words of the preacher. Mr. Genung, in fact, rather disparages criticism, a very unusual attitude for any man who can study the Hebrew scriptures in the original. Thus he dismisses as hardly worthy of notice the view of the composite authorship to Koheleth. Nevertheless, such a view is

* *Words of Koheleth.* Translated anew and accompanied with a study of their literary and spiritual values. By John Franklin Genung. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

not at all fantastic, and deserves its own measure of respect. The very first condition necessary to the understanding of this remarkable book of our canon, is a knowledge of Jewish thought and history before and contemporaneous with Koheleth. We venture to think that Mr. Genung has not adequately met this condition. He dwells but slightly on the historical background, and then introduces us to the theory that Koheleth was a reaction against the immortality doctrine, recently adopted from the Greeks and pushed into prominence by the Pharisees. The preacher contends against living for a vague futurity, and insists upon living this present life to its utmost. Not that he speculatively denied a future life, says Mr. Genung, but that he feared that such a conception would induce his countrymen to accept a sordid view of religion, to forget the function of belief as a moulder of character, and to throw present duties into disarray by an unnatural preoccupation for a life to come.

We question whether this interpretation can stand. The vigorous, work-a-day Walt Whitman sort of philosophy, which it supposes in Koheleth, is very hard to find in him. And as for the opposition to Hellenism, it is impossible even to think of such a motive in Ecclesiastes. Mr. Genung would have done far better to have examined the book without a philosophical theory as to its nature, but with a critical openness of mind for straightforward evidence. Such expressions as that Koheleth teaches the "higher biology" show how far uncritical preconceptions have led our commentator astray. Still, in the introductory portion of the volume, and in the exegetical notes accompanying the translation, there are useful suggestions. It pains one to read in a serious work of "sizing up" a situation. One or two such lapses occur in the book; and who will say that they are not unpardonable?

SERMONS.

By Washington Gladden.

Where Does the Sky Begin? is the fanciful title of a volume of sermons,* by the Rev. Washington Gladden. They are good sermons from the points of view of easy style and sincere moral enthusiasm; but very saddening sermons from their feeble

* *Where Does the Sky Begin?* By Rev. Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

content of doctrine. Dr. Gladden thinks that such truths as original sin, an atoning sacrifice, and the absolute divinity of Christ have passed from human thought forever, because they are unreasonable, and offensive to the modern conscience. Yet these are the very substance of the Christianity of the Gospel of St. Paul, and of nineteen centuries of exalted sanctity. Was it left for us to convict St. John and St. Paul of superstition; and to say to the saints of every age: "We of this day and hour have found a higher principle of holiness than you possessed"? No error of this age is more charged with disaster than the delusion that pure Christian morality is separable from strict Christian doctrine. A marvelous cleansing out and setting in order would take place in the minds of men if they gave a little thought to the difference between holding to an ethical code and believing a revelation from God.

INFALLIBILITY AND THE SYLLABUS.
By Viollet.

M. Paul Viollet's pamphlet of one hundred and ten pages,* devoted to a historical and theological study of Papal infallibility and of the Syllabus, is a rather remarkable document. The scientific side of the work is guaranteed by the author's distinguished position as Member of the Institute, and as Professor of Civil and Canon Law at the *École des Chartres;* and its orthodoxy is attested by the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Besançon. It is dedicated, "*aux Chrétiens que des notions inexactes sur la Papauté retiennent en dehors du Catholicisme.*" Now, as these *notions inexactes* may all practically be reduced to this, that an infallible papacy leaves no room for independent thinking among Catholics, M. Viollet proceeds to give in his own pages an exhibition of a very striking sort of independent thinking. He lays down the limits of Papal infallibility according both to history and to the Vatican decree, and shows how very wide a field is left for the exercise of the individual Catholic's judgment even in matters wherein the pope has spoken. He says that in the last three hundred years there is only one papal utterance which is surely

* *L'Infaillibilité du Pape et le Syllabus; Étude Historique et Théologique.* Par Paul Viollet. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

and beyond doubt infallible, and this is Pius IX.'s definition of the Immaculate Conception. Not that every utterance of the supreme pastor is not to be reverentially received. Certainly it is to be so received; but there are plain privileges for our own minds, says M. Viollet, in cases of papal pronouncements of a non-infallible character. This he supports with some striking episodes in history.

As to the Syllabus, he shows to demonstration that it does not meet the requirements of an infallible pronouncement. That collection of previous censures and condemnations was, as a collection, not the work of Pius IX. at all, but, as Cardinal Newman said, of some anonymous compiler. It has received special papal recognition on four or five occasions since, it is true, but it has never been infallibly proclaimed. And as to the contents of the Syllabus, M. Viollet makes the point that it is absolutely impossible to understand some of the condemnations without going back to the content of the allocution in which they were originally delivered. For example, take the proposition condemned in the Syllabus, that the Roman Pontiff ought to reconcile himself with modern progress and civilization. Of all the propositions of this celebrated collection, this is the one that has most scandalized non-Catholics. M. Viollet maintains that this condemnation standing alone is a grave injustice to the papacy and to Catholicity. For, going back to the allocution in which it was first pronounced, we find that Pius IX. explains at length that the civilization with which he refuses to be reconciled is a civilization wherein religion should be persecuted and atheism triumphant. And certainly, if that is the meaning of his terms, no upright man will differ from him. M. Viollet's point is assuredly well taken. No man should comment upon the Syllabus, either in praise or censure, who has not read the expositions of its condemnations which, unfortunately, are not contained in the Syllabus itself. Not only fairness would dictate such a procedure, but the common elements of scientific method as well.

This is a thought-provoking little work of M. Viollet's, and those who have been prepared to understand it by a sufficient reading in theology and church history, will receive from it a mental stimulus of unusual vigor.

HOMER MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin's biographical sketch of her celebrated husband, Homer Martin, the landscape painter,* is an exquisite monograph. In the distinction of its perfect English, its reserve where there might have been enthusiasm, and its sincerity where there was room for flattery, it is a very model for biographers. We are sorry though that it is so brief. In that residence in England, in those meetings with famous artists, and in the happy months of that stay in France, there must have been ample matter for a delightful volume of reminiscences, of which we are vouchsafed but the faintest glimpse. So well-trained a pen as Mrs. Martin's should have been more generous with us. But what it has written is a beautiful memorial to a rare genius who, like so many others of great gifts, entered into his deserved repute only after he was dead.

THE SOUL'S ORBIT.

"The following pages," says the prefatory note to *The Soul's Orbit*,† "may on the whole be designated as a compilation or redaction, although some of them are, both in form and substance, from the compiler's own pen; some others in form, though not in substance; others again in neither. For the most part they are filled with the expanded notes of sermons, exhortations, and addresses; in some cases derelict MSS. have been redeemed from destruction, re-arranged and supplemented."

So the volume before us offers an opportunity for a pretty little piece of work in higher criticism. Who are the unknown contributors? Which portions belong to them, which to the nominal author? What are the reasons for this unusual method of procedure?

Towards the solution of this problem—which like all problems in criticism must, of course, remain unanswered for a considerable time—we can contribute one or two items that will at least suffice for the construction of a theory.

1. Note the character of a few extracts: "When we remember how rare and unusual is the power of psychological self-analysis; how the mere attempt at such an unwonted feat

* *Homer Martin.* A Reminiscence. By Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: William Macbeth.

† *The Soul's Orbit; or, Man's Journey to God.* Compiled with additions by M. D. Petre. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

leads the ordinary soul from darkness to darkness, and from confusion to confusion, through all the mire of self-occupation, and the tangle of scrupulosity; when, further, we recollect the utter inadequacy of even the most delicate wording to give truthful expression to what is before the eyes of conscience; and again, the unskilfulness of all but a very few, in the proper choice and adaptation of language, and the tongue-paralysis from which most suffer in expressing anything pertaining to the world of ideas and sentiments; remembering all this, we must allow that the confessor's aspect of the sin is, to a great extent, quite external and indirect, so far as it depends on the penitent's presentment."

"A schoolboy poking in the works of a valuable watch, with his pen-knife, can do little mischief compared with the quack doctor who dares to meddle with the infinite complexity of the human organism—pouring drugs, of which he knows little, into a body, of which he knows less. Yet the complexity of a watch is less distantly removed from that of a living body than the latter is from that of the soul and conscience."

"The aim of this work is to prepare such a devotional attitude of mind as will be undisturbed by any intellectual cataclysm."

"A fault on the right side is the defence alleged in favor of those whose eagerness for the rights of authority makes them deaf to all suggestions of its limits; who seek a short-sighted remedy for the long-standing evil of license in an overdose of its antidote. Nor do they understand that such overdosing in the past is responsible for some of the existing reaction."

"By love the soul lays hold of God and clings to him as ivy to the oak, without which support she would crawl helplessly on the earth."

2. Reference made to Maeterlinck, Zarathushtra, Plato, Dante, Whitman, Browning, Tennyson, Laberthonniere, Keble, Clough, evinces a breadth of sympathy and reading which confines the chance of authorship to a very limited group among known writers.

3. A certain luminious way of interpreting Holy Writ, allusions to fathers, saints, and theologians, occasional quotations in Latin, a dash of the method known as "the new apologetic," and a decided partiality for the "philosophy of action," all

these remind us very forcibly of a scanty group of recent Catholic writings which display these characteristics.

4. Miss Petre is, we have been assured by an American traveler, closely associated with the English Jesuits; and to our own knowledge one of the most prominent members of the society, Father Tyrrell, signed a preface to a preceding book of hers.

These items we advance as the possible supports of a theory that this most charmingly original and really valuable piece of spiritual writing must have been constructed with the assistance of some member or members of the Society of Jesus in England. To tell the truth, many of the pages might have come direct from the pen of Father Tyrrell himself. Possibly he is seeking to discover if his books would be read with equal avidity, were their author's name unknown; and if this is his motive, and the present volume is his work, we are inclined to think that the American sale of the book will be large enough to convince him that his American admirers know a good thing when they see it, and are hungry for spiritual books of the sort he writes, whether he himself be actually, virtually, interpretatively, or only in a reviewer's fancy, the author.

This book on America, *written by that keen observer and trained literateur, the Abbé Klein, as an outcome of his recent visit to this country, will be delightful reading for all patriotic Americans. For the abbé is an enthusiastic admirer of our people and our President, and of the "*Vie Intense*" so characteristic of both. He seems always to have fallen into hospitable hands, and to have enjoyed nearly every experience of his tour; and so his account of us is pervaded with a genial good-nature, and is pointed, of course, with a Frenchman's subtle wit. It is not, however, because he happened to meet kindly friends that he speaks well of us, but for reasons far deeper, and more creditable to us. He is captivated with our liberty, our progressiveness, and, above all, with the vigorous Catholicity of our American church. The church here is not legally tied to the state, and hence is not molested by the state. It is the church of the people; they support it; they love it; they are proud of it. The priests are not a

* *Au Pays de "La Vie Intense."* Par l'Abbé Félix Klein. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

caste in another world from the laity, but they mingle cordially and affectionally with their people; and the result is mutual friendliness and trust. And this, as is natural, powerfully affected the Abbé Klein, and seems to have turned his mind toward his beloved France with greater hopefulness for her future. Perhaps there too, his words sometimes imply, the church's salvation will be in cutting a bond which has been a captive's chain, and in committing her to the sustenance and care of the common people. Cardinal Perraud, in a complimentary letter to the author of this book, expresses the hope that French Catholics will take heart from seeing how the faithful in America have made their church prosper; and will themselves make sacrifices to save their stricken mother from her present mournful plight. Whether the Catholics of France have anything to learn from us or not, may they soon enter upon brighter days, and assert themselves with the sturdy vigor which we Americans hold to be so vital an element in individual and national character. As for our recent visitor, the Abbé Klein, we thank him for his kind account of the United States, and cannot forbear wishing for him a speedy return and a longer stay.

The Messrs. Benziger Bros. have done a service to good literature in bringing out a cheap paper-covered edition of Cardinal Wiseman's great story, *Fabiola*.* Years have done nothing to drag this little classic from its honorable rank as one of the greatest novels ever written about the early church.

A Prayer Book† with the name of Father Tillmann Pesch, S.J., upon the title-page, we might antecedently know, makes a special feature of the dogmatic foundation of devotion. This expectation is abundantly fulfilled; for in the course of the manual, proofs, answers to objections, and many deep hints upon the Christian philosophy of life are mingled with the exercises of prayer. It was a book well worth translating.

Father Garesche's readings and meditations upon *The Rosary*‡ are admirable. They throw fresh light upon the

* *Fabiola.* By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Catholic Manual.* By Tillmann Pesch, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *The Rosary.* Scenes and Thoughts. By Rev. F. P. Garesche, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

great mysteries commemorated in the chaplet, and will be gratefully appreciated by devout souls.

A revised edition of the *Manual of the Holy Name* has been issued by Benziger Brothers. It contains all the prayers, litanies, offices, etc., proper to the Society; and the prayers for Mass are printed in large, bold type.

A new edition has been published of *How to Pray*, by Abbé Grou, S.J., translated by Teresa Fitzgerald, with a preface by Father Clark, S J., London: Thomas Baker. This praisworthy and most useful treatise on prayer has been known for many years, and has often been recommended most heartily by THE CATHOLIC WORLD to its readers. We take pleasure in welcoming this second edition. It is a volume that ought to be known and studied by Catholics.

We take great pleasure in recommending again the now famous story, *The Romance of the Charter Oak*;* and we are pleased to say that a second edition of this story has been published. The book received many praiseworthy reviews on its first appearance, and it has won a definite and high place of honor among literary works for the young that deal with the early history of our country. We think it sufficient to repeat here the words of review published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, concerning this book, in 1871: "The delineation of that remarkable incident in Connecticut history, the seizing of the state charter from under the very eyes of the British authorities, and its secretion for many years in the famous Charter Oak, and the picture of the regicide Goffe living in perpetual fear of detection are well drawn. . . . No one who takes an interest in our early colonial history can fail to find, in reading these volumes, both pleasure and much historical information."

Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out two holiday books that will delight the little folk. Florence and Bertha Upton have written another Golliwogg book—this time it is

* *Romance of the Charter Oak.* By William Seton, LL.D. New Edition. New York: O'Shea & Co.

*The Golliwogg in Holland**—and the verses and pictures are as fantastic as ever. Then Mr. Andrew Lang, of course, could not let a Christmas go by without a new instalment of his "color" fairy books. We tremble to think what Mr. Lang will do twenty or thirty years hence, when he shall have run out of colors. At any rate we are safe for this year, and *The Brown Fairy Book*† is in our hands. It is enough to say of it that it is as entertaining as the Green, Yellow, Red, Blue, and we know not how many others of its predecessors.

We have just received word of some volumes which are in press, or in immediate preparation for printing, by the Catholic University of America. These volumes are: "Dr. Melody's *Physical Basis of Marriage;* Dr. Butin *On the Pentateuch;* Dr. Oswald's *Prepositions in Appollonius Rhodius;* Dr. Healy's *The Valerian Persecution; Responsibility and the Moral Life,* by Dr. O'Connor; *St. Francis, Social Reformer,* by Dr. Dubois; and Dr. Dubray's *The Theory of Psychical Disposition.* During the past year the University published three important contributions: Dr. Moore's *Study in Reaction-Time and Movement;* Dr. Trahey's *De Nominibus et Verbis Ennodi Hieronymique inter se collatis;* and Dr. Nieuwland's *Reactions of Acetylene.* This creditable array of recent publications illustrates the earnestness of the professors of the Catholic University of America in their efforts for the realization of the hopes of the University's founders, and indicates the distinguished character of the work which will be done to a much greater extent when the plans of the trustees for increasing the number of its students are in practical operation.

It is gratifying to learn that the trustees of the University have decided to proceed at once with the full development of undergraduate courses of study. Two motives impelled to this action: the desire of increasing the productivity of the University in all its departments, by the better preparation of young men for subsequent scientific investigation and research in the graduate classes and in the learned professions; and the urgent necessity of doing something to prevent the continued

* *The Golliwogg in Holland.* By Florence K. Upton and Bertha Upton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Brown Fairy Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

increase in the number of our young men attending non-Catholic institutions.

A gratifying recognition of the eminent standing of the Catholic University of America among our celebrated educational institutions has been received recently from the University of Berlin. A communication from that famous educational centre includes the Catholic University of America among the few American institutions whose bachelor's degree is accepted as the equivalent of the German requirements for admission to work for the doctorate in philosophy. Moreover, the three years' term of residence hitherto rigorously required there of all candidates for the doctorate has been shortened to three semesters, or one and a half years, for students who receive the baccalaureate degree from any one of these universities and who do some graduate work at them. In virtue of this privilege, American students who desire to obtain the doctor's degree at the University of Berlin may do a large part of the work at one of the recognized home institutions, and obtain credit for the same in Berlin.

These concessions are made only to the institutions in the Association of American Universities. This organization represents the highest attainments of American scholarship, being composed of Harvard, Clark, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, and the Catholic University of America in the East; and Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford in the West.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 Nov.): A very remarkable embassy was recently admitted to the Papal presence. It consisted of a number of the citizens of Lucca. Their intention was to advise the Holy Father as to the kind of archbishop he should choose for them. Inasmuch as theirs is a very select city, they explained that only a prelate of aristocratic lineage would be suitable. Doubtless they did not consider the fact that the Pontiff himself is the son of a peasant, and that their suggestion could easily be interpreted as an insult. The Holy Father was not at all pleased, and bade the petitioners return to their homes, prepared to receive whomsoever he might choose for them.——More excitement has been aroused in France by revelations concerning the iniquitous system of denouncing officers. It is shown that General André and M. Combes have debarred men from the Legion of Honor, simply because they were declared wanting in devotion to the republic, and found guilty of the heinous crime of going to Mass and sending their children to Catholic schools. These charges were set down in writing and signed by Gen. André.

(19 Nov.): The Archbishop of Westminster delivers an address to the Catholic teachers of his province. He defines the position of teachers in the present educational crisis, explains clearly their relation to the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, also their duties to both, and finally, urges them to uphold bravely the cause of religious education.

(26 Nov.): The clergy of the archdiocese of Westminster have been reminded that it is clearly contrary to instructions that women should form part of the official church choir.

(3 Dec.): In this and the two preceding numbers, there appears a series of articles in which the Rev. Dom André Mocquereau states and ably defends the position assumed by the Solesmes school of Plain Song. He contends that the integrity of the Gregorian melodies has been tampered with, and thereby ruin has been brought upon the Roman Plain Chant.

The Month (Dec.): Outlines, relative to the Immaculate Conception, the attitude and development of early English devotion. The writer quotes from manuscripts whose antiquity is beyond doubt. As early as the eighth century, the Saxons "greeted Mary with a warmth and tenderness which left little room for development in the times which were to follow." The insistence upon the two ideas (though not peculiar to England) of Mary's sinlessness in general, and the antithesis between her and Eve, paved the way for a more explicit pronouncement in the matter of original sin. An element further effecting devotion to Mary was the legendary history of our Lady's birth, as told in the Apocryphal Gospel attributed to St. Matthew. The Conception feast, which had begun to be kept before the Norman Conquest, was moreover made popular by the wide circulation of the narrative relating the Abbot Elsi's vision. But the festival celebrated in Saxon times on December 8, was simply a commemoration of the supposed historical fact of our Lady's birth, after an angel had been seen to visit her parents. Up to the time of Eadmer, it may be said that we hear nothing, at least explicitly, of the Immaculate Conception as we now understand it. Eadmer's treatise, *De Conceptione Beatæ Mariæ*, seems to have been written for the purpose of vindicating the Conception feast from the attacks which had been made on it. However modestly propounded by Eadmer himself, it is his doctrine which, after being attacked in the twelfth and following centuries, has at last received the seal of the church's dogmatic definition.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov.): In "Les Origines du Journalisme," M. Henry Bordeaux describes how public opinion, so powerful in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was formed and controlled when newspapers, strictly so-called, did not exist. The organization which then took their place in furnishing food to public curiosity was the *nouvellistes*. At their head must be placed Madame de Sévigné, whose letters form a faithful picture of the seventeenth century. The state, the theatre, travelers, the army, each had its corps of *nouvel-*

listes, or couriers, who informed and directed public opinions. These forerunners of modern journalists had their regular meeting places, sometimes the Luxembourg, sometimes the Pont Neuf, or even the lobby of the palace. La Bruyère, Montesquieu, and Mercier speak of them more or less satirically, but without questioning the fascination they exerted upon the restless crowd which was soon to overthrow altar and throne alike.——M. Paul Mimaude brings to a close his interesting articles on "Le Mamoul." The present installment gives his impressions of the social and religious life of the Hindoos, of which he has made a close study during prolonged visits to all the large cities of India. He represents these people as unchanged by all the political changes that have taken place in their country. And the reason is that for the Hindoo the word *country* represents no reality. He is the same to-day as he was in the time of Zoroaster or Confucius. The masters set over him trouble him not, so long as they leave untouched his religion and the superstitious customs which are ingrained in his nature. Nevertheless, in spite of this tenacity to the immemorial order of things, Catholics are allowed to practice their religion in peace, and need fear no disturbance in their ceremonies or their mode of life.

The Critical Review (Nov.): This number contains an article on recent tendencies in American philosophy, contributed by Professor W. Caldwell, of McGill University. He first treats of the rise and spread of "Neo-Kantianism" in this country, and says that Dr. W. T. Harris was undoubtedly its first and most celebrated expounder. The principles of Herbert Spencer's *Philosophy* were popularized and widely disseminated by the writings and lectures of John Fiske. Among other prominent psychologists the writer mentions Ladd, Hall, Royce, Münsterberg, Titchener, and J. M. Baldwin, indicating briefly their respective views and special fields of labor.

La Quinzaine (1 Dec.): V. R. d'Adhemar has an article on "Science and Philosophy," apropos of the discovery of radium. The writer shows that the province of science is restricted to facts, discoveries, and appearances of things, and insists on the necessity and rights of philoso-

phy to take these facts and discoveries for the purpose of reducing them to general laws. The law of the conservation of energy is an instance cited in proof of this. Science and philosophy should not oppose—rather, should assist—each other.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): M. Denis, by means of the "deadly parallel," convicts the official "Declaration" of the recent Congress of Free-thinkers in Rome of gross and stupid plagiarism.——M. A. de Meissas opens up an unusual problem of early church history in an inquiry into the ecclesiastical senate of the Roman church up to the time of Constantine.——M. Émile Baudaire utters some sharp censures of the methods of training and study now in vogue in the French seminaries. He says that the admission of a young man into a grand seminary by no means proves that he has the elementary culture which would be required of him if he presented himself at any other professional school. ——Dr. Koch continues his explanation of the "moral presence" of Christ in the Eucharist.——M. Denis criticises the theological systems called into being by the Protestant Reformation.

(Dec.): Discussing whether Diderot has a moral system or docrine, M. Roger Charbonnel answers in the affirmative: passing beyond deism he arrived at evolutionist materialism, upon which he endeavored, in vain, to found an ethical system.——M. Leclerc, Professor of Scripture, boldly treats the question of error in the Bible. It is now necessary, he contends, to face the actual situation, and, abandoning current subterfuges, admit the existence of scientific and historical error in the Bible. The dogmatic teaching of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican is not touched by the admission, consequently, he maintains, there is no dogmatic statement opposed to it.——M. Émile Baudaire continues his appreciation of the present system of intellectual formation in vogue in French seminaries, and suggests various improvements demanded by the conditions of the day.——M. Charles Denis continues his study of the origin of French Protestantism, dwelling chiefly on the opposition offered by the Parliaments. He contributes also an *aperçu* of the recently published work, *Goethe en France.*

Études (5 Dec.): This number is almost entirely given over to articles bearing on the Blessed Virgin and the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. In the September number of this year was an account of the feast of the Immaculate Conception and its rapid development in Europe. In this number an article on the dogma is contributed by Jean Bainvel. Scriptural and patristic references he does not insist upon; but he treats of the dogma as a part of the original deposit of faith handed down to the church by Christ. It has been a living idea transmitted by the living church. The definition of 1854 may well be considered the triumph of tradition. The writer mentions the names most prominent in connection with this dogma. He shows how controversy served to clear up men's ideas on the question, and in that way made ready for the final definition of 1854.

Revue Thomisté (Nov.–Dec.): In reply to a correspondent, who points out that the periodical *L'Ami du Clergé* seems to claim infallibility for the encyclicals of Leo XIII., Father Th. M. Pègues examines the value of encyclicals in the light of the principles of St. Thomas. He restricts very carefully the exercise of infallible authority on the part of the Pope. His conclusion is that the authority of the encyclical is not at all the same as that of the solemn definition. Its authority is no doubt great, it is even, in a certain sense, sovereign; it is to be received as the teaching sovereignty accepted in the church; but this adhesion is not the same as the adhesion demanded by the formal act of faith: "Il se pourrait, à la rigeur, que cet enseignement fût sujet à l'erreur."——Dom Renaudin discusses the definability of the Assumption.——M. T. Richard treats of the evils which have resulted from the abuse of scholasticism. The ancient scholastics never passed outside the school, and thereby missed a general culture; hypertrophy of the literary faculties; a tendency to pursue speculation without regard to fact; a supreme indifference to the paternity of literature, so that spurious and interpolated books have been received without question; these are some of the deplorable results which have come from undue devotion to the scholastic method.——In the scientific department there

is a synopsis (Pègues) of the recent work of Père Lacome, who severely criticises the contemporary school of exegesis, especially for its claim to pursue its critical work without seeking guidance from the theologians.

Razón y Fe (Dec.): P. Minteguiaga writes on the relations of church and state, against the exaggerated defenders of the civil power.——P. Murillo criticizes a German writer's view of the principles used in repelling the neo-critical school of Scriptural science.——P. P. Martinez & Sons write of religious conditions in Russia and Japan.

Rivista Internazionale (Nov.): S. Solano gives the views of the fathers of the Church upon slavery.——E. Agliardi describes the attempts to institute international protection of labor, beginning with Owen in 1811.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Nov.): Reprints from the *Manufacturer's Record*, of Baltimore, an article on the striking success of Italians as farmers in the southern part of the United States.——Cetre writes of all the reasons why the *non expedit* should be revoked, and says the persistent stand of the *Curia Romana* in this regard hinders the church's influence on the souls of the people.

(16 Nov.): J. reviews the *Life of Helen Keller*—one of the most beautiful and most useful of modern books.——E. S. Kingswan writes eulogistically of the Abbé Klein's *Au pays de "La Vie Intense";* and says that Robert Dell's appeal in the *Fortnightly Review* (Nov.) for an adaptation of ecclesiastical methods to the changed conditions of the age, deserves to be studied.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Nov.): Fr. Joseph Braun, S.J., concludes his series: "A Vanished Treasure of the Fourteenth Century." In this last paper he summarizes the description given in the *Inventory of Prague* of various sacred vessels, vestments, etc., the material of which they were made, the precious stones and metals with which they were adorned.——Fr. Pesch discusses, in a very lengthy article, some phases of the labor problem that have lately appeared in France and Germany.——Fr. Meschler has an article on the invocation, "Mother of Good Counsel," added to the Litany of Loretto by Leo XIII.——Fr. Baumgartner contributes a poem on the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FROM The Catholic Reading Guild of England an illuminated address in Italian was recently taken to Rome and presented to Pope Pius X. in private audience by the Archbishop of Trebizond. This guild, by the aid of donations, has supplied Catholic periodical literature to one hundred and ninety public libraries of Great Britain and India, copies of the New Testament and the *Imitation of Christ* were sent to fifty chaplains for distribution among the soldiers, together with a six-penny edition of *Fabiola*. An appeal for funds to continue the good work has been prepared by the treasurer, the Honorable Dudley Baxter, Shemming Grange, Birch, near Colchester, England.

The same line of service for the diffusion of Catholic literature, has been in operation for many years past among Reading Circles in the United States. As a central bureau of information The Columbian Reading Union has endeavored to co-operate with various local organizations by preparing lists of Catholic authors deserving of special recognition, and by suggesting ways and means of proclaiming their merits for the reading public at large. This explanation is here given for the inquirer who requested a list of Catholic books for a public library. Our attention has been called to the defects of the A. L. A. Catalogue of eight thousand volumes, prepared by the New York State Library, and the Library of Congress, which is put forth as the standard for all public libraries. It contains no work on Catholic philosophy; under the heading of Catholic Church it has three titles; no mention whatever of any book by John Boyle O'Reilly and other Catholic writers. The only justification that can be advanced for this exclusion, is that public funds may not be used to purchase sectarian literature. It is to be noted, however, that the complete set of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been admitted as a gift to one public library; and that many reading rooms, more or less sustained by voluntary donations, feel obliged in justice to keep on file at least one Catholic periodical. We hope that some one will find time to make a more complete list of the omissions in the Catalogue put forth in the name of the American Library Association. The eminent writers, of what may be regarded as standard literature for American readers, should not be boycotted on account of their race or creed, as that is plainly against the Constitution of the United States. From this point of view alone it can easily be proved that many books intended for the general reading public have been placed on the prohibited list without sufficient cause, and with very inadequate knowledge of their worth, simply because the writers were known as Catholics. Here is the opportunity for Reading Circles to make known the claims of Catholic authors, and to use all legitimate means to secure for them equal justice.

It is to be remembered that the Librarian of Congress is obliged to accept every book for which a copyright is given; hence it is that no other library could show an equal number of the books that should be mentioned in a complete bibliography of Catholic literature published in the United States,

and the books of general value written by Catholics. The evidence is not wanting that many books containing offensive sectarian attacks on Catholics are bought with public funds. Since October 5, 1897, a book has been in circulation approved by the Board of Education in New York City. It is entitled, *Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us*, written by William Elliot Griffis, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York. By request of a friend we examined this breezy publication, and feel obliged to decide that it is unsuitable for non-sectarian schools. The author vomits forth scorn and detestation against Catholics, and unlimited praise for their opponents in the days of fierce religious dissension. On page 185 we are informed that the Dutch Calvinists "feared God and nothing else"; that they were particularly strong in their defiance of "royal upstarts and mushroom popes." Our friend suggests that cabbage-head upstarts would balance the statement better. Elsewhere, on the same page, the author makes a strong plea for Calvinism as taught in the Genevan republic by Calvin himself. For the first time we learn in this book, page 147, that William of Orange was "recognized by all parties as the man to keep the peace." Surely this is a plea for sectarianism of the most boisterous type.

* * *

We have received from the president of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio, the following letter:

It is with much regret that I have to inform you that the support accorded our publication, *The Philippine Islands—1493–1898*, has been so inadequate that we are facing a serious financial loss upon it. We have issued the work faithfully from month to month, and expect to complete it and fulfil our obligation to those who have supported it, even at a loss to ourselves. Thus far, less than one hundred sets have been placed in this country, although a larger number have been placed in the important libraries of Europe, India, Australia, the Far East, and the Philippines. Of the sets in this country nearly all are in public institutions; the remainder are in large private collections, which are not likely to come into the market for many years, if ever.

With much regret we are now compelled to limit the edition to the number of sets actually ordered. Beginning with Volume XXII., to be published February 1, 1905, only enough of each volume will be printed to fill orders received before that date. Of the volumes already issued, the excess above the subscribed number will then be destroyed, and the work will never be reprinted.

1. It is the only work making these sources available in any language, particularly the English, and its usefulness and importance to public men, students, and in large private libraries must increase from year to year, particularly when the current volumes cover more recent years, and when the index volumes make those sources more easily available.

2. It is the only work giving the complete history of the Roman Catholic Church in the islands, and of the work done by its great religious orders.

3. Archbishop Messmer says: It appeals to American Catholics with a twofold power of interest and importance based on their loyalty to church and country. *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* says: It is hoped that all educational institutions are placing it on their shelves.

4. Readers will be referred to this set by all future writers on the islands, and it will have a prominent place in future bibliographies.

5. Limited to so few sets as the work must now be, it will not be procurable later; only seven sets exist outside of public institutions, and all free sets for review must be discontinued.

On account of the expense it will be impossible again to call this matter to your attention, and I sincerely hope that we may secure an adequate support for this great historical work. We shall not be able to fill any orders received after February 1, 1905.

The publishers have acted wisely in making known the facts of the case to the reading public. It would be lamentable that their generous undertaking, which has national importance, should involve financial loss. Catholics especially have much to gain by the correct statement of facts regarding the Philippine Islands. It is estimated that the complete work will require fifty-five volumes; price four dollars a volume. The publishers will furnish on application the detailed prospectus, with a list of the questions selected to guide this extended historical investigation.

Beginning with the earliest discoveries of Spanish navigators and the descriptions of the early explorers, the history of the islands is traced during a period of over four centuries, by means of official documents, narratives of missionaries, and historical works—the original sources for our knowledge of the islands and their inhabitants. Of prime importance in this field is the history of the missions conducted, since the re-discovery by Legazpi and Urdaneta, by the great religious orders in the Roman Catholic Church—of which the missionaries have left many and often voluminous reports; these writers, too, have supplied much valuable information on the secular history of the islands. Besides the material furnished by them, the series will include descriptive accounts of the islands and their peoples, written by the early navigators and by travelers from foreign lands; reports and letters from Spanish officials; royal decrees; and papal bulls and briefs. Few persons are aware of the vast amount of material available for Philippine history; and in this enterprise the effort has been made for the first time to render that material accessible, not only to scholars but to the general public.

The necessary limitations of an historical work compel the editors to select for publication only the most important documents and books; but these have been chosen with especial reference to the breadth of the field, and with the endeavor to allot to each subject space proportioned to its interest. Especial care has been taken to depict the social, economic, commercial, political, and religious conditions of the Filipino peoples, from their earliest relations with European nations until the close of the nineteenth century. In the presentation of these documents, and in all editorial comment thereon, an entirely impartial attitude will be preserved, free from any personal bias, either political or sectarian. It is confidently expected that this matter, thus presented, will throw light on present conditions in the archipelago, both secular and ecclesiastical, and thus aid in the solution of the difficult questions now confronting the American people in the Philippines.

Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O.P., author of the book *The Friars in the Philippines*, gave a lecture in the City Hall, Lawrence, Mass., on Sunday,

November 27. He dwelt strongly on the persecution which the church is undergoing at present at the hands of the half-breed and Filipino, Freemasons, Freethinkers, and Atheists, as well as the Aglipayan and revolutionary elements of the islands. Father Coleman returned some months ago from a long tour of investigation which he made in the Philippines, and intends bringing out another book on the subject.

* * *

To counteract any injurious effects from the report of Miss Helen Gould's committee, appointed to decide certain questions relating to the Bible, it would be well for Catholics to know that the Right Rev. Monsignor Vaughan, Canon of Westminster, England, has already published the best manual for the popular study of the Bible in the English language. It was prepared first as a series of popular lectures. These took so well and drew out so many questions even from non-Catholic hearers and readers—for the demand for them led to their reproduction in the press—that, on the urging of Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, the author has brought them out in book form. The cardinal stated his approval in these words:

Your book furnishes quite sufficient knowledge on leading points to enable the people to read the sacred text with intelligence, appreciation, and reverence.

Father Gigot's excellent books on Scriptural study also deserve a wide circulation at this time.

* * *

A prisoner has written a most pathetic appeal for reading matter to the editor of the *Pilot*. The former editor, John Boyle O'Reilly, in his wonderful book entitled *Moondyne*, presented a strong plea for sympathy to those in bondage, especially for political offences.

Rev. J. W. Maher, Catholic chaplain of the state institution of Rhode Island, gave further information in the following letter:

As Catholic chaplain of the state prison, I heartily endorse the request for good literature, such as that found in your paper, for our prisoners. It is, as you suggest, a want that can be easily satisfied by good persons if brought to their notice.

The Warden of Rhode Island State Prison, Andrew J. Wilcox, gladly accepted the offer to circulate a copy of the Boston *Pilot* among the prisoners. This is a question of general interest for all who have Catholic papers at their disposal. How often are they thrown in the waste basket? In every diocese there is some provision made for Catholic visitors to the prisons. Let them arrange to bring specimens of Catholic magazines and papers to enlighten those in darkness. For obvious reasons the daily papers, with startling headlines devoted to the annals of crime, are not acceptable, and must be refused by the prison authorities.

* * *

The *New World*, of Chicago, refers to a recent report as follows:

Some attention deserves to be paid to the lady's (Marquise des Monstiers Merinville) statement that since living in Europe her eyes have been opened to what the chureh really is. Very well. Two months ago the daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, came into the church. She has

lived in Europe quite as long as the marquise. Marian Crawford, too, is surely as familiar with European Catholicism as the marquise can claim to be. He came into the church and has remained. Baron Russell, of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, must have been pretty familiar with the church in Europe; still he lived and died a Catholic. Does the lady know Europe better than did Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor of Germany? He never deserted the faith. Last year Frau Hahn, the woman suffrage leader of Germany, became a Catholic. Possibly she knows Europe. Madame Lindbrog, the Madame de Staël of Denmark, became a Catholic last year. Why did she not have her eyes opened? And the famous critic, Ferdinand Brunetiere—is he not as well acquainted with Catholicity in Europe as the marquise may dare pretend to be? Still he became a Catholic about two years ago. So did Huysmans; so have at least five hundred more eminent in law, philosophy, history, art, literature, theology, science, war, and statesmanship. A mere list of their names would fill two pages of this journal.

* * *

On good authority the statement is made that one of the stock arguments urged for the defeat of President Roosevelt by the A. P. A., in the recent campaign, was that he had appointed a Catholic, Charles J. Bonaparte, on the Indian Commission. Mr. Bonaparte was a candidate on the Republican electoral ticket of Maryland. Maryland went Democratic with just one exception. Seven Democratic electors were chosen, but the whole ticket was headed by the Republican, Mr. Bonaparte. Democrats and Republicans united to choose him by a larger vote than was given to any other candidate on either ticket.

His case was unique in this remarkable election, and it speaks well for Maryland that her Democratic voters paid such an honor to a political opponent. Like the election of Folk, in Missouri, it means that the people are placing honesty above party, even in a national campaign.

That means a great deal. It is a warning to the political bosses that they can no longer rely on the voters to follow them blindly in supporting any candidate because he represents the straight party ticket. It is another kind of straightness that is in demand. It was not even necessary to organize the forces behind Mr. Bonaparte. His character and record were enough to win the popular endorsement. Similarly the politicians who looked upon the Irish vote as a sure asset of one political party, woke up on the day after election to find that vote gone over in hundreds of thousands to a candidate whose hold on their affections lay all in his honesty and courage and love of fair play. He has made it a point always to give every one a square deal. When the time came, they gave him a square deal in return.

It was well known that the A. P. A. organization did everything possible to defeat President Roosevelt when he was nominated for Governor of New York. The future historian should note the fact that this un-American outgrowth from the Orange lodges may now be considered officially buried under a great avalanche of patriotic votes.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Studies. By Dr. J. R. Gasquet. Edited by Dom H. N. Birt, O.S.B. Introduction by Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B. *Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon.* Selected by Lady Amabel Kerr. Pp. 101. Price 25 cents. *Fabiola.* By Cardinal Wiseman. Pp. 324. Price 25 cents. Paper. *The Ruler of the Kingdom.* By Grace Keon. Pp. 270. Price $1.25. *The Middle Ages.* By Rev. T. J. Shahan, S.T.D. Pp. 432. Price $2 net. *Shadows Lifted.* By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. (Cuthbert.) Pp. 262. Price 85 cents. *Letters of Blessed John of Avila.* Translated and selected by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Pp. 168. Price $1.10 net. *Vera Sapientia; or, True Wisdom.* From the Latin of Thomas à Kempis. By Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D.D., V.G. Pp. 204. Price 75 cents net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Perfect Contrition. By Rev. J. Von Den Driesh. Translated by Rev. J. Slater, S.J. Pp. 31. Price 5 cents. 45 cents per dozen. *The Gospel Applied to Our Times.* By Rev. D. S. Phelan. Pp. 473. Price $2 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Abbess of Vlaye. By Stanley J. Weyman. Pp. 423. Price $1.50. *Adventures of King James II.* By the Author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby, Rochester,* etc. With Introduction by Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D. Pp. 502. Price $4.80 net. *The Epistles of Erasmus.* Vol. II. By Frances Morgan Nichols. Pp. 638. Price $6 net.

WESTMINSTER ART AND BOOK COMPANY:

A Life of Pope St. Gregory the Great. By a Monk of the Monastery of Whitby (probably about A. D. 713). From MS. Galleu 576. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D. Pp. 46.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE. Washington, D. C.

Department of Commerce and Labor. No. 55, November, 1904. *Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor.* Pp. 1491-1692; vii. *International Union of American Republics.* November, 1904. *Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics.* Vol. XVIII Pp. xxii.—355-702. *Eighth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor.* 1903. Pp. 865.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

Twenty-nine Chats and One Scolding. By Rev. Fred. C. O'Neill. Pp. 291.

B. W. HUEBACH, New York:

Moral Education. By Edward Howard Griggs. Pp. 296. Price $2 net.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. Pp. 597. Price $1.50 net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story: My Fifteen Lost Years. By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick. Illustrated. Pp. viii.–394. Price $1.20 net.

JOHN D. MORRIS & CO., Philadelphia:

Irish Literature. Vol. X. By Justin McCarthy, M.P., Editor-in-Chief. Pp. xxv.-416. Illustrated.

METHUEN & CO., London:

Hurrell Froude: Memoranda and Comments. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Seven Illustrations. Pp. xix.-439. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

WILLIAM MACBETH, New York:

Homer Martin; A Reminiscence. By Mrs. E. G. Martin. Twelve Illustrations. Pp. ix.-58. Price $1.50 net.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore:

The Waters of Lethe. By Lida L. Coghlin. With Illustrations by Clara M. Coghlan. Pp. 310. Price $1.25.

OLIVER A. QUAYLE, State Legislative Printer, Albany:

Eighth Annual Report of the State Commissioner of Excise of the State of New York. For the year ending September 30, 1904. Pp. xliv.-616.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Pathfinders of the West. By A. C. Laut. Illustrations by Goodwin, Marchand, and others. Pp. xxv.-368.

LA VERDAD COMPANY, Guadalajaro, Mexico:

Miss Diana Vaughan, Priestess of Lucifer. By Herself, now a nun. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. Eugene Rickard, Meath, Ireland. Paper. Pp. xii.–202. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

L'Infaillibilité du Pape et le Syllabus. Par Paul Viollet. Pp. 110.

Legislative Library Ontario

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

I.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

WHEN the tide of agnosticism was at its highest in the nineteenth century, many, the enemies of supernatural religion, believed that their most destructive arguments were furnished to them by the physical sciences. A leader, however, in sureness of vision vastly superior to his followers, declared that rationalistic criticism of the Bible, which had begun before physical science had entered upon its triumphant career, and which was carrying on its work with but slender aid from physical discovery, was the real enemy of Christian faith.

It will not be disputed that, within the pale of Protestantism, this has been the case. For Protestantism the Bible was the supreme and all-sufficient rule of faith. It was practically regarded as a book sent down from heaven. Every page, every line, every word in it was vouched for by Eternal Truth. Every sentence in it might be detached from its context, and laid down as a categorical proposition with the preamble, *Thus sayeth the Lord.* When dogmatic Protestantism was compelled to abandon this position, under the fire of what has been called the higher criticism, it started on a path in which there was no logical resting place short of it ceasing to regard the Bible as anything more than a merely human production.

Never, on the contrary, has Catholic dogma presented the Bible as a book fallen from heaven and merely registered by

men. A double authorship, human and divine, has always been recognized in it by the church. And because she has done so, she is in a position to accept all the new knowledge that the sciences, paleontology, archæology, philology, furnish, without detriment to her unvarying doctrine that the Scriptures are the inspired Word of God. Notwithstanding all calumnies to the contrary, the church has no dread of the light. The most cursory inspection of our contemporary theology and biblical literature is sufficient to show how extensively they have taken into account the knowledge that has been gained from modern investigation of nature, and the resuscitation of the long buried past. No fact that has been indubitably established, in any realm of research, has been found incompatible with our synthesis of authoritative doctrine. In many instances, it is is true, some old opinions, even long entertained and widely spread, have been dissolved, but dogmatic doctrine comes out of the ordeal in clearer splendor. "Our faith," says an eminent scholar, to whom we shall frequently refer in the course of this paper, "has nothing to fear from truth, from whatever side it may come. The objective study of the Bible will weaken neither the dogma of inspiration nor the fact of revelation; it will merely overturn some old system or another, and oblige us to modify opinions rendered dear by force of habit, by prejudice, or the spirit of inertia."

Many of the old opinions referred to above are in possession among the masses of the laity, and have been imbibed from the same sources as the truths of religion. The obvious dictate of prudence is that the minds of the faithful must not be subjected to the shock that would attend any violent disentanglement of the two elements. Speaking generally, although the parasitical growth which once adorned the robust trunk of faith and blended with the foliage, now, because its roots are cut and its leaves are withering, seems to throw the shadow of decay over the imperishable tree of life to which it clung, nevertheless its removal were best left to the slow but sure hand of time. With a zeal belonging to the temperament fostered in the atmosphere of the closet and the library, some well-meaning persons, on the plea that intellectual honesty and the conditions of the day demand it, advocate an opposite policy, which would cram the babes and sucklings with food

that can be given safely only to mature minds and in judicious measure. They would introduce into the Sunday-School Father Gigot on Genesis, or even Father Hummelauer's latest exposition of the doctrine of inspiration, if they would stop short of adding to the lessons on the decalogue and the deluge commentaries on the code of Hammurabi and the Babylonian flood-myth. The wisdom that presides over our religious instruction will not commit this mistake.

The practical problem is complicated by a factor which is not to be neglected. Usually safety, like virtue, lies in the mean. The proportion of Catholics who read serious literature is increasing. The results obtained by scientists and experts in every branch of inquiry are reaching the people through every channel of popularization. Not alone the schoolmaster, but also the professor of history, of philology, of Oriental archæology, is abroad in the land. Information that was not long ago the exclusive possession of the few is becoming the property of the many. Not merely in writings, treating directly of religious and ethical topics, but in the magazine article, in the newspaper editorial, in the public lecture, in half of the novels that appear now, one frequently finds the thoughts interwoven with the tacit assumption that a supernatural Bible is among the creeds which have had their day and ceased to be.

In a hundred ways, the fact that Protestants through the advance of knowledge have been driven, against all their prejudices, traditions, and inclinations, to abandon their old faith, is perpetually dinned into Catholic ears. Our people understand well enough the essentially different position which the Bible occupies in Catholicism. If cross-questioned on the subject, they would be found to stand on the principle of St. Augustine: *I would not believe the Scriptures but on the authority of the church.* But most of them understand also that authoritative teaching is that the Bible contains no errors. The sum of all this pressure results often in an uneasiness which manifests itself in such questions as: "Must I believe that original sin was caused by the eating of a real apple; that the serpent really spoke to our first mother; that God was walking in the garden taking the afternoon air; that the deluge covered the tops of Chimborazo and deposited the ark on the top of Mount Ararat; that the ark actually contained specimens of all the animals in creation; etc., etc.?"

One rapidly increasing class experiences still more acutely the need of more enlightenment than it has usually received. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the clergy, an appallingly large number of our Catholic young men are going to non-Catholic universities, in which they breathe an atmosphere impregnated with rationalism and free-thought. They have not learned to distinguish between what Father Prat calls "old systems and opinions" and obligatory Catholic truth. They find that many of the former are incompatible with indisputable knowledge. This discovery shakes their confidence. Then arises a struggle, which, in some minds, is tragically brief, between intellectual honesty and religious loyalty. In others, the instinct of faith, if the expression may be permitted, together with some acquaintance with the history of lost causes, bursts its way through the impasse, by reaching the decision that any beliefs hopelessly in conflict with scientific truth, whatever dignity they may have arrogated to themselves, are no teaching of the infallible church. A case of this kind, which has recently fallen under the notice of the present writer is typical rather than phenomenal. The assurance of a prudent and experienced missionary, that the publication of the following correspondence may be of service to many uneasy minds, is responsible for its appearance in print.

II.

—— UNIVERSITY,
November 5, 1904.

REVEREND DEAR SIR:

I have been recommended by A. to write to you regarding certain religious matters which, for some time past, have been causing me not a little anxiety; and I trust that you will pardon this intrusion upon your time by one entirely unknown to you, and forgive my boldness because of the need in which I find myself of some spiritual help. Is not instruction of the ignorant ranked among the spiritual works of mercy? To come at once to the point, I am about to be graduated from this university. I was raised, and I humbly trust I may still call myself, a strict Catholic. Never in my life, not even after I was confronted with the difficulties which I am going to propose to you, have I had any serious doubt about the truth of the Catholic faith. My earlier education I

acquired as a day pupil of N—— College, in X——, which I attended until eighteen years of age. In my last year I obtained the premium in Christian Doctrine.

As soon as I began to make acquaintances, in my present place of study, I observed that alongside of much sincerely Christian belief and conduct there existed, I will not say a rejection of Christianity, but rather an apprehensive questioning of its claims, and a half-entertained conviction that it is underminded by modern learning. Please do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to say that irreligion prevails here, that would not be true; but simply, among the more serious of my college friends, there is observable a fear mingled with regret that the march of intellect has left Christianity weakened and wounded. This feeling is almost entirely directed upon the Bible. As soon as I began to talk with my friends here I found that they considered the Old Testament to be a collection of the literature of the Hebrew people, made up, like the literature of every other early people, of myths, legends, tribal superstitions, customs, prayers, institutions, and a little history on a par with Livy's account of the foundation of Rome.

In my college days I had hardly any acquaintance with the Old Testament itself, but I aways understood that everything in it was revealed by God, and therefore absolutely true. I know that the great doctrine of original sin and the fall of our first parents the church teaches to be recorded in a chapter of Genesis. When I learned of the information contained in Jastrow's *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*, as well as in other works which are studied here, I found I could no longer believe in much of the Bible. I was forced to reject as ridiculous the theory that the world and man are of such recent origin as the Bible teaches. I was shown a long list of palpable contradictions in the text; and could not deny that several of them were obvious, such as in the two accounts of the flood, or the two accounts of David's meeting with Saul. I am not in the least shaken in my faith, and believe there must be some way out, but I cannot see it.

When discussing the matter with my friends I insist that Catholics need not be afraid, since they have the divine promise of infallibility to the church; they invariably bring up the fact that the church condemned as false the truth of the earth's diurnal motion; and they maintain, with Lecky and

Draper and White, that the Catholic Church has ever resisted science.

I went lately to a priest whom I know with the question: May we not believe that the Bible is not without errors, in history and in its accounts of those affairs which belong to science, and still be good Catholics? He told me positively that Leo XIII. had declared that in the Bible there are no errors of any kind; and that to say the contrary was to deny the infallibility of the Pope, and so become a heretic. I called next on one of the fathers attached to a local college. He assured me I could look with perfect unconcern upon any and all advances of learning. Whatever was to be the final issue, he said, the church would be in perfect accordance with it. He said that any discrepancies in the Bible could easily be accounted for by errors of those who, in early ages, copied the original manuscripts, or by defects in translations. After some cautions, which I recognized to be reasonable and useful, he gave me a book written by a member of his order, which professed to be a systematic summary of Catholic teaching for the use of university students. I cannot believe that this book is a correct statement of our faith; it has only increased my difficulties. It speaks of "The Sacred Books being absolutely free from error"; it declares that man appeared on earth about four or five thousand years ago; and that "the most ancient nations, Egypt, Babylonia, and China, according to their trustworthy history, may have had their beginning not far from the year 4,000 B. C., a date which may be easily reconciled with the date given in Genesis." Then it dismisses the subject with some wretched insinuations to the effect that archæologists deal in unproved assumptions, and that geologists have abandoned all opposition to Moses. It is painful to read talk of this nature. It can serve only one purpose, viz., to provide proof that Catholics cannot afford to acknowledge the results of modern science. This I do not believe; so I write to you for help. Give me, please, the idea of the Bible which, as a Catholic, I must hold, and, as a thinking man, I can respect. To help me may cost you some valuable time; but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you will have conferred an inestimable service on me, and that I shall remain ever

Yours, with the deepest gratitude,

X. X.

III.

MY DEAR SIR:

To reply to the enquiry with which you have honored me, by offering you any merely personal solution of your difficulties, would be presumptuous on my part, and unsatisfactory to you. A more excellent way will be to introduce you to the pronouncements of some of our acknowledged leaders who, under the *imprimatur* of authority, are aligning the position of biblical exegesis so as to make it consistent with the modern knowledge which you find to be incompatible with old interpretations that have reached us from other times. From a goodly number of available guides we shall select two whose eminence is a pledge that in following them you are treading the safe path of orthodoxy. One is the Dominican, Father Lagrange,* whose presence on the Biblical commission appointed by Pope Leo wins for it the respect of all scholars, and places him beyond the range of suspicion. To the name of the other, the Reverend Father Prat,† are appended the letters, S.J., which carry with them an attestation of uncompromising opposition to any leanings towards liberalism.

Before taking up your specific difficulties it will be well to note how these scholars repudiate the charge that the Catholic Church ignores science and criticism because their disclosures are fatal to her intellectual position—a charge which summarizes all the counts in the long indictment drawn up against her biblical teaching. After referring to the paucity of the historical knowledge possessed by our old Scripturists and theologians, Father Prat writes: "All that is greatly changed now. Civilizations, lost for five thousand years, now rise from the tomb; these mighty monarchs, whose very names had perished, live and move again before our eyes; we study their features, we calculate their annals, we read their feats and achievements, swollen, naturally, by a naïve vanity, but perfectly authentic. Paleography, linguistics, ethnology, geography, all the sciences ancillary to history have advanced with equal stride. These are for us sources of information that can amount to certitude; or, at least, to that high degree

* *La Methode Historique.* Par Le P. Marie-Joseph Lagrange, Des Frères Précheurs. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1904.

† *La Bible et l'Histoire.* Par Le R. P. F. Prat, S.J. Paris: Libraire Bloud et Cie. 1904.

of likelihood formed by a conveyance of probabilities which, practically, is hardly to be distinguished from it. Consequently a historic fact regarded as certain may enter into collision with a biblical assertion, or rather with an interpretation that has hitherto been considered as the true sense of the Bible."* Father Lagrange speaks, even more explicitly, in a similar strain: "No Catholic exegete may pretend that he is not amenable to the dogmatic judgment of the church, but no authority can exempt our productions, as far as their scientific part is concerned, from the judgment of competent men, nor prevent it from being used against the church, if it demonstrates a real shortcoming. What would be put forth as Catholic interpretation would do as much harm to our faith as rash exegesis would, and would tend to create a mentality that would not be worthy of the church."† Immediately he goes on to acknowledge that scientific progress necessitates the abandonment of many beliefs that have been long enshrined in our theology and apologetics, and, as your troubles indicate, have not yet disappeared: "Alongside the dogmas of faith, which are the life of our souls, and the world's salvation, and are not to be touched—even by a pious hand—for the purpose of transforming them, the exegetes—not the church—loaded themselves with a goodly number of pretended dogmas, literary and historical, a light burden for the metaphysical Middle Ages, since nothing is impossible to God, a burden that had already become onerous in Renaissance times, one which Protestantism shouldered with a light heart, as the price of escape from pontifical authority, one which grew heavier and heavier because constantly increased by the more or less happy solutions of commentators, and now decidedly intolerable for a century initiated into a knowledge of Oriental antiquity."‡

Both of our authors deplore that due attention has not always been given to a warning of St. Augustine, repeated by St. Thomas in the following terms: "With regard to maxims commonly taught by philosophers, I consider it safer to avoid equally two courses: one, that of presenting them as articles of faith; the other, that of rejecting them as contrary to the sacred Scriptures; so that we may not furnish learned men an occasion for deriding our dogmas."§ The passage from St. Au-

* *Ib.*, p. 7. † *La Methode Historique*, p. 17. ‡ *Ib.*, preface, p. xix. § Prat, p. 23.

gustine runs as follows: "It often happens that an unbeliever, through observation and investigation, knows with certainty the movements, the revolutions, the magnitude, and the distance of the stars, eclipses of sun and moon, the nature of animals, vegetables, minerals, and such like matters. It is a shame and a danger that a Christian should, in the name of the Bible, pronounce lightly upon these questions."* In his context Father Prat lays down the principle which ought to guide the biblical interpreter: "Augustine establishes two categories of truths: those which have for their object nature, in which savants alone are competent; and those which concern faith, in which their incompetence is absolute. We accept the first kind of truths on their word, when accompanied with satisfactory proof, and we show that the Bible properly interpreted is not in conflict with them; as to the other sort, we deny to the unbeliever the right to meddle with them; they form the inalienable domain of the believer enlightened by revelation. In dogmatic matter, the rule of morals and the analogy of faith guides us; in scientific affairs it is proper to avail ourselves of the guidance of specialists."†

The attitude of our leaders in Scriptural criticism has nothing in common with the spirit which, while making eloquent profession of its willingness to respect the claims of science at large, invariably disparages and rejects, on some empty pretext, every scientific conclusion that comes into collision with old opinions. Apologetic literature of the last sixty or seventy years furnishes many pages that might be quoted to lend plausibility to his statement by the writer who has said that theologians are "persons who profess great devotion to the interests of advancing knowledge in general, while the particular advance in knowledge at any time going on, somehow never happens to be the one which they think fit to honor with their favor; of each new trophy which science has from time to time laboriously won, these opponents have hastened to declare: 'Behold it is the last.'" The sincerity of our best contemporary scholarship will be manifested by a few typical extracts, which will at the same time serve to lay at rest your perplexities concerning biblical chronology and patriarchal tables.

"In the eyes of the most moderate and the most solid

* *Ib.*, p. 22. † *Ib.*

science the world is much older than people formerly believed, no longer is the history of the human race enclosed within compass of the patriarchal genealogies; the deluge has not submerged *all* the surface of the globe, the list of peoples enumerated in the tenth chapter of Genesis does not embrace *all* humanity; the scene of Babel had not for actors *all* the men then living; and Catholic exegetes, most jealous of their orthodoxy, do not fear to add to the age of the world, to push back the first appearance of man upon earth, to insert intermediary links in the chain of biblical genealogies, to admit that the word *all*, in the passages in question, is to be understood as of a relative universality limited by the visual horizon of the inspired author." *

Here Jesuit and Dominican walk arm in arm. Father Lagrange writes: "Humanity is very old and the Hebrew people relatively very young. This is a proposition which nobody can deny. I do not rely here upon what has been called prehistory (prehistoire). I take up but a single argument permitting us to compare the Hebrews with a great neighboring people. And let us remark that independent savants are not all the time bent upon swelling the chronology. On reading certain apologists one would believe that the savants added thousands of years just for fun." † The argument, which need not be quoted in full, is based upon the fact that between the reign of the Babylonian king, Nabonnedos, and the reign of his predecessor, Naram-Sin, a period of 3,200 years elapsed; that, on the most moderate calculation, based not upon legend or conjecture, but upon written documents, the first Chaldean monarchs antedate our era by 4,000 years: "What is the conclusion? That this civilization, religion, language, writing had then reached a maturity which forbids us to calculate the date of their origin. We see only that during the following 3,500 years the language and the writing had not sensibly changed. Judge, then, of the time required for the language to have differentiated itself from the other Semitic tongues."

The tactic of rejecting science, because all scientists are not in agreement as to details, is not found in Father Lagrange's manual of arms: "Let us cease to struggle against the evidence, to shuffle about Manetho having added contemporary dynasties to his list, to banter the Chinese about their

* *Ib.*, p. 26. † Pp. 196-7.

fabulous antiquity. Here there is no question of geological chronometers more or less authentic. All the computations of savants may be erroneous; hence the wisest abstain from a too precise arithmetic. When all is said, it is incontestable that about 4,000 B. C., there existed, in Egypt and Chaldea, two civilizations profoundly different and extremely old. We put aside the anthropologists who demand the time sufficient to progress from the savage state to an administrative system, on many points as complicated as our own. We assume at the beginning a race active, intelligent, endowed with the social sense; an incalculable time will still be required before it can speak this language already age worn, write this alphabet already transformed, and acquire this civilization and artistic development, especially when we remember that in all these things three thousand years wrought scarcely any variation; and the argument increases in force when we admit the unity of the human race and of primitive language."*

The above passage occurs in a conference to an audience in which the speaker had reason to suspect there were some who would fain cling to time-honored interpretation; so he, fully alive to the actual value of the warning given by St. Thomas against exposing our faith *ad irrisiones infidelium*, drives home his conclusions: "Gentlemen, whether we like it or not, an immense empty space stretches between the creation of man and the time of Abraham. What took place there we shall probably never know. If we wish to extend a little the domain of history, we may betake ourselves to Chaldea, where we find dynasties that may be classified according to their place and time. But it is evident that the first chapters of the Bible are not at all a history of humanity, nor even of one of its branches, because if they were, we should scarcely have one fact for every thousand years, and it we could not locate."† Again: "The people that furnishes us with the most ancient documents, anterior by two or three thousand years to Moses, the most ancient biblical author known to tradition, possesses nothing historic concerning those immense, sombre periods (that have preceded Abraham) truly plunged in the night of time."‡

Having previously observed that such great men as Bossuet and Pascal had looked upon as irrefragable the old argument

* P. 196. † P. 216. ‡ P. 209.

which professed to prove the historic veracity of Moses by showing that his witnesses extended in an uninterrupted chain from himself to the first man—"Sem, who saw Lamech, who had seen Adam, saw, at least, Abraham, and Abraham saw some who saw Moses"—Father Lagrange reminds his hearers that the great theologian and the great philosopher were obliged to think within the intellectual limitations of their age. "But," with the broadmindedness of the true historical critic, he says: "do not be so unjust to Bossuet and Pascal as to fancy that they would have obstinately maintained their position if they had known as much as we know. In their age we should have thought as they, and spoken not so well."*

You will, I am satisfied, never again experience any uneasiness relative to the alleged conflict between science and biblical chronology. A personal recollection—pardon a reference to it—has prompted me, even at the risk of being prolix, to post you thoroughly on this point. Some years ago a friend who had gone through college with me, where he was noted for his earnest piety, came to me with a book that he had just been reading. The writer began by stating that it was an essential part of the Christian faith that about the year 4,000 or 5,000 B. C. the rising sun on New Year's morning looked down for the first time on the newly created Adam in the garden of paradise. He then went on to say that, unfortunately for the Christian faith, that same rising sun, in the valley of the Euphrates, beheld the mighty City of Babylon with its temples palaces, public monuments, fortifications built by human hands that had already been dust for thousands of years; and he proceeded to recount the results of scientific investigation in this field. "Is there any truth in this?" anxiously inquired my friend. I could then do no better than repeat the usual platitudes: Revelation and true science cannot be in contradiction, for revelation is the voice of God; most of this pretended science is mere conjecture; scientists are led astray by intellectual pride; they contradict one another; moral corruption is the root of reason's rebellion against divinely appointed authority, etc. My friend left dissatisfied, with his confidence in the religious teaching that he had received irreparably shaken. He died an infidel.

* P. 219.

This letter is already unreasonably long, and, besides, there is not just now sufficient time at my disposal for settling your other and more general difficulties—*no errors in the Bible, opposition of the church to modern science.* You will soon, however, receive a further communication. Meanwhile believe me,

Fraternally yours,

THE BELOVED.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

They are gone out into the night,
  The young, the loved, the wise and gay;
Here whence our joys so soon take flight
  Ah, who would stay?—would choose to stay?

Oh, who's in love with life to be,
  Life so alone when friends are gone?
The last leaves on an empty tree
  Trembling alone, trembling alone.

Oh, who would fear to take the road—
  To stay were rather cause for fear—
That the beloved feet have trod
  But yesterday, but yester-year?

Beyond the night, beyond the waste,
  Where stars yet lift their diadem,
Shall we not, if we go in haste,
  Come up with them, come up with them?

Oh, who would fear the night and frost,
  Beyond whose mirk their faces shine—
The young, the loved, the early lost?
  Oh, yours and mine; oh, yours and mine!

PRINCIPLES IN SOCIAL REFORM.

II.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT is difficult to hold the terms reform and reformer to any given meaning. Those who actually reform social conditions are reformers, whatever be their party, creed, or motive. They who merely talk, dream, and advocate reform are called reformers, although they reform nothing. Thus impulse and achievement are confused in the use of the words. One may avoid this confusion by keeping in mind work rather than persons; the objective situation which demands reform rather than the advocates of it. This is to some extent done in the following suggestions:

1. *The presumption is always in favor of an established order, and against innovation.*

The principle does not by any means imply that an established order is always right merely because it exists, or that innovation is always wrong simply because it is innovation. The presumption in question merely fixes relations and defines courses, just as the presumption of innocence in an accused man fixes his relation to law and defines the whole procedure in his case. The suspected man need not prove his innocence; the prosecution must show his guilt. Thus the relation of reform to established conditions is fixed in this, that it must justify itself before it can claim acceptance. This principle is the basis of all social order. It will be understood easily if seen in certain applications.

(*a*) In undertaking any reform one should change as little as possible, and seek out as much as possble in things as they are, on which to base reform.

(*b*) No radical step is justified if a less radical step will accomplish the purpose sought.

(*c*) The analysis of a problem and its relations should direct

all reform work, in order that radical steps may be avoided when they are not necessary, and that they may be justified when they are necessary.

Any social order is made up of circumstances and relations which are transient, unstable, responsive; of customs which are somewhat fixed, because social life expresses itself habitually through them, and many important relations of life are adjusted to them; of institutions formally sanctioned and established, which are the actual guarantee and framework of the social order, and are rooted in the life of the people; and of principles which are the axioms of the people, truths which spring from its genius, permeate thought and feeling, predetermine judgments and attitudes, and govern policies. It is evident that the least fixed of these elements of a social order are more safely changed than the most fixed. We shall have problems when contradictions arise; when circumstances and conditions of life fail to equal the promises of institutions; when institutions fail to keep pace with changes in principles; when a people's self estimate is not realized in life.

While this is most easily seen in the fate of a whole people, it is true in due proportion of any community, of any city. A problem should be analyzed into its elements; the circumstances, conditions, customs, institutions, relations, principles, which are concerned, should be noted and the problem should be clearly located. Thus reform should begin with the least fixed factors and work on them, touching no more fixed element until need of it is apparent. The failure of an institution may be due to those who conduct it. They should be disturbed and not the institution. Failure may be due to the circumstances in which an institution operates. The circumstances should be corrected, not the institution. Failure may be due to the relations among certain institutions. These relations should be corrected. The institution may fail because it is ill-suited to the spirit and elements of a time and place. Then it should be changed, but its principle should not be touched. The principle may itself be ill-adapted. Then it should be discarded. Thus if the problem be carefully located, and its elements be clearly seen, reform may easily avoid mistake. It should utilize as much as possible of what is, change as little as possible, and in all that is changed, work from the less fixed to the more fixed in the social order.

The average socialist ignores this principle by assuming the total failure of institutions and principles, by converting the presumption over in favor of innovation, and by advocating revolution in the principles of the social order immediately. Many who are interested in local reform efforts err by failing to analyze problems and by missing their causes. We find them advocating reform laws where it is not safe for law to enter; advocating municipal ownership to cure evils which private ownership has not caused; undertaking by local measures to correct wrongs whose origin is general; advocating changes in city government to cure evils due to processes quite foreign to the manner of administration. It is easier to reform a city council as it is, than to reform it by changing its constitution, since two distinct works are more difficult to accomplish than one.

The restraint imposed by this principle is unwelcome to the reform temperament, which is neither analytical nor objective, but there is no escape. If it is ignored, failure awaits reform; and every failure of justifiable reform is a real obstacle to progress.

2. When a reform is undertaken, a definite aim should be set up, and it should be seen constantly in its concrete adjustment.

Reform is protest and aspiration; in both, feeling is more powerful than fact. Reform's great tendency is to think of things unrelated. By impulse, it would rather advocate a new law than secure the enforcement of an old one which is ignored. At any time there are actually enacted, laws enough to reform many of the more serious of our problems. As a rule the reformer misses this fact and appeals for new laws. Were he to make definite his plans and purposes, and were he to think concretely, he would often be led to the discovery that nothing new is needed; merely the enforcement of the old.

The shortsightedness of many reformers is due to their inclination to think of their reform unrelated to the social order of which it is part. It may be well to get out of factories boys and girls under fourteen years of age, but the main thing to do is to provide positively for them, when thus freed. It may be well to close saloons, but it is necessary to provide in an intelligent way for the actual human needs of men to which the saloon ministers. When reform places main emphasis on its negative func-

tion of destruction, and forgets in its calculations its main function, which is positive and constructive, it gives promise of little real service. This thought is developed from another point of view in what follows:

3. In all reform aims, due allowance should be made for the limitations of life.

There are three great zones of reform fixed by the laws and limitations of social life: needed reform, possible reform, prudent reform.

Needed reform includes everything by which we fall short of perfection; the difference between our best ideals and our actual condition. Socialists, anarchists, and idealists generally believe that perfection may be attained, and hence the reform which they advocate is in this zone.

Possible reform is that which may actually be inaugurated if we will. We possess authority and resources necessary, and we can command the result. A large number of reformers insist on all that is possible. They think of their purposes unrelated to life, forget the limitations which social relations create, and demand all reform to which resources are adequate.

Prudent reform is that which appears safe and wise in the circumstances, and promises to sustain itself by its harmony with factors in life on which its permanence depends.

Sunday closing of saloons was once found possible in an Eastern city. But drunkenness so increased on account of Saturday purchases in quantity that the mayor, himself an ardent temperance worker, favored the abolition of the ordinance. To drive vice from any one section of a city is a reform, surely needed and actually possible to city authorities. Yet it might not be prudent, for it could easily create new dangers to innocence, health, and virtue far in excess of any suppressed by the reform. Good people generally insist on principles in such matters. With shortsightedness they overlook the deeper nature of certain social evils, and the universal facts of human history. It may be better to study very carefully what is prudent in such cases, and undertake to accomplish it without raising the embarrassing question of principle involved. It was once found possible but imprudent to close certain factories in Germany on Sunday. Many girls

who worked in large cities would have had no place of rest for the day, as they were able to hire only sleeping quarters to which no access was given during the day. Until provision was made for their security and rest on Sunday, it seemed better to permit them to work. It was found possible to abolish the army canteen, but there are many thoughtful and intelligent persons who doubt the prudence of it, and some disagreeable facts appear to support the doubt. This may sound like compromise with sin and wrongdoing, but nothing is more evident from the facts of life than this, that a policy is sometimes more serviceable concretely than a principle. Facts are facts, and the logic of life is rigid. Churchmen surely find it advisable to-day to accept the policy of separation of church and state, and to be silent about the principle of union of the two; yet in the mind of the modern state the separation is of principle and not merely a policy. Thus we see that needed reform is not always possible; possible reform is not always prudent; but prudent reform is always imperative. No community can escape from the moral obligation to inaugurate it and protect it.

These distinctions are based on the facts of life and its limitations. One of the main factors limiting the possibilities of reform is the difficulty of co-ordinating social agents in any given work. When business men, churchmen, statesmen, professional men, the press, and the public unite on any great reform, it becomes at once possible and prudent; nothing in the ordinary run of life could withstand such co-operation. But when all of these classes are at variance, with divergent sympathies, unrelated aims, and antagonistic philosophies, great difficulty is experienced in co-ordinating them in any reform work. Thus the zone of the possible in reform is considerably reduced. Not alone modern society, but even the modern city is so divided by party, religion, interest, prejudice, that its social power is enormously reduced, and its unity of social consciousness is seriously impaired. No part of society or of a community can solve a problem which concerns all society. Yet this is what modern circumstances force most reformers to undertake.

Another limitation of reform is one of method. Virtue and truth are not cunning, resourceful, or insistent. They are plain, direct, sincere, unacquainted with the methods of selfish-

ness and the principles of craft. Thus it is that high minded, honest men, who go into reform work uncompromisingly, insist on ideal methods in fighting evil. However, virtue and right, justice and equity, are by no means as attractive to the masses as we at times imagine. Sympathetic villainy, which recognizes the foibles of the people, which flatters and is deferential, is very powerful with them. Their weaknesses are inherent and human, while their virtues are largely acquired. The appeal to the former is very often more winning than the appeal to the latter.

The main difference between the corrupt leader and the reformer, is one of purpose rather than method. Within the limits of principle the reformer may resort to many of the popular methods of the villain. But he will not, and as a result he loses. Brass bands, excursion boats, cartoons, and presents of turkeys at Christmas time, as well as contributions for weddings and funerals, are not inherently undignified or wrong. The people love such things, follow them, and vote for them. The reformer refuses to unbend, he scorns such methods, and sets up as counter attractions stern lectures on social service, the sacredness of the ballot, and the iniquity of graft.

Another phase of this limitation of method, followed by virtue and reform, its champion, is seen in connection with the police It is well known that they employ small thieves to catch big ones. The stool pigeon is an integral part of a police force. By being discreetly blind to the operations of minor burglars and criminals, the police secure at times from these, reliable information concerning the presence and intentions of more dangerous men, whose skill and daring enable them to baffle attempts at capture. The police are thus put on the track of such men, and are enabled to capture them. Now, a mayor and a chief of police who were entirely noble and uncompromising would probably suppress and punish any collusion between police and petty burglars, and insist on entire integrity. Such a course has every sanction of moral law; yet the good mayor in question might soon find his city overrun with criminals and the police unable to cope with them. His administration would meet severe condemnation, and very probably the people would look for a less virtuous man who would give protection against crime, they cared not how.

We may recognize the fact without thereby justifying it. Thus limitations of individual and of social power, of individual and of social will, and of social control, affect all reform work, marking its zones, and making necessary great prudence in all that is undertaken.

4. The attitude of public opinion to a social problem and to its reform should be carefully determined.

Public opinion is a great power in a democracy. The feelings, views, and principles, fixed and accepted as axioms of life by a community, accepted as true, imperative, and self-enacting, generally applicable to all questions of life, exercise immense influence on individuals. When the people enjoy great liberty and are self governing, it is they who distribute honors or revoke them; who sanction ambitions or check them; and hence the attitude of the public in any question of reform is vital. The relation of the public to the individual is an important coefficient in the thought and feeling as it is in the interests and reputation of all normal men.

Evils which public opinion tolerates will be with greatest difficulty remedied, while all that the public directly condemns will quickly vanish, in as far as the attitude of the public comes to sustained expression. But the public is not omniscient, nor is its opinion always aggressive for exalted virtue. It is due to this that discrimination is necessary in defining the relation of public opinion to reform.

(*a*) The public may be ignorant of the facts. In this case the first duty of the reformer is to make them known.

It is remarkable that the public can be as ignorant, as we know it to be, of vital social facts, and that, in spite of universal education, participation in public life, cheap newspapers and magazines, and an all but general habit of reading. There are intelligent, strong men and women who do not know what a sweat shop is; who have not the faintest notion of the processes of industry and of the fate of the laborers concerned; who know nothing of the work of children in factories; or of the vice and filth of crowded and unsanitary homes; who do not know whether the motorman or hack drivers, with whom they daily ride, work eight hours a day or eighteen.

Then there are vital facts of social life which are carefully hidden from the public; the facts of political management, cor-

ruption of legislatures, of so-called high finance, of evasions and violations of law by great corporations; methods of deception and adulteration in business. In view of this probability of ignorance in the public, the first duty of a reformer, in undertaking any reform, is to ascertain whether or not the facts are known. There are conditions, practices, facts of oppression and injustice, which the public will not tolerate. Once they are made known rightly and accurately, reform is in so far assured.

(b) The public may know the facts in a social problem, but it may be indifferent to them. In this case the work of reform depends on the awakening of social conscience, not on the publication of facts. This may be a difficult work and an unpleasant one, it may be slow and exacting, but it is imperative. Little can be accomplished where no social conscience supports one's efforts. The history of city government in American cities furnishes abundant illustration. The public, as a rule, knows the more disgraceful facts of municipal corruption, but it appears to be devoid of the sense of responsibility, displaying little ambition to secure more honorable government. Sometimes conscience can be awakened by persistent publication of facts, but, as a rule, appeal must be made to the moral sense of a community, if one would make active the dormant conscience.

(c) We will find at times that the public does know and does care about the problems of social existence, but it feels helpless on account of lack of organization. It would do something, but it does not know what, or how to begin. The problem of organization is mainly one of leadership; a serious problem, since good leaders are not easily found. Not any volunteer, not any good man, not any enthusiast is capable of organizing powers for reform in a community. Experience, large views, tact, insight into situations, and sound judgment are essential. The leader must see clearly the possible and the impossible, the prudent and the imprudent, and organize to secure results.

Thus the reformer may have at least three kinds of work to do in enlisting public opinion for his reform: if the public is ignorant of the facts, he should make them known; if the facts are known, he must awaken conscience; if conscience is awakened, he must organize and direct its expression. If these

features of the relation of the public to reform be ignored, and if the reformer go on without discrimination, as is so often the case, he can meet only failure.

The relation of the individual to the public is a fundamental factor in his life. Social problems are reduced in last analysis to individuals. The success of a business man depends on his knowledge of the public and the prompt adaptation of methods and forms to public taste. Great knowledge is displayed of human nature in modern advertising. The concern for public opinion shown by a politician, his deference to it, his speedy retirement when he falls out with it; the solicitude of a great political party when it finds public opinion divided on some pressing question, the shrewdness displayed in forming a platform; all such features of public leadership show us how carefully public opinion is studied, flattered, obeyed. When a city, state, or national administration wishes to adopt a measure, but does not know how the public will take it, a most careful and quiet series of tests is inaugurated, in order to discover how public opinion might assert itself. The average reformer misses this great truth, more or less, and plunges ahead without a thought of the great public on which his success depends.

The principle of publicity, nowadays so earnestly invoked as the only available remedy for the main evils of great corporations, is merely the application of this general thought to a specific problem. Every great business depends on the public for patronage. No shrewd manager will ever outrage public opinion. He either conducts the business honestly, or, if he is dishonest and corrupt, he keeps secret the facts. To compel great corporations to make public all records and the facts of business insures honesty, simply because no business can succeed if it outrage the sense of decency and honesty of a community. Publicity is equally effective for reform in the smaller social vices as well.

If a law rigidly enforced, required the posting in a public place of the names of all who frequented the haunts of vice, and if any who sought to evade the law were severely punished, one very important reform in social morals would be effected. If those who dared to betray the public were publicly disgraced and ostracised, the interests of the public would be loyally served. If the selfish owners of unsani-

tary houses, which earn large revenues, were publicly listed, and their social, religious, and business affiliations were made known, such men would very promptly give better homes and cheaper rents to tenants. When it was shown in New York some time ago that a great telegraph company was in collusion with gamblers, by furnishing direct wires and expert operators to them, the public was astonished. But the manager of the company was curt and undismayed. When, however, the Eastern newspapers published the names of the directors of the company, called attention to their political, religious, and social relations, and pointed out the shame of their inconsistency, surrender followed, and the company gave up the service, sacrificing an annual revenue of a million in deference to public opinion.

Every normal man respects public opinion. His fundamental emotions force him to seek approval, to expect praise, to avoid condemnation. When his material interests, his reputation, prestige, and power depend on his relation to the public, we may be sure that he will respect public opinion. The employer will be humane when the public demands it; the labor leader will be loyal, fair, and industrious when the public asks it; property owners will do the duties which property imposes when society demands it; the office holder will be loyal, sincere, and honorable when the public demands it. Hence public opinion is central in all reform work. The reformer should realize this truth above all, and should spare no pains to enlist popular sympathy in his cause. He may safely aim as far as the public supports him, but he risks his cause in going beyond the point to which public opinion reaches.

The task is not without its difficulties. The relations of party, of press, of religion, of school, to the formation and direction of public opinion are complex and varied. They must be understood. Whatever they be, and whatever be the difficulty, the objective situation remains. Little is possible in a free country without public opinion. Little is impossible with it.

THE DREAM OF HER LIFE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

IT was Miss Nora Desmond's custom deliberately to intoxicate herself each October. Not with imported wine of sunny France, which was inaccessible; nor yet with easily accessible local stuff of crude, illicit strength. She simply betook herself at this season to the mountain's heart, that her eyes might brighten at nature's rich, outdoor feast of color; her cheek glow at the inhalation of crisp, cold air, and her voice and her soul sing together, as sweetly irrelevant visions intruded themselves upon her water-color sketching of an artist across the ocean, whose studio would some day be her own. Thus, in radiancy of young life's promise, she presented infinite contrast to the ill-clad, worn, and gaunt mountain woman who waited mutely behind her camp-stool.

"Oh, Mandy!" said the girl, suddenly conscious after some silent minutes of this presence, "I didn't see you."

"I've brung yer wash," said Mandy Driggs concisely.

"You'll want, of course—oh, well, I'll stop now and go up to the inn with you." In her room at the "Willow Tree" she laid her sketch aside with a regretful: "I wish you had been later, Mandy; I had nearly caught the russet of those woods."

Mrs. Driggs moved awkwardly about without reply, detaching crisply-ironed, fluttering garments from her load. Then she leaned her ill-fed, over-worked, uncouth frame against the wall with a reluctant, tired sigh. The girl's heart smote her into quick realization of the tragic difference in lives, viewing this draggled, wearied woman in faded, scanty calico among her own dainty, ruffled belongings.

"You paints powerful purty pictures," said Mandy, glancing towards the sketch, "You's plumb like one yerself. An'—an'—" the pale gray eyes in her sallow face roved from one bit of filmy lace and frilling to another—"You-all's things is mighty purty."

"They are quite too many this week for the money,"

declared Miss Desmond brightly, and sought to pass another coin into the knotted hand.

But Mrs. Driggs' square jaw took on a certain grimness. "I'd ruther earn what I git," she said. "I ain't a-beggin' no more'n the price settled on. I owe ye a nickel back fur the tear in thet thar sleeve," and resolutely placed a five-cent piece upon the table. She added, hesitantly, taking up her empty basket: "You'd orter come up to my shack on Ararat. We got a falls back o' the house none o' these yere boarders ain't seen, an' you'd mebbe want to paint."

"Why, I should love to go up there," said Miss Desmond, recovering from her previous discomfiture. "Do you live by yourself?"

The washerwoman set down her basket again, her grotesquely plain features softening amazingly. "I'm a widder, but I got one gal. Hetty, I calls her for short; her given name's Heterogeneous. She ain't reel strong; her paw died o' lung trouble. I've built her up some—she's sixteen now." She stopped, but Miss Desmond's sympathy compelled the usually taciturn woman. "I'm a-gittin' her weddin' things ready. She's a-goin' to marry Dave Marcom an' go out to his farm in Arizony."

"To leave you here?"

"Oh, no"; Mrs. Driggs softened again. "Heterogeneous, she says she kaint live nowhar 'ithout her mammy; an' I foller when I kin sell out here. Thar ain't much to sell. I've put eenamost everything in her new calikers and bed-quilts and shoes an' sech. She'd fixed her mind on a hat with feathers; but 'twan't no manner o' use o' thinkin' o' thet. To hev a gret, big hat, with lots o' feathers all a-noddin' an' a-wavin' an' a-tossin', she says thet's the dream of her life, she says. She got them words out o' some poetry book somewhar, I reckon; but thet's what she says. An' I says: Don't you make yerself sick, honey, a-pinin' fur things 'at don't belong to poor folk. Good evenin'"; and she was gone with an abruptness which covered shame at unprecedented loquacity.

On the very next sumptuous, autumnal day, Nora Desmond asked the way to Ararat of the "Willow Tree's" landlord, Pick Brattle. It was his idiosyncrasy to put a half-minute's interval between each word; but she had learned to await results, and it was good discipline.

"Which? Mt. Ararat?—Fust turnin' to the right—offen—the Willow road. Mis' Driggs' place, I allow?—Think—a heap—o' her. Worked—like a—willin'—mule—bringin' up little gal. Kep' straight's—a die. Lone widder—hed hard times—but don't owe nobody—nothin'. Better—take—the—pony."

"I shall enjoy the climb," averred Miss Desmond, and left him whistling thoughtfully after the demented one who walked, for pleasure, when she might ride. Meanwhile the girl mounted higher and higher into the ether, looking back now and then upon the valley's shining streams and rocks. In her flight upward she would have exulted absolutely, but for intrusive thought of one older and under hard conditions, who mounted these steeps in summer's heat with dragging burdens. But when at last the clearing with its cabin came into view, and there fell high up on its left a torrent tumbling sheer in magnificent cascades over giant boulders, all such misgiving was swallowed in pure delight.

"Howdy," said Mandy Driggs. "You've fit yer way yere. Won't ye hev a cheer? Thet thar's Heterogeneous." Her unconscious but overwhelming absorption in her child made her forget to name the young farmer, loutish, though highly soaped and brushed, who leaned in the doorway; but Nora Desmond took him for granted as the bridegroom elect.

"Why, Mandy," she said, "you promised me scenery to paint up here; but it's Hetty's likeness I must have!"

Indeed the daughter resembled nothing so little as her mother; being a mountain Gretchen, whose straight, blue homespun gown set off long flaxen braids and fair skin, with large, clear, child-like blue eyes. It was, perhaps, her dead father whose hectic tints were reproduced in her brilliant coloring. She fingered her apron, hanging her head, while the young man regarded her with an air of proprietorship.

"You'd ruther set out yere?" asked Mandy hospitably. "Hev some fresh water. Git yer cordial, Hetty, an' play some fur Miss Desmun'. You've got a pianny to the inn, I know; but it's too rambunctious, 'pears like. A cordial fur me, I says."

Miss Desmond bit her lip as Hetty's braids undulated in unison to the wailing of an accordeon which she shyly manipulated, while her lover beat time, and a sort of rapture spread over the mother's plain face.

"Now you'll want to see Hetty's pile o' quilts; an' these yere's her frocks," she explained, within the low doorway, "an' six pair o' knit stockin's," and so on, until the poverty-stricken little exposition was over. Then: "We got two rooms to the cabin," said Mrs. Driggs, with some pride, "an' it's jes on the state line. So now, you see, when you step through thet thar door you're in Tennessee; an' then you comes back in yere again an' you're in No'th Callina. An ole feller hed this house onct thet used to 'still, an' hid the stuff yere too. Whenever they come to 'rest him from Tennessee side, he'd run over to Callina, an' skip back again when the warrant wus from Callina. They do say thar was a heap o' folk killed in thet fuss. But he wa'nt no kin to us."

"He'd better not be," spoke Dave Marcom for the first time. "A fambly I jine better hev no folk in jail." A hint of the stubborn in his face was borne out by the voice.

After this introduction to the mountain perch on the state line, Miss Desmond's visits became frequent and lengthy; for, as her vacation shortened, she had pictures to finish of "Crystal Falls," of "Autumn on Ararat," of "St. Cecilia," with accordeon mute and transfigured, of "Marguerite," of half-a-dozen other studies. And these were opportunities delicately to remunerate the rustic model for these latter, with such additions to her poor outfit as were possible from a young artist, herself richer in hope than in gear. During this out-door preoccupation, Mrs. Driggs was free to come and to go, collect and deposit laundry in the young lady's room.

"Is that cadaverous washerwoman I'm constantly meeting about the house honest?" inquired a wiry, affected boarder of Pick Brattle.

"Which?—oh!—I guess—she's—about ez honest—ez you-uns," replied the leisurely landlord, rolling wide eyes upon her. "I—never—locks—nothin'—myself."

Once the mother and daughter, being together, witnessed the departure of Miss Desmond for some little festivity at the county town, and for the first time saw her in a hat wide-brimmed and shady, from whose white picturesqueness drooped several long, graceful, snowy plumes. "Oh!" breathed Hetty; and "oh!" again. Neither spoke a word all the way up the mountain until at the cabin door the mother said abruptly: "Strange, ain't it, how uneven things is; you'se purty, too,

honey." That night Mandy stirred so restlessly that Hetty waking asked: "What's the matter, mammy? Kain't ye sleep?"

"Ye was a-talkin' in yer dreams," parried the mother, "somethin' about bein' all in white, an' beautiful feathers floatin'."

"Oh, don't, maw!" in plaintive childish treble. "Ef thet came true, I'd eenamost die o' joy!" But she slept again presently, while the mother lay awake long hours.

On the eve of her departure to meet a certain ocean steamer, Miss Desmond in packing missed her great, white, picture hat, and searched long and vainly, and wondered much, for it was a becoming extravagance. Then she descended and found a small tempest in the inn parlor. A florid, pompous, little man protested in behalf of a wiry, affected wife. "Very mysterious, I call it; we might all be robbed and murdered in our beds, at that rate! Maria saw her at our door just before she missed her beautiful, real lace collar; and the post-boy met the woman in the road with something white in her hands. If it's that raw-boned creature—Maria always suspected her—I'll put her in jail if it keeps me here for months! With her independent look! I call on you, as a magistrate, for a warrant."

Nora remembered the "real" lace bertha, and felt disdainful, but she watched Pick Brattle anxiously.

"Which?" said their host, with slow impassiveness, "Oh, well—ef ye must—hev one—why—Timson's—a—constable."

But Miss Desmond was in the saddle climbing before Timson had caught his mule. "I can warn her," she thought, her heart beating faster—"save her the shock of unjust accusation"—she had for the moment forgotten her own loss. So, when she checked her pony on the height, it was with a feeling of mystification that her eyes rested immediately upon Hetty, fair and flushed, a big, white-plumed hat shading her flaxen braids. The groom stood awkwardly rustic in village store clothes, and the minister had just asked: "Heterogeneous, wilt thou have this man—?" The artistic value of such flesh tints against such a background, yet the incongruity of purple calico with costly ostrich plumes; the minister's shabby coat; the roar of the tumbling falls; the shower of golden leaves from the great walnut's overspreading branches, became inextricably mixed in Nora's recollections thereafter. Then the

ceremony was at an end, and a bashful, roseate bride came to her as she slipped from the saddle.

"I kaint never tell ye how much I thinks of it. Most loveliest thing I ever did see. Mebbe maw tole ye how I bin a-takin' on for sech; but I ain't never reely thought it could happen."

Past her young bloom, Nora's gaze was fascinated by another's face, strained and haggard, whose very lips blanched while their eyes met. This one took her daughter's place in a swift stride, while the latter went on to such few humble neighbors as had come to them. "For God's sake," she whispered, "you won't tell her? I jes let on you gave it—like the other things. I been a liar and a thief—for her—but never before—and you so good! It was heaven—and hell, too—when the child laughed—and hugged me for it—she'd pined and she'd dremp—"

Her visitor was almost as much agitated, hearkening to the mule's footfalls near below. "Never mind. It's nothing. I give it. But that lace collar—?"

"I picked it up in the road when I was a-carryin' away yer hat. I'd a took it back and asked whose it was, but—but for hevin' the hat—it seemed like they went together—so—"

"Take it off quickly. There's a warrant. Here—" She stripped the white chiffon veil from her riding hat and aided the mother's clumsy, trembling fingers to substitute it for the deep lace about the bewildered bride's round neck. Too late, for the constable was in their midst to witness the transfer and the lace bertha in Mandy Driggs' hand.

"Howdy, Timson," she called with desperate self-command, and backed towards the inner room of the cabin. "I'm a-goin into Tennessee to git you-uns a leetle cider and ginger-cake."

The constable accepted the situation with philosophy. His task, not to his liking, was impossible for the moment. He fingered the crackling warrant in his pocket stolidly. "Lemme git ye a gourd o' fresh water. Ye don't look so peart," he remarked to Miss Desmond, casually, like any other wedding guest.

"That soft stuff is more becoming to Hetty," explained the young lady to the groom's questioning look, and passed over the state line to where Mandy Driggs, with rigid face, handed dish and jug and cups to her daughter.

"Keep her from beggin' me to come forrard," she muttered. "Git them—off ez quick's ye kin. I'll drap down dead ef it comes out before them. I want my baby to hev a easier life 'n her mammy; an' Dave Marcom 'd quit her this minute ef he knew. And the child—oh, *she* mustn't know!"

It seemed a weary while before bucolic jokes were droned over the cider, and the guests, save the watchful constable, went drifting homeward, and at last the borrowed ox-cart rumbled away with the young pair. The bride was a little grieved to leave her mother, a little petulant over the latter's keeping so strangely in the rear, but irrepressible rapture shone out again from the blooming face framed in soft, wreathing, white plumes. "Oh," she called, "ain't I jes powerful grand, maw? I kaint believe it! The dream of my life come true!" And passed away down the steep.

Then the mother came from the back door through which she had watched her go. "She's plumb happy, ain't she—mammy's gal? I ain't never been much joyful, myself;—but I'd die this minute to hev her so. I wisht I could, for I know for sartain Dave Marcom ain't the one 'll ever let me see her again or speak to her in this world—after I bin in jail. Yet I been straight all my life—tell I seen thet hat! And you so good to us!" A sob like a groan tore itself upward. Then her manner changed to hardness. She gave a hasty smooth to her hair, picked up her sun-bonnet and the lace collar where she had flung it, motioned Miss Desmond out, and followed her. "I've come back to No'th Callina, Bill Timson. I mought a-stayed over yander a spell an' gin ye trouble, but 'tain't wuth while—now. I guess no need fastenin' up the place. Folks with us is honest."

"Thet's so," said the constable, cutting himself a bit of tobacco, before taking the trail with his prisoner.

Miss Desmond, left alone on the mountain clearing, shivered a little, though it was hardly cold. The solemn, overhanging crags, the rushing cataract, the immense wooded solitudes over which a buzzard circled in slow flight, the silence broken but by noise of dropping chestnuts here and there upon the leafy bed, weighed upon her to depression. With her face against the pony's mane, her unformulated prayer ran in this wise: "Lord, deny me the dream of my life, if it be not best—for others."

THE MASS IN THE TIME OF JUSTIN MARTYR.*

(About 166 A. D.)

BY REVEREND BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

THERE are very few references to the Sacrifice of the Mass in the New Testament. St. Matthew,† St. Mark,‡ St. Luke,§ and St. Paul‖ record the fact of its institution by our Lord, and both St. Luke and St. Paul mention explicitly the divine commandment to the Apostles to celebrate the Eucharistic Sacrifice: "Do this for a commemoration of Me." The Acts of the Apostles refer in three passages¶ to "the breaking of bread"—the early Christian name for the Mass—but say nothing of the manner of its celebration. St. Paul, in his first Epistle to the Church of Corinth,** speaks clearly of the Christian altar, "the table of the Lord," and indirectly of the Sacrifice of the Mass offered up thereon, when he warns his pagan converts against participating in the sacrifices of the pagans. "You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of devils; you cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils."

It is certain that the Apostles—obeying the mandate of Christ, "Do this in memory of Me"—said and did exactly what Jesus said and did at the Last Supper."†† The words of the Savior, by which the bread and wine were transubstantiated into his body and blood, are found in every liturgy of the East and West, besides being met with constantly in the many liturgical references of the Fathers of the first four centuries.‡‡

It is reasonable to suppose that, as the Apostles founded

* *La Liturgia al tempo di S. Giustino Martine.* Roma, 1897. An anonymous pamphlet. *The First Apology of St. Justin*, 65-67. *The Apostolic Constitutions.* Book viii. *The Clementine Liturgy.* R. H. Creswell. *Die Apostolischen Constitutionen.* F. X. Funck. Rottenburg, 1891. *Origines du cultu Chrétien.* Mgr. Duchesne. 3 Edit. Paris, 1902. *Liturgie der drei ersten Jahrhunderte.* Mgr. Probst. *Messe und Pascha.* Bickell, Mayence, 1872.

† Ch. xxvi. ‡ Ch. xiv. § Ch. xxii. ‖ I. Cor. xi.

¶ Acts ii. 42, 46; xx. 7, 11. ** I. Cor. x. 14-21. †† Cyprian, Epistle 63.

‡‡ Justin Martyr, *Apol.* 66; Tertullian. *Against Marcion*, iv. 40; *Apost. Const.* Book viii. 12; Cyril of Jerusalem, *Catecheses*, xxii. 2.

various churches in their missionary journeys, they gave those churches the liturgy that they had themselves used in Jerusalem. But what liturgy did they use? Did they merely repeat the words of the institution, or did they add certain prayers of their own? Were these prayers set prayers, or could each celebrant of the Eucharistic Sacrifice change them at will?

The answer to these questions is found in the existence of the sacred liturgies, which prove conclusively that, from the beginning, certain special prayers always accompanied the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The oldest liturgy we possess is the Clementine liturgy of the eighth book of the *Apostolic Constitutions*. Some scholars, like Mgr. Duchesne,* attribute it to the end of the fourth century, and regard it as an exact copy of the liturgy used in the celebrated churches of Syria. But Mgr. Probst and others declare that it dates from the second century. He writes: "We find not only nothing in the liturgy which compels us to consider it subsequent to the second century, but much that compels us to assign it to the beginning of that century."† Even Duchesne admits that this liturgy was not used by any particular church in the fourth century, and that probably it is only a retouching of a more ancient one. It is indeed in most striking agreement with the liturgical details we glean from the writers of the first four centuries.‡

Some of the first Mass prayers and ceremonies were taken from the ceremonies and prayers§ of the Jewish pasch, which prefigured the Eucharistic Sacrifice. This was natural enough, as our Savior instituted the Mass immediately after the paschal supper. Besides the church did not separate from the synagogue immediately at the death of Christ. For quite some time the Apostles frequented the synagogues,‖ as Jesus had done,¶ and took part in the Jewish services, the better to win the lost sheep of the house of Israel. These services consisted of prayers, recited by the reader and the congregation, the reading of the law and the prophets, and a sermon.** The

* *Origines du culte Chrétien*, p. 57. R. H. Creswell. *The Clementine Liturgy.*

† *Liturgie der drei ersten Jahrhunderte*, p. 287.

‡ *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique.* Art. "Canon de la Messe." Col. 1542.

§ Ps. 113, 117, 135. *Apost. Const.* Book viii. 12. *The Liturgy and Ritual of the Ante-Nicene Church.* F. E. Warren.

‖ Acts xiii. 5; xiv. 1; xvii. 1. ¶ Matt. xiii. 54.

** *A History of the New Testament Times.* A. Hausrath, p. 87.

Christians had also assemblies on Sunday, because, as Justin Martyr tells us, "Jesus Christ our Savior on that day rose from the dead."* These soon supplanted the Sabbath assemblies, especially as the separation between Jew and Christian became more and more complete.

The earliest record of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is found in the first apology† of Justin Martyr, who wrote about the year 166 A. D. Chapter 65 describes "the Mass of the faithful," to which the newly baptized convert had just been admitted for the first time. Hitherto he had been obliged to leave the church as soon as the sermon was over. Chapter 66 records the institution of the Eucharistic Sacrifice at the Last Supper, and asserts plainly the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence. "For not as common bread and common drink do we receive these; but in like manner as Jesus Christ our Savior, having been made flesh by the word of God, hath both flesh and blood for our salvation, so likewise have we been taught that the food which is blessed by the prayer of his word, and from which our blood and flesh by transmutation are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus, who was made flesh." Chapter 67 gives a brief sketch of the entire liturgy, besides mentioning the collection that was taken up at its close for the sick, poor, orphans, and strangers.

St. Justin is not a historian or a liturgist, but a defender of the faith. He does not pretend to give a detailed and accurate account of the Mass as celebrated in his time. His purpose was to present to the Emperor Antoninus Pius as complete an idea of the teaching and worship of the Christian as was needed to refute the pagan calumnies of the day, and to show the great injustice of the pagan persecutions. "And if these things," he writes, "seem to you reasonable and true, honor them; but if they seem nonsensical, despise them as nonsense; and do not decree death against those who have done no wrong, as you would against enemies. For we forewarn you, that you shall not escape the coming judgment of God, if you continue in your injustice." ‡

We can thus readily understand why some parts of the Mass are only casually mentioned, while others are not even referred to. We will try to supply these omissions from other writers of his age, and especially from the liturgy of the

* *Apol.* 67. † Ch. 65–67. ‡ *Apol.* 68.

Apostolic Constitutions, which we consider to have been written in the second century.

The non-Catholics of our day, who marvel at the crowds that throng our churches every Sunday for holy Mass, may not be aware that the Eucharistic Christ had the same divine power of drawing the people in the time of St. Justin.

"And on the day called Sunday,* all who live in cities or in the country gather together in one place." Even the hour was appointed as St. Clement of Rome † informs us. "God has enjoined service to be performed, and that not thoughtlessly or irregularly, but at the appointed times and hours."

THE MASS OF THE CATECHUMENS.

The Mass began in the first days of Christianity with the reading of the Old and New Testament, after which a sermon was preached. This was in perfect agreement with the Jewish practice in the synagogue on the Sabbath. "And the memoirs of the Apostles or the writings of the prophets are read, as long as time permits; then, when the reader has ceased, the bishop preaches, and exhorts to the imitation of these good things," ‡ Tertullian writes: "We turn to the record of the divine Scriptures accordingly as the exigencies of the time lead us to give any particular warning, or to call anything particular to mind." § This does not imply that at this period there was a special selection of Epistles and Gospels according to the different seasons of the Christian year. That was not done until the fourth century. The sermon was at the discretion of the bishop just as to-day.‖ The people stood during the reading of the Gospel,¶ but remained seated during the sermon.** The bishop also sat while he preached, as a symbol of his judicial authority. ††

THE DISMISSALS.

After the sermon the deacon made the announcement: "Let none of the hearers, let none of the unbelievers remain"; ‡‡ "for," as St. Justin says, "no one is allowed to partake of

* *The Teaching of the Twelve.* Ch. xiv. Acts xx. 7.

† First Epistle to the Corinthians, 40. This letter was written either after the persecution of Nero (68 A. D.) or Domitian (101 A. D.)

‡ Ch. 67. Tertullian. *On the Soul*, ix. Cyprian, Epistle 33. § *Apol.* 39.

‖ Origen. *In Ezech. Homil.* 13. ¶ *Apost. Const.* ii. 57.

** Tertullian. *On Prayer*, xvi. †† *Apost. Const.* ii. 11. ‡‡ *Apost. Const.* viii. 5.

the Eucharist but the man who believes that the things which we teach are true,* and who has been washed with the washing that is for the remission of sins and unto regeneration, and who is living as Christ has enjoined." †

In all cases but this first dismissal there are certain prayers ‡ for those about to leave; an ectene or sort of litany recited by the deacon, to which the people answered: "Lord, have mercy," and a prayer of blessing by the bishop. These prayers are said in turn for those who are preparing for baptism (the catechumens), for those possessed of evil spirits (the energumens), and for those who are undergoing the canonical penances (the penitents). §

THE MASS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Mass of the faithful begins with the deacon's announcement: "Let none who are unqualified approach," and the prayers in common for all the faithful immediately follow. These are called the

COLLECTA OR SYNAPTE.

St. Justin thus speaks of them: "Then we all rise together and pray." ‖ "We offer hearty prayers in common for ourselves, and for the baptized person, and for all others in every place, that we may be counted worthy, now that we have learned the truth by our works, also to be found good citizens and keepers of the commandments, so that we may be saved with an everlasting salvation." ¶

THE KISS OF PEACE.

"Having ended the prayers," continues St. Justin, "we salute one another with a kiss." ** The kiss of peace, frequently mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistles,†† always formed part of the sacred liturgy. The clergy saluted the bishop, the men the men, and the women the women. ‡‡ It was omitted on Good Friday. §§

* We call this passage to the attention of those High-Church Anglicans who, in our day, do not scruple to receive Communion at times in Catholic churches.

† Ch. 66. ‡ *Apost. Const.* viii. 6–9.

§ The author of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* (circ. 150 A. D.) excludes from the *Missa fidelium* all those at enmity with the brethren. Ch. xiv.

‖ Ch. 67. ¶ Ch. 65. ** Ch. 65.

†† Rom. xvi. 16; I. Cor. xvi. 20; II. Cor. xiii. 12; I. Thess. v. 26; I. Pet. v. 14.

‡‡ See the *Acts of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas.* Ruinart 21, p. 223. Tert. *To his Wife*, ii. 4. §§ Tert. *De Orat*, 18.

This custom lasted in the Western Church until the thirteenth century,* and even now is given under a different form by the clergy at High Mass. In all the Eastern liturgies it is still given before the offertory, whereas in the West it is given before Communion.

THE LAVABO, OR THE WASHING OF THE HANDS.

The *Apostolic Constitutions*† mentions the washing of the hands, a ceremony borrowed most likely from the Jewish paschal feast, in a rubric preceding the offertory. "And let one of the sub-deacons give an ablution of the hands to the priests, a symbol of purity of souls dedicated to God."

THE OFFERTORY.

St. Justin continues: "Then there is brought to the bishop bread and a chalice of wine mixed with water."‡ The ancients generally put some water in the wine they drank at table, and the rite of the Jewish passover expressly prescribed it. Bishop Abercius, in his well-known epitaph,§ mentions his receiving Holy Communion on his travels under the form of bread and wine mixed with water.

St. Cyprian gives this ceremony a mystical meaning, deeming it symbolic of the union of the faithful with Christ. "But when the water is mingled in the chalice with wine, the people is made one with Christ."‖

The mixing of the wine and water was done by the deacons before the chalice was placed upon the altar. No prayers were said at the offertory according to the *Apostolic Constitutions.*

THE ANAPHORA.

The Anaphora, or offering up of the Eucharistic Sacrifice consisted of: 1st. The Thanksgiving or Preface; 2d. The Consecration; and 3d. The Intercession and Memento for the living and the dead. The introduction to the preface was almost the same as that used in the Mass to-day. The bishop first made the sign of the cross¶ and said:** "The grace of

* It is still a part of the Coptic liturgy.
† Book viii. 12; *The Life of Jesus the Messiah.* Edersheim. Vol. II. p. 105.
‡ Ch. 65.
§ Line 16. *Cf. Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique.* Art. "Abercius," i. 58.
‖ Epistle 63. ¶ Tertullian. *De Praes.* 40. ** *Apost. Const.* viii. 12.

Almighty God, and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all."

The people answered. And with thy spirit.

The bishop. Lift up your minds.

The people. We lift them up unto the Lord.

The bishop. Let us give thanks unto the Lord.

The people. It is meet and right.

THE THANKSGIVING OR PREFACE.

St. Justin thus refers to the thanksgiving or preface as it is first called by St. Cyprian:* "And the bishop, taking the bread and wine, gives praise and glory to the Father of the universe through the name of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and offers thanks at considerable length for our being counted worthy to receive these things at his hands. And when he has concluded the prayers and thanksgivings, all the people present express their assent by saying, Amen, or so be it."†

From this prayer of thanks or *eucharistia* comes the name of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It is based in great part on the 135th psalm, which was recited at the Jewish paschal supper. The longest preface we possess is that of the *Apostolic Constitutions*, said to have been shortened in the fifth century by St. Basil, "owing to the negligence and imperfection of men, who shrank from the length of the liturgy. ‡

It began with a declaration of the infinite majesty of Almighty God, and then set forth the creation of the world and of man, the fall of our first parents, their banishment from paradise, and their "promise of life by the resurrection"; it then proceeded to mention the leading events of the Old Testament history, from Noe to the entrance of the Jews into the land of promise.

THE SANCTUS.

The preface ended as to-day with the sanctus. "And ten thousands § of ten thousands of angels worship Thee, crying incessantly: 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Sabbaoth. Heaven and earth are full of his glory ‖ Blessed be he forever. Amen.'" The first one to combine these two texts, which always con-

* *On the Lord's Prayer*, 10.
† Ch. 65.
‡ St. Proclus. *On the Tradition of the Divine Mass.* Migne, P. G., lxxv. 849.
§ Dan. vii. 10.
‖ Is. vi. 3.

cluded the preface in the Eastern liturgies, is St. Clement of Rome.* The *Liber Pontificalis*† attributes its insertion into the canon of the Mass to Pope St. Xystus I.‡

The bishop then continued his prayer, mentioning our Savior's birth of the Virgin Mary, his public ministry, his passion, death, and resurrection. The passion naturally suggests that memorial of the passion, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, which, as St. Paul declared, was "to shew the death of the Lord until he come."§

THE CONSECRATION.

St. Justin thus speaks of the consecration: "For the Apostles, in the memoirs composed by them, which are called Gospels, have thus delivered unto us what was enjoined upon them; that Jesus took bread and, when he had given thanks, said: 'This do ye in remembrance of me. This is my body'; and that in like manner, having taken the cup and given thanks, he said: 'This is my blood,' and gave it to them alone."‖

The words of the institution, "This is my body; this is my blood"; by which is effected the change from bread and wine into the living Jesus Christ, are the same in every liturgy East and West. In fact, the principal parts of the canon are everywhere found in the most ancient liturgies of the fourth century. The order and length of the prayers vary considerably, but this substantial agreement can only be explained by ascribing to them a common apostolic origin.¶

St. Justin does not mention the prayers that immediately follow the consecration, but we can learn them with perfect certainty from the *Apostolic Constitutions*. First came the

ANAMNESIS,

or the prayer which "recalled" the passion. "Therefore, having in remembrance his passion, death, resurrection, ascension, and his second advent, when he shall come to judge the living and the dead, and give to every man according to his works.** Then followed the

OBLATION.

"For we offer unto God the bread and the chalice, giving

* First Epistle xxxiv. † Edit. Duchesne, i. 128. ‡ 117-126 A. D.
§ I. Cor. xi. 26. ‖ Ch. 66. *Apost. Const.* Book viii. 12.
¶ St. Augustine. *On Baptism*, iv. 24. ** *Apost. Const.* viii. 12.

thanks unto him, for that he has commanded the earth to bring forth these fruits for our food, and then finishing the oblation."* And the

INVOCATION OR EPIKLESIS.

"We invoke the Holy Ghost that he would make the sacrifice the body of Christ, and the chalice the blood of Christ,"† "that they who partake thereof may be strengthened in godliness, may receive remission of their sins, may be rescued from the devil and his deceit, may be filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.‡

All the Greek liturgies had this prayer demanding that the Holy Spirit descend upon the consecrated species that they might be a means of sanctification for all receiving them. We know that at the time of Pope Gelasius,§ the Roman liturgy also contained a similar prayer. But as the ancient wording seemed to imply that transubstantiation was effected by this prayer, St. Gregory the Great changed it to avoid confusion.‖

THE MEMENTO FOR THE LIVING.

After the epiklesis, prayers were said for the celebrant, the clergy, the temporal rulers, the virgins, the widows, the women with child, the children, the sick, the slaves, etc.¶ Tertullian alludes to these prayers in his *Apologeticus*:** "We pray too for the emperors, for their ministers, and for all in authority, for the welfare of the world, for the prevalence of peace."

THE MEMENTO FOR THE DEAD.

The memento for the dead occurred at the close of these prayers: "Let us pray for those who entered into their rest in the faith."††

Owing to the confusion arising from the one list of the living and the dead who were prayed for, and the saints whose intercession was asked, Pope Gregory separated these prayers as we have them to-day in the Roman missal.‡‡

* St. Irenæus. *Frag.* 38 (circ. 177 A. D.) † St. Iren., *ibid.* ‡ *Apost. Const.* viii. 12.
§ *Letter to Elpidius.* P. L., lix. Col. 143.
‖ Probst, 179. *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, xiv. Col. 1546.
¶ *Apost. Const.* viii. 12. ** Ch. 39. †† *Apost. Const.* viii. 13.
‡‡ *Dictionnaire de Théol. Cath.* Art. "Canon de la Messe." Col. 1544-1547. Duchesne, *ibid.*, p. 62.

THE COMMUNION.

After these prayers, the bishop broke the consecrated bread, took Communion himself, and then gave the Blessed Eucharist to all present. *

The "breaking of bread" is always mentioned in the New Testament accounts of the institution † and the references to he celebration ‡ of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. In the first days of Christianity, the "fractio panis" or "breaking of bread" was a synonym for the Greek word liturgy or the Latin word Mass. In the cemetery of St. Priscilla there is a very precious painting of the second century which represents this solemn moment of the breaking of bread before Communion. §

According to St. Justin the deacons gave Communion in both kinds to the people. "And when the bishop has given thanks, and all the people have expressed their assent, those whom we call deacons give to every one present the bread and wine mixed with water, over which the thanksgiving was pronounced, and they carry away a portion to those who are absent." ‖

According to the *Apostolic Constitutions*,¶ the bishop gave Communion under the form of bread, saying: "The Body of Christ," while the communicant received the sacred host in the right hand,** answering: "Amen." The deacon then gave Communion under the form of wine, saying, as he presented the chalice: "The blood of Christ. The Chalice of life." †† Some of the faithful used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to their homes under the form of bread, and give Communion to themselves before their breakfast. Tertullian alludes to this when he is speaking of the difficulty a Christian woman married to a pagan has in fulfilling the law of Christ: "Will not your husband know what it is which you secretly taste before taking any food?" ‡‡

We know that the Blessed Sacrament was kept §§ under the form of bread to be sent to the sick and those in prison. When no priest could be had, Holy Communion was brought

* *Canons of the Apostles*, ix. x. † Matt. xxvi.; Mark xiv.; Luke xxii.; I. Cor. xi.
‡ I. Cor. x.; Acts ii. 42; xx. 7. § *Fractio Panis*. Mgr. Wilpert. ‖ Ch. 65.
¶ Book viii. 13. Tertullian. *On the Soldier's Chaplet*, 3.
** Tertullian. *On Idolatry*, 7. Cyprian, Epist. 36.
†† For a most detailed account of the reception of Communion in the Early Church, read St. Cyril of Jer. *Cat.* xxiii.
‡‡ *To his Wife*, ii. 5. §§ Cyprian. *De Lapsis*.

to the absent by laymen. Cardinal Wiseman has made the case of the acolyte Tarcissus, familiar to the many readers of his novel *Fabiola*. Eusebius also, in his *Church History*, relates from Dionysius of Alexander a deathbed Communion given to the old man Serapion by his grandchild.*

St. Justin terminates his description of the Mass with the Communion, but we find frequent mention† in the early writers of a prayer of thanksgiving after Communion. The earliest we know is found in the *Teaching of the Twelve*:‡

"We give thee thanks, holy Father, for thy holy name, which thou hast caused to dwell in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy child. Glory be to thee forever," etc.

The liturgy§ ended with a prayer by the bishop craving God's protection for his people, while the deacon said: "You are dismissed in peace."

St. Justin Martyr and the author of the *Apostolic Constitutions* give us together a pretty complete outline of the Eucharistic Sacrifice as celebrated in the churches of the second century. Many changes ensued in the ceremonies and prayers after the Christians came up from the catacombs, and the end of the persecutions allowed them to celebrate Mass with greater pomp and splendor. The distinction between the Mass of the catechumens and the Mass of the faithful was soon done away with, as the catechumenate ceased and the penitential discipline became greatly relaxed. All these changes, however, affected merely the externals of the liturgy; its essence has ever remained the same.

It would be good for the modern non-Catholic, who has lost entirely the liturgical idea of Christian worship, to go back to the writers and liturgies of the first days of Christianity, and compare them with the Mass as celebrated to-day in every corner of the globe. Many by so doing have been led to acknowledge the Catholic Church as the only true guardian of the living Eucharistic Christ.

* *Church History*, vi. 44.
† *Apost. Const.* Book viii. 15. Eusebius. In Ps. 21.
‡ Chap. x.
§ *Apost. Const.*, *ibid.*

SILVIO PELLICO.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D. PH.D.

ON February first—there ends the fiftieth year after the death of Silvio Pellico, who, with the possible exception of Manzoni, is the best known Italian writer and the one most widely read outside of his own country. His little book *My Prisons*, or as it has sometimes been called in English, *My Ten Years' Imprisonment*, is a favorite among more people, in the sense that they go back and read it over and over again, than probably any other little book of the nineteenth century. I say this with all the more deliberation, because I realize how many favorite books were written at almost the same time. Three others at least, which appeared during the first half of the nineteenth century, the world will not willingly let die. They are Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl; or, the Man who Lost his Shadow*, de La Motte-Fouqué's *Undine*, and Xavier De Maistre's *A Little Journey Round My Room*.

Every one who has read Silvio Pellico's *My Prisons*, however, is sure to go back to it, and if read at a time of trial and discouragement, it is sure to prove a source of much consolation. Yet *My Prisons* was written under circumstances little calculated to make it a book of consolation for other sufferers. When Silvio Pellico began his term of imprisonment, he was scarcely thirty years of age and was considered one of the most distinguished living Italian writers. Great work was expected from him. His tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini" had created almost a furore of enthusiasm in Italy. Nor was the enthusiasm with regard to it limited to Italians; it extended to the Latin-speaking people generally, and even Byron considered it worth his while to translate the tragedy into English verse. It is said that Byron was so intent upon the English version that he devoted all his time to it, scarcely even eating or sleeping for three days until it was completed.

Pellico did not deserve the sentence of imprisonment passed on him, and he came out of prison broken down in health and

with his literary energy almost dissipated forever. One great work, however, he completed. He penned this immortal little book, which describes in simple language his thoughts and his feelings during ten years in prison, and in so doing, gave such a complete picture of his true self that it never fails to be interesting. Ruskin once said that the hardest thing in the world to do was to see something and tell it simply as it was. This requires genius. When it comes, however, to recalling moods and feelings, especially during the hours of suffering, it is so easy to exaggerate, or let the conventional hold sway instead of the natural, that literary excellence becomes almost impossible.

Because of the fact that Pellico was able to hold the even tenor of his narrative with such strict adhesion to simplicity and naturalness, his work is a triumph of the true artistic spirit. He knew how to eliminate the obvious, the unessential, the superfluous, and yet to bring out all that was interesting in the details of the picture. Something more than a literary flavor marks Pellico's book. It possesses what has recently been called the antiseptic quality of style that is likely to keep it from the corroding effect of time's destructive processes. The author has, however, been more loved than admired, looked to more as a personal friend than as a favorite author.

Silvio Pellico was born at Saluzzo, in the north of Italy, on the 24th of June, 1788. If it be recalled that only a short time later, on the 14th of July, 1789, the Bastile fell and the French Revolution broke out, the historical environment of his young days will, in some measure, be realized. His early life was passed at Pinerolo, and later at Turin. He was of very delicate constitution, and at twelve years of age suffered from some serious ailment which caused his physicians to give up all hope of his survival; his mother, however, clung fondly to her confidence in his recovery, and finally nursed him through his illness and back to health, though he was destined never to be very robust.

During his early years, because of delicacy of health, he did not attend regularly at school, but wandered at will amongst the mountains and along the streams of Lombardy, developing a love for nature, which was later to manifest itself in his poetry, and that feeling of sympathy for all "outdoors," which was to make his years of imprisonment all the more poignant

to him, and all the more fruitful in great thoughts. Pellico was to learn, and with benefit to his poetic inspiration, the bitter lesson of eating his bread with tears.

Though his education had not been very strenuous, and though he was in no sense a precocious child, yet many interesting developments marked Pellico's boyhood. While he loved to dream under the trees of the Italian spring and summer time, and had the instincts of a poet even in early years, he could and did apply himself to creative or at least imitative work. His tendency was always along dramatic lines. Before he was ten years old he had become deeply interested in the old Gaelic fragments of Ossian, which MacPherson had popularized only a short time before; Pellico, moreover, had written a tragedy on a theme selected from the old-time poet. One of his main sources of amusement as a boy was in arranging and acting plays with other children, into which patriotic motives nearly always entered. The stories of the old Roman days, such as later were to be the subjects of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, were favorites with him. He was encouraged in this line of thought and application by his father, who had a strong interest in the patriotic movements of the time.

The pecuniary circumstances of Pellico's family would not permit every one of its members to secure a liberal education. So at the age of eighteen, on the invitation of an aged relative, Pellico journeyed to Lyons, and practically became a member of the household of this cousin of his mother. Here he experienced in his old relative all the tenderness of a father. His education led him to imbibe all the newer ideas in France, and his highest aspiration came to be the hope that some time his own beloved country, Italy, would be free and independent. Unfortunately the elderly relative, with whom he was staying, had become saturated with the scepticism of the closing years of the eighteenth century, and Silvio Pellico was brought up a firm believer in those irreligious, rationalistic principles that proved so fatal to France during the revolution. He continued in this sceptical state of mind with regard to religion until after some time of suffering in prison, when he realized how little of anything like consolation there was in mere stoicism, and how sweet, on the other hand, might be the fountains of faith in the midst of adversity.

After remaining about five years in France Silvio, at the

age of twenty-two, was recalled to Italy by his father, and took up his residence in Milan, where the family now lived. Parini had been till the close of the eighteenth century the literary genius of Northern Italy, and had gathered a school of younger writers about him in Milan. Besides the thoughts of freedom and independence for Italy, there came to this group of young men the ambitious notion of making a new literature that would be worthy of their beloved country. Pellico here met, on terms of the most intimate friendship, many of the distinguished literary men of this school. Ugo Foscolo, the poet, became his very close friend. Vincenzo Monti and Counts Confalonieri and Porro were among his intimate acquaintances. The ambition of these young men to create a national literature will not be so surprising if it is recalled that at this time the spirit of art, blowing where it listeth, had aroused Italian minds of the finer types to the expression of great thoughts.

At the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there had been a very interesting period of literary development in Northern Italy. Metastasio, who died in 1782, had written a series of Italian comedies that attracted great attention, and his work became, throughout Europe, the popular libretti for the great operas of the time. Goldoni, whose principal work was done at Venice, and who represents the only Venetian author known outside of his native city,* had given literary form to a number of the old Italian folk comedies and had written some very clever short dramas, mostly of comic character. Many readers will readily recall "La Lavandiera," "The Washerwoman," a little comedy which was intensely popular during one of the earlier visits of Eleanora Duse to this country, before she acquired the unfortunate D'Annunzio habit. This comedy is probably the cleverest written by Goldoni. Alfieri, who died in 1803, had himself given to Italian literature a series of tragedies as great as the comedies of Metastasio and Goldoni.

Under the influence of Walter Scott, whom Goethe had popularized on the Continent, there arose an Italian school of

* It is rather surprising to find Goldoni's the only Venetian name of repute in literature, especially when we recall Venice's many notable artists. Commercial supremacy however—and we realize the applicability of this expression to our own times—does not, as a rule, favor success in the fine arts. Genoa, Venice's great and, in the end, conquering rival, is the only one of the Italian cities that produced no great artists, sculptors, or writers.

romantic novelists. Among these the greatest was Manzoni, whose *Betrothed* is indeed one of the few modern novels that one finds popular in all countries. Tomaso Grossi, Manzoni's friend, was for a time, at least in Italy, thought to have written a work as great as Manzoni's own in his *Galeazzo Visconti;* but the book, though very popular among the Italians, was never read to any extent outside of Italy.

Under the inspiration of this literary movement Silvio Pellico's literary genius developed. It is not surprising that the work that he did was worthy of the time and of the Italy he loved so well. Shortly after his return to Milan, he became the tutor to the sons of Count Porro. At Porro's house all the distinguished literary people of Europe, who happened to be passing through Milan, were accustomed to meet. Even those who did not originally intend to stop at the capital of Lombardy, frequently turned aside to partake of the count's hospitality. During these years Silvio came to be intimately acquainted with such distinguished foreign literateurs as Frederick Schlegel, and his brother August Schlegel, Lord Brougham, and Madame de Staël.

The literary movement of the first quarter of the nineteenth century was marked by the quarrel between the romanticists and the classicists. Faction spirit ran high in every literary city of Europe, and the movement could scarcely fail to invade Milan. One might have expected Pellico to decide rather with the romanticists. It is perhaps, however, the best index of our poet's real catholicity of spirit that he refused to take sides. A recent biographer says of him: "He had the custom of taking the true and the good wherever he found it. He used frequently to repeat: 'All the beautiful is beautiful.'" It was at this time, and under the inspiration of association with many distinguished Italian writers, that Pellico composed "Francesca Da Rimini." It is hard for us to realize now how quickly this became universally popular in Italy. It was not in Italy alone, however, but in Germany and France that it attracted widespread attention among the literary folk. I have already said how much Lord Byron admired it. It is rather interesting to find that he did admire it so much, for the story of the play, as told by Silvio Pellico, lacks all of the features that might be supposed to make it interesting to the English poet, especially in the character which he affected most in

Italy. It is typical of a certain refined purity of soul, always noteworthy in Pellico's poems, that Francesca and Paolo suffer death at the hands of Francesca's husband and Paolo's brother just after their first kiss. The story, as usually told, supposes a guilty intrigue for some time before Lanciotto discovers the lovers in the famous kissing scene. Even Dante's brief but wonderful description, "the lily in the lion's mouth," was evidently intended to convey this meaning. There are authorities, however, in the old Italian stories that do not entirely justify this version, and Silvio Pellico preferred to adopt an interpretation that greatly minimized the guilt of the lovers.

The fall of Napoleon had restored Lombardy to Austrian dominion. This was gall and wormwood to the souls of the young Italians who had hoped for the freedom of their country. Their ambition, thwarted for the time, led to the formation of many secret societies, and especially the Carbonari, whose avowed object, though of course kept secret as far as possible, was the freedom of their native country. One of the most prominent members of the Carbonari in Northern Italy was Pietro Maroncelli, who was a great personal friend of Pellico. It is now well known that Pellico himself was not in sympathy with the more radical spirits, who hoped for liberty by revolutionary methods; it is doubtful even if he ever became a member of the Carbonari. When this society fell under the ban of the Austrian government, however, the mere fact of being a friend of Maroncelli's caused Pellico himself to be suspected of revolutionary tendencies. He was arrested and imprisoned for ten years, though no charges of active association with the outspoken enemies of Austria were ever brought against him.

In order to arouse the spirit of their countrymen, a paper called *Il Conciliatore*, was established, with Pellico as managing editor; after scarcely more than a year of existence it was suppressed by the Austrian government. For some time before the end its editorship had become anything but a sinecure, owing to the unreasonableness of Austrian censorship. It contained very little that would in modern times be considered revolutionary. Austria, however, was never a government to split hairs over the extent of revolutionary tendencies, and in those days of Metternich's rule, was very likely to act first and then investigate. Practically the only thing that was

proved against Silvio Pellico at his trial, if we are to dignify by the name of trial the legal process by which he was railroaded to prison, was his connection with and his contributions to the *Conciliatore.* No specially seditious article, though, could be proved to be his, nor indeed was it considered that the young, gentle poet ever penned anything more than prose and poetry that breathed perhaps too fervent a love for his beautiful country to be quite palatable to its Austrian rulers.

To those who know how political prisoners were treated under the English government, it will be easy to understand something of the processes by which Pellico—who had been warned that he was about to be arrested, and whose friends advised him to flee, but who, conscious of his innocence, preferred to remain and stand trial—found himself, almost before he realized it, condemned first to death and then, by the exercise of clemency, to imprisonment for fifteen years. When political offenses are the subject of investigation, so much of liberty of judgment is allowed to representatives of the law, that the possibilities of injustice are almost infinite, and all of the chances lie against the prisoner. When this is true even in courts that are supposed to be guarded by the great principles of Magna Charta, and rendered safe by the English common law, it is not so surprising to find a political trial a mere travesty of justice in aristocratic and imperial Austria, where the rights of the private citizen had never been set very high.

At first Pellico was confined in the prison known as Santa Marguerita, in Milan. This had been a monastery of Franciscans that had been secularized, and, as it proved insufficient for the number of prisoners, some additional buildings were constructed. The cells for political prisoners were below the street level, intensely damp and unhealthy, fairly reeked with filth and vermin, and were sometimes flooded by sewage from the streets. One of the cells, that in which Count Confaloniere was confined, was so filthy that it was usually spoken of as the cloaca maxima—the name given by the Romans to the main sewer of Rome, the remains of which may still be seen.

Pellico rejoiced when news came that he was to be transferred from Santa Marguerita. But the change was for the worse, though it must have seemed to him and his friends that it was impossible to be confined under any worse con-

ditions than those which existed at Santa Marguerita. His next place of imprisonment was under the leads at Venice, the famous cells immediately beneath the roof of one portion of the Doge's palace, in which Venetian political prisoners have been confined for many centuries. Here the heat was all but unbearable. During the day it was like a hot oven; during the night the accumulated heat from the sun, beating down upon the lead roof for many hours, continued to radiate and make the confined quarters almost as unbearable as during the day; besides this, a plague of gnats and mosquitoes made it almost impossible to allow windows to be open, and of course no provisions were made to protect prisoners from these insects during the night.

Notwithstanding the awful torture of this prison, Pellico succeeded in doing considerable writing. He was still under sentence of death, and neither he nor any of the officials near him knew when the order to carry out that sentence might come. Still, under such discouraging conditions, he wrote two tragedies, "Esther of Engaddi" and "Iginia of Astii." He wrote, besides, a series of poems, all of which were subsequently published. These added not a little to his reputation.

After having been under the leads for over a year and a half, definite news came that his death sentence had been commuted to imprisonment for fifteen years (carcere duro—"hard prison"), and that he was to be removed to the fortress of Spielberg, not far from Brünn, in Moravia; here it was that he passed eight years. His conditions of imprisonment were nearly as severe as can be imagined. The confinement was absolutely solitary, and any attempt to communicate with fellow-prisoners was almost sure to be followed by severe punishment; the food was poor and insufficient. Pellico, always of delicate constitution, soon began to waste away under this treatment, until he was little better than a skeleton. As the Austrian government had a large number of political prisoners at this time, there was fear lest some of them should combine to make their escape, and a regulation had been made requiring all of them to wear irons. When he came to put irons on Pellico's feet, the blacksmith found him so emaciated and so weak that, though accustomed for many years to the work, the smith could not help remarking in German, which he

thought Pellico did not understand, that death would soon take them off.

To add to all the other hardships of his imprisonment, Pellico was absolutely refused the consolation of pen and paper. He succeeded, however, in occasionally getting some scraps from his jailers. Even after he obtained the paper, there was still the question of ink. For this Pellico improvised various substitutes. Some of his poems were written with his own blood; some with tobacco juice; some with soot, which he managed to collect and mix with water. This last was probably the most satisfactory substitute for ink that he had. Some of these scraps of paper are preserved in the library of the Chamber of Deputies, at Milan, and constitute most fondly cherished memorials of the poet.

The most interesting feature of these sad years, however, is the effect produced upon the spiritual side of Pellico's character. During the early part of his imprisonment, he became intensely discouraged, and practically despaired of any consolation from earth or heaven The reading of the Scriptures had once been a great consolation to him, but he threw them aside and began to sing certain light songs, so that one of the jailer's little boys, who frequently passed the cell, said to him one day: "You are ever so much gayer since you gave up reading that dusty old book." This set Pellico thinking, and he returned once more to the consolation that he had found especially in the New Testament. As he said himself: "I renewed my intention of identifying with religion all my thoughts concerning human affairs, all my opinions upon the progress of civilization, my philanthropy, love of my country, in short all the passions of mind. The few days in which I remained subjected to the cynic doctrine did me a great deal of harm; I long felt its effects, and had great difficulty in removing them. Whenever man yields in the least to the temptation to lower his intellect, to view the works of God through the infernal medium of scorn, to abandon the munificent exercise of prayer, the injury which he inflicts upon his natural reason prepares him to fall again with but little struggle. For a period of several weeks, I was almost daily assaulted with strong, bitter tendencies to doubt and disbelief, and it called for the whole power of my mind to free myself from their grasp. When these mental struggles had ceased,

and I had again become habituated to revere the deity in all my thoughts and feelings, I for some time enjoyed the most unbroken serenity and peace. The examinations to which I was every two or three days subjected by the special commission, however tormenting, produced now no lasting anxiety. I succeeded in discharging all that integrity and friendship required of me, and left the rest to the will of God. I now too used my utmost efforts to guard against the effects of any sudden surprise, every emotion and passion, and every imaginable misfortune; a kind of preparation for future trials that I found of the greatest utility."

It is a source of supreme satisfaction to find that Pellico's *My Prisons* had immediately a good effect upon the Austrian authorities and their treatment of prisoners. The fortress of Spielberg was taken out of the list of places for the confinement of political prisoners and, after being remodelled, was turned into a barracks. The room in which Pellico had been confined, however, was left almost unchanged; and later it became a place of pilgrimage for Italian visitors. Pellico's picture is still to be seen there, and hanging on the wall are the chains which he wore as a prisoner; besides, some of the scraps of paper on which he wrote while in prison are preserved and exhibited to visitors. No better testimony to the improvements that have taken place in the treatment of prisoners could be given than this frank acknowledgment by the Austrian authorities of the mistakes of the past. So long as Silvio Pellico's cell remains as a museum, there will surely be an inspiration to make the conditions of prison life as humane as possible.

The predominant note in Silvio Pellico's life writings, after his release from prison, is that of religion. He had entered prison almost an avowed atheist; he had found in religion, however, the only real consolation in his sufferings. Religion was not popular among many of the friends with whom he would naturally be associated, especially in political matters, after his release, but that made no difference to him; and he expressed his sentiments regardless of what men might think. He submitted the story of his imprisonment to several friends, most of whom advised him not to publish it, because of its intensely religious character. Pellico replied, however, that he was neither more nor less than just what he was, and that he

would be perfectly willing to have the whole world realize his position as to religious sentiments. The success of his book, its immediate popularity in Italy, its translation within ten years into practically all the languages of Europe, even into Russian and at least one other Slav language, show how perfectly true to his own feelings, and how close to the heart of nature, his little book had been written.

Its power for good can scarcely be overestimated. Even as regards the political situation, the influence that it exerted was much greater than could possibly have been anticipated. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Prime Minister, who would be as little likely as any man that ever lived to exaggerate the influence of a book that told so seriously against his government, is said to have declared that Pellico's little book did much more harm to Austria than would have been accomplished by the loss of a great battle. It was suggested to him that it might be possible to counteract the influence of the state prisoner's simple story by pamphlets contradicting some of its most telling points regarding the Austrian treatment of political prisoners. Metternich replied: "Even though the government should stoop to take up a pamphlet controversy of this kind, its humiliation would be useless all the same. The battle has been lost, and the impression produced by Pellico's book can never be removed by any mere controversial answer, however complete."

After his release, in 1830, Silvio Pellico lived, for nearly twenty-five years, the most honored of his countrymen. Books were dedicated to him, patriots recalled his name with emotion, and his public appearances were greeted with enthusiasm. His always delicate health had been broken by his long, hard confinement, however, and he withdrew from public notice as much as possible. Besides, he had come to realize in the midst of his prison reflections the emptiness of worldly honor. His last years were those of the simple, earnest Christian which the story of his imprisonment depicts, and when he died all Italy mourned for a favorite son whose name shall not soon be forgotten.

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

A NUMBER of factory girls stood at the door of the East End Settlement. There was a look of expectancy about them. As a matter of fact they were going to-day to the other side of London. Most of them had never been beyond the Minories. Such expeditions to the West End were considered to have an educational value, though it was to be regretted, incidentally, that there were times when the benefits of civilization were rudely repudiated by the denizens of slum-land.

I remember once accompanying a party of factory girls to view a collection of pictures. The exhibits were all by well-known English artists, and it was thought that art such as this could not fail to elevate and instruct the ignorant mind. The picture gallery had been specially reserved for the evening, and each Social Settlement was invited to bring so many East End girls. Certain philanthropists provided refreshments, and some of the bluest blood of Britain personally ministered to the wants of their East End sisters.

From an ethical and a Christian standpoint it was an ideal scheme. But idealism, as we know, does not always work. Not that the factory girls were unappreciative of the kindness shown to them, for they enjoyed the refreshments as only those can who know what starvation is; that part of the entertainment was an unqualified success. It was High Art that failed.

A rope-walk girl entered the gallery with me. At first she had no time to look at the walls hung with pictures; she was conscious only of the size of the structure and the towering palms and the velvet ottomans. So she held her breath and kept pace with me. Suddenly she stopped, her eyes wide open.

"B'li' me, wot's thet?" was her crude remark.

"A gentleman of the reign of Charles II.," I answered.

"Lord save us!" said she slowly, "wot a guy!" And

acting under the impression that the hanging committee had suspended it there for her amusement, she put her hands on her hips and shrieked with laughter. Then she hallooed across the marble floor.

"'Ere, Bridget!" And with a twist of her hand she beckoned her friend.

"Wot price!" she ejaculated. "Look at 'im!"

This the second critic did; and having linked arms the two factory girls made the silent halls ring with their laughter. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that the courtier of the time of Charles II. momentarily raised his eyebrows at the sound of such profanity.

But the New Gallery did more than amuse the factory girls; it shocked them. Verily they were as strangers in the land of Art. And when they returned that night to the squalor of Stepney, some of them looked downcast; to these the New Gallery was a questionable place of entertainment.

Picture galleries had therefore to be tabooed; and High Art now gave way to the refining influence of religion.

The Brompton Oratory was the present place of pilgrimage, and the girls crowded up the steps in anticipation.

The head worker was in charge of the party. She had the responsibility and the bulk of the girls; while it was only as a supernumerary that I was pressed into the service. My duty was to bring up the rear, and to collect the remnants.

A cursory glance at the group of girls suggested that something unusual was on foot.

On ordinary occasions woollen shawls adorned our persons, and curling pins fascinated the eye; hats were practically unknown among us, unless it might be a wonderful erection in ostrich feathers, or a picture hat in crape. The latter usually began its existence at a funeral and ended its chequered career in the pawn shop.

As for the curling pins, they were ever *in statu quo*. Sometimes I have wondered whether any occasion would be deemed sufficiently important to warrant their removal; for as the ancient Jews were wont to adorn their foreheads with phylacteries, so did the modern factory girl with pins.

But on this particular day a spirit of compromise seemed to pervade the party. In view of South Kensington we were prepared to efface ourselves and our local customs.

A WONDERFUL ERECTION IN OSTRICH FEATHERS.

South Kensington! That was the place where every one had enough to eat? Yes; we had heard of it. There were no ragged skirts and no broken boots over there; no bailiffs either; nor was the furniture placed in the open street in default of rent. South Kensington possessed no touzled heads; no shawled figures glided into the pawn shop on a Monday morning; and no woman hurried round the corner, beer jug in hand. Indeed there was a rumor current that no lady in that quarter ever fetched her own beer.

This statement concerning the beer was at first challenged.

"Garn!" ejaculated a factory girl impatiently. Then she turned to me: "Likely as not they git a servint to go to the public fur it?"

I shook my head. "No; they order it," I said.

"Wot's thet?" she queried.

"Well, they write a letter and say they want a dozen bottles—perhaps."

"Whew!" was the whistled response; "all tergither?"

"All together," I answered.

It was not for me to state that in the South Kensington cupboard there was champagne, too, and whisky and liqueurs. No; sufficient for the day was the evil thereof—or, more accurately speaking, sufficient for the day was the orgy that must inevitably have followed on the twelve bottles of Bass. Why, the alley was more moderate. Yes; one jug did duty in every East End hovel. Of course the jug was re-filled. But to order in twelve bottles "altogether"—that was sitting down to it.

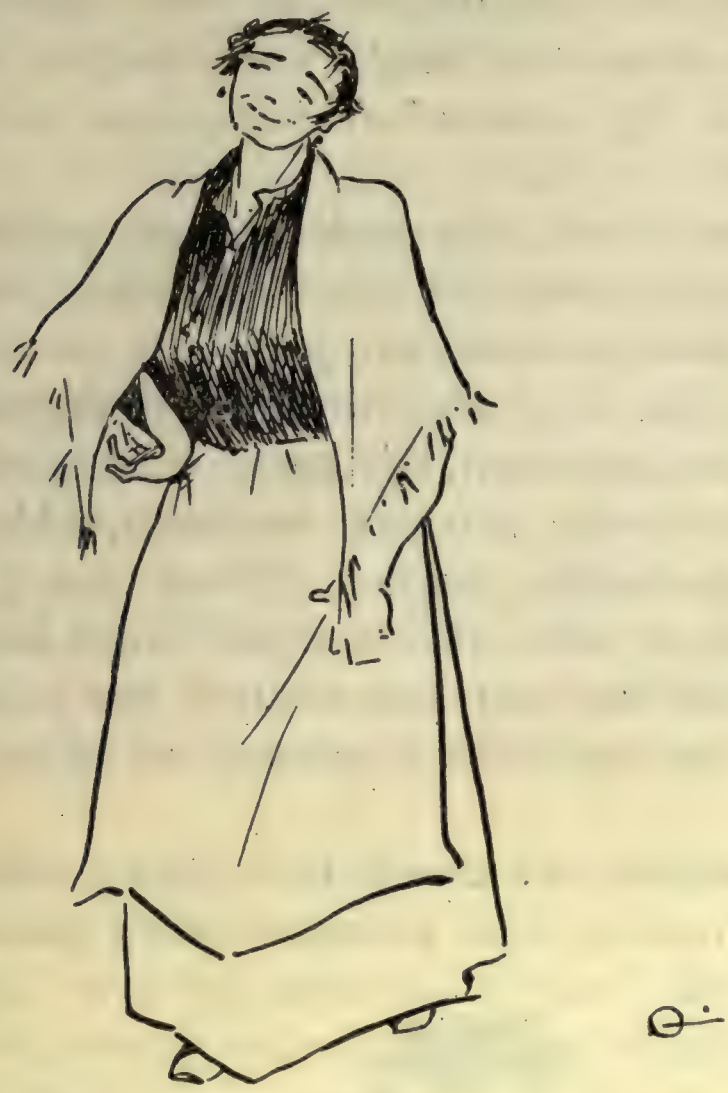
"Umph!" said one of the group, "they 'ave some money over theer."

Obviously. Was it not true that every man, woman, and child in South Kensington had a hat apiece? Why, a whole family might go out together in the West End, without pawning a shawl or borrowing the neighbor's boots.

More than that. Did not each woman own a spare black hat, in anticipation of the next funeral? Was there not a second dress on each one's peg? And an extra pair of boots in the corner? Ah! luxurious South Kensington; with its twelve bottles of Bass in the cupboard; and the week's rent always behind the oliograph; where the inhabitants had enough to eat; and where the skewer of "lights" was never inserted in the hall-door knocker. In its fashionable streets no venders of cat's-meat ever bawled their wares; no drunken men reeled along its pavements; and no costers' barrows obstructed its thoroughfares. There were no street brawls over there; and no "language." The women all looked quiet and sober, and they wore fine clothes. It must be something to see—South Kensington and its refinement. And so we prepared for it.

Instead of going bareheaded some of us put on hats. As hats they were very battered; but, such as they were, we offered them up as holocausts on our altars of propitiation. The hat brims themselves looked depressed; there was a forlorn droop in them, which an occasional and spasmodic upheaval was powerless to retrieve. But no matter to us, each hat was the sign-manual of respectability.

I remember one girl in particular whose appearance was refreshing. Her fringe that day enjoyed an unwonted liberty; it was fluffed out into curls which encircled her face and skirted her ears—as the manner is in Pump Court. There was only one discordant note, so to speak; and that was a solitary



THE SPIRIT OF RAILLERY WAS UPPERMOST.

curling pin which hung suspended over one eye, and seemed to defy public criticism.

After all, I reflected, there are spots on the sun; but this blemish, being nearer, showed more. Just then the owner of the curling pin nodded to me with a sang-froid that is born of self-confidence.

"Your hair looks nice," I said tentatively. "But you've left in one pin."

"Yuss"; said Annie stolidly, "I knows I 'ave." Whereupon I took shelter behind a platitude and lamented my conventionality.

Then we started. To go from one end of London to the other—from the poverty-stricken East to the luxurious West—in a compact mass of nineteen, is a formidable undertaking. First we took a horse-tram. At least we tried to, and then found that the horse-tram refused to take us; so we had to wait for the next. That was already more than half full, but by dint of some squeezing, and a perfect clamor of tongues, we were finally accommodated. East of the Bank of England

manners decline and regulations become elastic. Therefore each girl sat on some one else's knee, and no official quoted the law. Such is the *camaraderie* indigenous to the East End tram.

At Aldgate we took the underground railway, and while waiting for the next train the spirit of raillery was uppermost. Every stranger that crossed our path was made the butt of Stepney wit, so that I rejoiced when the train came in. Once installed in the compartment, the party manifested considerable interest in the automatic machine overhead, which set out the name of the approaching station. Then one girl, garbed in plum-colored velvet, with an elaborate crape hat surmounting it all, stood up on the seat and awaited the next *click;* after which she felt the machine cautiously as though she feared treachery.

Finally we reached the South Kensington station, where we alighted. My friend of the solitary curling pin was with me,

"HI, MISTER! THET FLAG AIN'T NONE O' YOURN!"

together with another adventurous spirit. Presently the latter vanished, I knew not where; but on turning round to search for her, I saw two figures engaged in warm parley. One was

a factory girl, in sea-green velvet; the other was the guard of the departing train. The girl was thereupon called to order.

"I didn't do nuffink," she remarked resentfully—"it was 'is fault! W'y, theer 'e goes agin; wavin' the flag of ol' Ireland as if it b'longed to 'im! Hi, mister!" she shouted, "thet flag ain't none o' yourn!" And she shook her clenched fist at the astonished railway guard.

It was her first experience of a train, and the mysteries of signalling were beyond her ken.

"Yuss"; said the girl as she watched the train steam away, "they'd nick the skin orf a corpse, if yer'd let 'em!" The challenge was flung out into the empty spaces—it was the protest of a daughter of Erin, to whom every green flag was sacred.

With what gravity I could assume, I announced that we were now in the West End.

"A' right," was the answer, "I won't say no more." And by way of expressing repentance, the offender whistled an air from a music hall.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had gone on some distance, and we had to hasten our steps to catch up to them. It was pouring in torrents, and we had six umbrellas between nineteen of us. To the East End an umbrella is a luxury—the first thing to go in, and the last to come out of the pawn shop. Consequently they are dusted every week by a thrifty Hebrew, and again strung up in the window where they hang like pickled herrings in a stiff row.

Just then a smartly dressed woman passed us by. She held an umbrella over a Paris hat and, with a well-gloved hand, she raised her skirt. In so doing she exhibited the edge of a dainty silk petticoat.

"My!" said the girl of the curling pin in a tone of disapproval; "w'y don't she 'old it up!"

"I'd advise you to do the same," said I.

"Don't like ter," was the diffident answer. This was followed by a pause. "I wouldn't mind so much," she added, "if 'twasn't fur me petticut."

"Oh, anything does this weather," I remarked reassuringly.

"'Tain't thet neither," said Annie with desperation. "The fac's is, as I'd 'old it up all right, 'cep' that the folks 'ere

"LORD SAVE US!" SAID ANNIE.

might think as I wanted to show it orf—me petticut is real flash!" she confessed with pride.

The barefaced effrontery of the West End, that hesitated not to show its dainty underskirt, while she of "the submerged" modestly hid hers because of its glory, gave me food for reflection as we threaded our way through the rain and the puddles to Brompton.

"By the way," I said to my companions presently, "we shall go first to the Oratory, and after that to Viscountess ——'s—she is expecting us to tea."

"Lord save us an' preserve us!" said Annie of the curling pin. And her tone was tragic.

"Why; would you not like to go?" I asked; for of all the workers in connection with the Settlement, Lady —— was the most popular with the factory girls.

"I wasn't thinkin' o' that," answered the girl, and she relapsed into silence. Then, after another pause, she ejaculated piously: "Ain't it lucky I put on the jecket, though!"

Again there was silence. The raindrops hung upon the

TWO SHAWLED FIGURES AHEAD.

leafless trees, and ever and anon they splashed on to Annie's cheek. But she paid no heed to the rain, though it made her hat look more woe-begone than ever. She only murmured a reiterated: "Lord save us!" The exclamation resounded with thankfulness to a Higher Power who had foreseen this contingency, and she sighed aloud at the narrowness of her escape. "Ain't it jes' lucky I put on me jecket!" Whereupon she drew the garment closer and did up all the buttons there were.

"Yuss"; she soliloquized, "on'y ter think of it. W'y, I might 'ave put on me shawl, not knowin' like! Fur theer's them," she continued, indicating with a nod the two shawled figures ahead, "as wanted me ter wear me shawl ter-day. But I knew better." There was a break in her reflections, wherein one guaged the sacrifice. "Whin yer gits used to a shawl," said she, "it feels kind o' funny to put on a jecket."

She thought it well to explain this, in case I had not grasped the situation. But of course it was not a mere question of a shawl or a jacket, there was a principle involved. After all, a blue shawl is but a shawl; and it is of the East, Eastern; whereas a jacket, being on a higher plane, is different. The sleeves may be hanging by a thread; the buttons may be off; and the seams yawning; still it remains a jacket. It is, in fact, the embodiment of Western civilization. It is the subtle bridge that spans the chasm which divides class from class. Nay, more; it gives the wearer a foothold in society, by which she may climb to any height. Such is the virtue of the jacket. In its first beginnings Annie's garment must once have been new. But what its social status was in those palmy days, would be impossible now to discover.

"Lucky I 'ave on me jecket," said the girl again. She pulled it down carefully, and gave a sigh of absolute reassurance. Arrayed in the old, buttonless jacket Annie felt she could meet the aristocracy on an equal footing.

So we walked along South Kensington feeling grateful, and we had almost reached the Oratory when my companion made the irrelevant remark:

"Me Aunt Kate thinks yer're a' right." She spoke in the local idiom.

"I'm glad she likes me," I answered. "I liked her, too."

"Yuss"; said Annie, without much enthusiasm. "She's right enuff—whin she ain't drunk."

Suddenly South Kensington vanished and the Oratory crumbled away. In its place lay the East End alley—deep down, embedded in the bowels of the earth. And rising up from the evil Court, as from the mouth of hell, there came the sounds of blasphemy, while the children played in the doorways. I could see the entrance to the public house half way along the damp wall. The sign creaked over the dilapidated doorway, when through the aperture in the wall a shawled figure emerged with unsteady gait. It was Annie's aunt, who challenged the alley to single combat. No magician could have conjured up a more vivid piece of realism; the picture of the East End Court in the background, and in the foreground the stately Oratory, whose dome seemed to reach even to heaven. And while my feet pressed the marble steps, my mind was with Mrs. Quill in the Devil's Alley.

"MY, AIN'T THEY 'TORFS'?"

Then the girl spoke again and broke the chain of reflection. "My, ain't they 'torfs'?"

And she gazed incredulously at the stream of fashion pouring into the church. Presently we joined the worshippers and entered the edifice, whereupon the East End was struck dumb with wonder. Its unexpected splendor seemed to weigh upon us, depriving us of speech. So we held our breath and walked on tip-toe in hushed, overawed appreciation; words failed the East in view of the magnificence of the West.

Then they went softly from chapel to chapel, and from time to time a hesitating, outstretched finger would be gently laid on the face of the polished marble, as though it were a sacred thing. Later on, as they gained courage, one factory girl would exchange reverential glances with another, and a murmur would escape her: "'andsome!" And in the same tone the other would acquiesce: "'andsome!"

Then one girl picked her steps over the tessellated floor,

"'ANDSOME."

fearful lest she should injure it, and remarked solemnly: "Cost a 'eap as likely as not?"

"I believe it did," was my answer.

"'Ow many pund d'yer think?"

But anything beyond two figures was above us, and so we took our leave of the Oratory without in the least realizing the price of it.

Once outside, there was a general concensus of opinion expressive of superlative admiration.

"It ain't 'alf!" was the public verdict.

This expression in East End parlance meets every emergency, only varying in inflection from the high water mark of enthusiasm to the low tide of irony.

After that the party got into various wet 'buses in segments. Some of us were mislaid and others were lost; solitary individuals being promiscuously picked up en route, wet and bedraggled. Our section in particular became thoroughly

demoralized. Never did a 'bus loom in sight but they boarded it with alacrity. It did not in the least signify which way it went. They were confident of getting to the vicinity of Hyde Park anyhow. It was late, therefore, when we stragglers arrived at our destination, where tea and the hostess awaited us.

The East End was immensely impressed with the tea, and equally with the domestics. The hostess seemed rather at a discount. But then they knew her, and they did not know the servants. Such, indeed, was their appreciation of the latter that it was not without difficulty that the factory girls were induced to return home. And even when we had succeeded in leaving the house, the girl in the sea-green velvet went back to shake hands again with one of the parlor-maids, and to tell her of the East End shop where sea-green velvet costumes were to be had on the time payment system. She had got her's there. But she did not give the address to every one.

As we were hurrying along to the central station (Marble Arch), I heard two girls discussing the hostess and the entertainment.

"She's the right sort," said one with conviction.

"Yuss"; assented the other. "And the tea an' stuff wasn't 'alf!"

"I'm thinkin'," said the first one slowly, "as I'll go an' see 'er agin. Or you an' me," she added as an outrider; "you an' me tergither, next Benk 'oliday."

"A' right!" was the response; "don't mind if I do."

After that we reached "the tube," where we all got into the lift. For reasons unknown our party expected the lift to ascend. Whither? No one knew. Instead of which it continued to drop—lower and lower. The result was confusion; for, having welded themselves into a compact mass of seventeen, they clung wildly to one another and shrieked in unison. An elevator was new to them, and it was with a feeling of safety and relief that we stood on the platform to await the electric.

It was here, however, that my friend Annie, who throughout the day had considered herself my specially appointed body-guard—having watched over my safety with a jealous eye—suddenly turned to me.

SHE STOPPED AND CLENCHED HER FISTS.

"Did yer see that feller?" she demanded.

"Which?" I asked.

"The feller wif 'is gel!"

"No; I'm afraid I didn't," was my casual reply.

"Well," said Annie darkly; "'e looked as if 'e were a-goin' to speak ter yer."

"Oh! do you think so?" said I in depreciation.

"Yuss, I do"; replied Annie with firmness. "An' if 'e 'ad—" she stopped abruptly and clenched her fists—"If 'e 'ad—" and her dark eyes flashed with sudden passion—'I'd 'ave knocked 'im dahn; thrown 'im under the train, I would; an' serve 'im right!"

And knowing Annie for one of the most defiant spirits of the East End I feared for the man that incurred her wrath. Many an enemy had Annie felled with a blow. Sometimes she came off with a black eye, but that was not often. For the most part she issued scathless from the fray. Not long

ago, as she had just related, she had been returned as "unsuitable" from a convalescent home.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, yer see, it was like this," she explained. "Theer was a gel at the 'ome as 'adn't no religion of 'er own, an' she takes to insultin' mine, so, 'avin' nothink in me 'and but the slice o' bread I was eatin', I let fly at 'er—I was thet mad; 'it 'er straight in the eye," said Annie unabashed.

"What then?" I queried.

"Well, then, I were pulled up afore the matron, an' she jawed fur a bit; but she sez as she'd give me another chanct, me bein' ill like. But that night, w'en we was all in bed, s'elp me if thet theer gel didn't begin agin. So I jumps aht o' bed, an' I 'ad 'er full length on the floor. She were a bit surprised I kin tell yer!"

"By your Christian forbearance, no doubt?"

But Annie ignored my suggestion. "I come 'ome next day," was her dispassionate remark, "fur the reason as they wouldn't keep me no longer."

At this moment the train whirled in. Some difficulty was experienced in finding seats, and I had barely time to rescue two figures from a smoking carriage when the train started off. On discovering that one of them was my friend of the pugilistic tendencies, my mind was fairly at rest. She seemed interested in everything she saw, and as I watched her from my opposite corner nothing escaped her eye. Her quick glance noted the upholstery and the ventilation apparatus, the electric light and the advertisements; and having passed the passengers in silent review, she sat there ready to give an accurate criticism on each. All this time the sliding doors of the car were opened and shut with the regularity of clockwork; the conductor announcing punctiliously each approaching station. Annie sat very still for some time, but I could see the conductor was getting on her nerves. By degrees she got restless under the strain; and finally a long-suppressed murmur arose from her corner.

"Wot do 'e think"; she demanded aloud, "lost, or on'y strayed?"

"Umph"; said the other East Ender. "Ain't it like 'is impidence?"

Meanwhile the man, happily unconscious of offence, continued in the discharge of his duty.

"Tell yer wot," said Annie, "if that feller sez it agin, I'll say somethink."

To my suggestion that she had better leave well alone, she smiled back so re-assuringly as to disarm suspicion. Again the door opened:

"Tottenham—Court—Road!" bawled the conductor.

With a jerk Annie sat upright. Her battered sailor hat had been tossed off, but the curling pin still hung defiant over her left eye. Then she craned her neck forward.

"Hi, mister!" she demanded abruptly, "ain't yer got a sore throat?" Her tone of solicitude was permeated with irony, and her head remained poised as she awaited his reply.

But there was no reply. The conductor withdrew in dignified resentment, while British gravity became undermined in the car.

"Annie," I said softly, "you're a disgrace."

"Well, wot do 'e keep on 'ollerin' fur? Always 'ollerin' at *us!*" she added resentfully. "Yuss; I'll teach the bloke ter mind 'is own bisness."

The official had offended against all the East End laws. His presumption in indicating our whereabouts grated upon our finer feelings. Was our ignorance to be exposed in the glare of the public eye? Perish the thought! And having now reached the Bank we shook the dust of the "two-penny tube" off our feet and hailed the blue 'bus that went East.

It was with a returning sense of independence that we heard the bell-punch number off our tickets. We felt that we were freeborn Britons once more. The 'bus conductor knew his place in the economy of things—he said nothing. But at the end of each pennyworth he pulled up, and a factory girl was dropped at the nearest corner. First one and then another—each disappeared down a side street and was lost in the great labyrinth of the East End; while the 'bus jogged on in the darkness.

"Each day is a little life," as Aubrey de Vere truly says, "of which the account must be given in at sundown." I thought of this as the lumbering 'bus jolted over the stones. Mile after mile we journeyed on, with the roar and the rattle

of traffic filling our ears; 'buses and carts, trams and costers' barrows, each with their human freight; it was an endless stream that rolled on to the docks.

Then I looked closer into the night, and I discerned the figures of men and women and children peopling the darkness. And ever and anon I saw some trip and others fall—for the road was rough—and lo! the air was filled with the cry of souls. Some with outstretched hands were groping their way; others would fain have dropped out of the mysterious pageant; each was weary; not one but had his burden.

"Strangers and pilgrims" all! They were treading in the footsteps of the mighty dead; pressing down the dust that their fathers had trod, while they scanned a naked heaven for a beacon of eternity.

Thus does the great human brotherhood pass along life's highway, of which the end touches the bourne whence no man returns.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Joy came to me in garments snowy-white
  And laid her finger on my troubled soul,
And creeping Dawn grew fresh and roseate;
Before me walked young, strong-limbed Hopes. The whole
  Earth smiled—an infant, cradled in the light
  That was on land and sea. Gone was the night.

Gone was the night of restlessness and pain
  And, in the glitter of the morning shine,
My heart and I walked leafy lanes grown wild,
  With bright-eyed, anxious Joy as sister mine.
The sunbeam angels played with us again—
And O the Sun, that shone amid life's rain!

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHRISTIAN?

BY THE REVEREND WALTER M. DRUM, S.J.

MRS. EDDY'S new religion wears the attractive mask of Christianity and science. That mask should be torn off, for this so-called Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific. In this claim we follow the lead of all critics who have not striven to read into Mrs. Eddy whatsoever things Christ taught or did, but have scanned her work in the light of the fundamental principles of Christianity and science. The statement that Christian Science is not scientific can be made good by many arguments; but, for the present, we shall confine ourselves almost entirely to the question: "Is Christian Science Christian?"

Mrs. Eddy and her followers assert that their creed is Christian; in the first place, because Christian Scientists work such cures as Christ wrought. We reply that Christian Scientists do not work such cures as Christ wrought; and, even if they did, such cures would not demonstrate the Christianity of Christian Science.

First, Christian Scientists do not work such cures as were wrought by Christ. What cures these would be was foretold by Isaias, xxxv. 5: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free." Christ referred to this prophecy, when summing up his works for the disciples of John. "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again" (Luke vii. 22). The New Testament narrative is full of such cures. Christ raised from the dead the son of the widow of Naim, the daughter of Jairus, and Lazarus. He healed the blind, the deaf and dumb, paralytics, lepers, invalids, and demoniacs. The healing power of Christ was simply without limit—it conquered all forms of disease. "All they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought

them to him. But he laying hands on every one of them, healed them" (Luke iv. 40). "Jesus went about all the cities and towns, . . . healing every disease, and every infirmity" (Matt. ix. 35).

Christian Science has not cured any one of blindness, deafness, dumbness, paralysis, leprosy—not one who had been bedridden for thirty-eight years, not one who was either possessed or obsessed by the devil. Mrs. Eddy was offered two thousand dollars if she would give sight to one born blind. She knew her *Scientific Formula* would tug and toil in vain against such disease, and so she refused to apply that panacea.* Mrs. Eddy advises her pupils to leave surgery to the surgeon. Christ reset the amputated ear of Malchus.

Christian Scientists fail not only to work the cures that Christ wrought, but they fail also to heal in Christ's way of healing. Christ healed by a word or by the laying on of hands and in an instant, without any ostentation. His cures were wrought in public; "neither was any of these things done in a corner" (Acts xxvi. 26). Christ used his power before the very eyes of his enemies, men of learning, who could not deny the wondrous deeds (John xi. 47). Cures are otherwise in Christian Science. The Christian Scientist does not profess to cure instantaneously; she "demonstrates over" the *unreal* disease again and again, and maybe after twenty *unreal* treatments, for which *real* dollars are charged, the *unreal* hysteria yields to that incantation which goes by the name of the Scientific Statement. We say *incantation*, because of the meaningless jargon that makes up the Scientific Statement.

Whether we consider, then, the infirmity cured or the way of curing, the cures of Christian Science are not such as Christ wrought. But even if there were no difference between one or two of the cures of Christ and those of Christian Science, it would not be at all certain that Christian Science is Christian.

First of all, Mrs. Eddy denies that her cures are miraculous—they are, she maintains, according to the ordinary course of nature. To be sure, Mrs. Eddy's concept of nature's ordinary course is not ours; her concept is very far from the ordinary, and consists in the realization that sickness is only "an image in mortal mind," and that "mortal mind is unreal-

* *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 242.

ity." If her cures are wrought by purely natural causes, why should Mrs. Eddy appeal to them? Such cures may prove the truth of certain natural laws; but they prove nothing at all of Christian dogma. Let us suppose that Mrs. Eddy administers an overdose of strychnine—the result cannot be doubted. Would it not be highly ridiculous, if one were to appeal to the action of strychnine as a proof of his Christianity? Yet such an appeal is not one whit more ridiculous than that which Mrs. Eddy makes to the action of what she considers purely natural causes, in order to demonstrate the Christianity of her new cult.

Secondly, even though the cures of Christian Science were not wrought by purely natural causes, an appeal to such cures would not prove the Christianity of Mrs. Eddy's teaching. For Mrs. Eddy's teaching is contrary to the teaching of Christ; and no number of cures, if wrought in confirmation of a teaching that is contrary to the teaching of Christ, can ever prove that teaching to be Christian; such cures must have been wrought by an agency inimical to Christ. God cannot confirm the truth of Christ's doctrine by one cure, and its falsehood by another.

We say that the teaching of Mrs. Eddy is contrary to the teaching of Christ. Her points of departure are many; we shall not try to catalogue them all—a few will prove our statement. Mrs. Eddy rejects the teachings of Christ on the immutability of the deposit of faith, the inspiration of the Old Testament, the reality of sin and all truths connected therewith, and, lastly, the Christian virtues. Such rejection stands out clearly in the pages of Mrs. Eddy's writings.

We say that Mrs. Eddy's teaching is first and above all a rejection of Christ's teaching on the immutability of the deposit of faith. Christ taught that after the death of the Apostles there would be neither increase nor decrease in what we call the material object of faith, the sum of revealed truths would be constant, no new articles would be added, nor old articles lost. All the truths of faith were made known by Christ to the Apostles: "All things whatsoever I have heard from my Father, I have made known to you" (John xv. 15). These truths were more fully unfolded later on by the Holy Spirit. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will teach you all truth" (John xvi. 13). The Apostles understood that

the truths of faith were unchangeable. St. Jude beseeches his flock to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" (Jude 3). St. Paul is ever most solicitous that his converts change naught of the faith. He writes to Timothy: "Thou hast fully known my doctrine . . . continue in those things which thou hast learned" (II. Tim. iii. 10, 14). "Keep the good thing committed to thy trust" (II. Tim. i. 14). He begs the Romans: "Mark them who make dissensions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them" (Rom. xvi. 17). He bids the Galatians to curse either himself or an angel from heaven or any one else who preaches to them a Gospel besides that which they have received (Gal. i. 8). There can be no doubt that Christ gave the deposit of faith complete and unchangeable.

Mrs. Eddy would make it out that Christ reserved for her far greater revelations than the Apostles received. All the truths of faith were not by any means made known to them. To nobody did God quite fully reveal Christ's meaning, until Mrs. Eddy discovered Christian Science. The contents of her "little book open" are all new revelations.* For nearly nineteen centuries we have been in darkness as to what Christ wished to say. Did Christ come, then, as light to the world only to leave in darkness the souls of the world? Has his teaching been purposeless for nearly nineteen centuries? Did he leave even his mother and his dearest friends ignorant of what he meant to say? Did he send his band of chosen few throughout the whole wide world only to spread gross ignorance? Did he bid them teach all nations falsehood? Did he lay it down as a law that they who believed such falsehood would be saved, and that they who rejected it would be damned? Mrs. Eddy seems to think so; for she claims that Christ kept his meaning hidden away under words whose secret could not be unlocked save by the "Key to the Scriptures," which he led Mrs. Eddy to discover. More than that: this nineteenth century discoverer is still on the lookout for revelations. Her text-book may grow in bulk so long as she lives; it is as adaptable as the Book of Mormon. Note well her attitude: "As of old, I stand with sandals on and staff in hand, waiting for the watchword and the

* *North American Review*, Vol. CLXXIII., p. 24; also *Science and Health*, p. 4. When we quote from this text-book of Mrs. Eddy, we shall note only the page thereof.

revelation of what, how, and whither."* No man of prudence and judgment can assent to all this as the teaching of Christ.

Mrs. Eddy rejects also Christ's teaching about the divine inspiration and consequent inerrancy of the Old Testament. Christ gave hearty approval to the esteem in which the Jews held the Holy Scriptures. With him these books clearly stood as far more than a merely human authority (John v. 34); time and again he quoted them as documents so reliable that it was utterly impossible their words should not be fulfilled. "All you shall be scandalized in me this night. For it is written: *I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed*" (Matt. xxvi. 31). "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man" (Luke xviii. 31). He quotes the Mosaic books as the word of God himself. "Have you not read that which was spoken by God saying to you: *I am the God of Abraham?*" (Matt. xxii. 31). Yet God did not say these words to the Jews except by inspiring Moses to write them (Exod. iii. 6). It is precisely because God speaks through the sacred writers, that Christ says the principles of the Mosaic code cannot be smirched with error, and will last so long as truth. "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fall" (Luke xvi. 17; Matt. v. 18). He promises this endurance of the truth of the Old Law, in almost the very same words that he applies to the New: "Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass" (Matt. xxiv. 35; Mark xiii. 31; Luke xxi. 33).

But with Mrs. Eddy the Old Testament must yield to her *discovery*. The statements of the Mosaic code must be pared down and twisted into shape with her preconceived notions of what they should have been. She does not hesitate to say that the Pentateuch is full of error. In this statement she does not follow her usual course and fly away into a safe obscurity of words, words, words. Her mind is clear. The author of the story of the making of Eve has erred. "Here falsity, error, charges truth, God, with inducing a hypnotic state in Adam, in order to perform a surgical operation on him, and thereby to create woman. Beginning creation with darkness instead of light—materially rather than spiritually—error now simulates the work of truth, mocking love, and de-

* *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 158.

claring what great things error hath done."* Evidently Mrs. Eddy does not consider St. Paul to be a Christian when he tells Timothy: "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach" (II. Tim. iii. 16).

The third point of Mrs. Eddy's departure from the teaching of Christ is the doctrine of sin and all its consequences. To Christ sin was a dreadful reality. He knew that "by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men" (Rom. v. 12); and again that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). The real distinction between body and soul in man was pointed out again and again by Christ. He bade the apostles: "Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul" (Matt. x. 28). He urged them to handle his glorified body, to feel its flesh and bones, and be sure it was no spirit (Luke xxiv. 39). He taught the prevalence of the infection of sin, its widespread effects. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I. John i. 8). We that are sick have need of the physician not only of the body (Matt. ix. 12), but especially of the soul.

Christ came as the great physician to cure our souls; "to save sinners" (I. Tim. i. 15). "He had delivered himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God" (Eph. v. 2). "He hath borne our infirmities. . . . He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins" (Is. liii. 4). So completely did he take to himself the flesh of sinners, that St. Paul says: "Him, who knew no sin, he (God) hath made sin for us" (II. Cor. v. 21). Surely Christ did not think sin an unreality, when "he gave himself a redemption for all" (I. Tim. ii. 6). He did not redeem us from an unreality, but "from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13). He satisfied for realities when he "bore our sins in his body upon the tree" (I. Pet. ii. 24) of the cross. He merited for us real grace to save us from real blemish of soul and real torment of hell. He suffered others to look on him as a sinner (John ix. 24), to crucify him as a malefactor.

Not only did Christ merit for us the remission of sin, and satisfy fully for the punishment due us on account of our sins, but he left means of applying to ourselves his merits and satisfaction. These are the church and its sacraments, prayer, and

* P. 521.

penance. It is not enough that he has suffered, and merited grace and satisfied for sin; we, too, must take up the cross and follow him (Matt. xvi. 24). We, too must merit grace and satisfy for sin. He calls the sinner to penance (Matt. ix. 13), and says that "there shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance" (Luke xv. 7). To say that sin is unreal is to destroy the truth and the whole purpose of the coming of Christ. Nothing on earth was more real to Christ than sin and its dreadful consequences.

With Mrs. Eddy there is no such thing as sin. "If the soul sinned," she writes, "it would be mortal. . . . Because soul is immortal, it cannot sin."* Pushing this to its logical conclusion, could a filthier or more pernicious doctrine be advanced? If "the soul cannot sin," and "man cannot depart from holiness," then there is no sin in theft, blasphemy, adultery. Mrs. Eddy says: "When he sins, man must assert there is no such thing as sin." Then the ten commandments are only delusions. Not all; Mrs. Eddy respects two that are real: "Thou shalt not use tobacco!" "Thou shalt not drink strong drinks!" In very truth Mrs. Eddy says right: "The time for thinkers has come." But alas,

> "How few think rightly of the thinking few,
> How many never think who think they do!"

Since sin is not a reality, there is no death of either soul or body; there is no such thing as disease. "Disease is an impression originating in the unconscious mortal mind, and becoming at length a conscious belief that the body suffers."† A man is just the same whether he go through the delusion of death or stay in the unreality called life. Mrs. Eddy tells us: "A man is the same even after he has been guillotined."‡ "As there is no death, so there are no other consequences of sin. There is no hell, and no final judgment."§ In fact "God has no knowledge at all of sin."‖ How can he know sin? "If God has any real knowledge of sin, sickness, and death, they must be eternal; since he is . . . without beginning of years or end of days."¶ "Such terms as *divine sin* and *infinite sinner* are unheard of contradictions—absurdities. But

* P. 464. † P. 182. ‡ P. 425. § P. 187.
‖ *Unity of Good*, p. 2. ¶ *Ib.*, p. 16.

would they be sheer nonsense, if God has, or can have, a real knowledge of sin?"* "Sin is nothing. Temptations are nothing. Diseases do not spread. Suffering is unreality."†

Why, then, did Christ become man? Mrs. Eddy denies that Christ ever became man. He did not die. He did not take sin upon himself. He did not redeem us. "Christ never suffered on the cross, but Jesus did."‡ Mrs. Eddy advances the centuries-old theory of Nestorius, of a dual personality in our Lord, the seen and the unseen, Jesus and the Christ. Christ is eternal, Jesus is mortal. "Jesus is man, not God."§ Was Christ God, according to Mrs. Eddy? It is difficult to say. At one time she says the Holy Ghost is Christ; at another, the Holy Ghost is Christian Science.‖ At any rate she admits no Trinity of persons in God.¶ What about Jesus? "He was conceived spiritually,"** and therefore was not the natural son of Mary. He only thought he died. His suffering was but fancy. "Had wisdom characterized all the sayings of Jesus, he would not have prophesied his own death." "He did not die at all."†† Does Scripture err, then, when it says that Jesus gave up his spirit? No; the Greek word used by the evangelist, means *air*. Jesus "gave up *air*" not his *soul*, and "was alive in the grave."‡‡ "Material sense erred about him, until he was seen to ascend alive into heaven."§§

Was there, then, no atonement, no merit or satisfaction of Christ for sin? None at all; at least, none such as Christ taught. "Jesus came to save sinners, *i. e.*, to save from their false belief such as believe in the reality of the unreal."‖‖ "The atonement of Christ is redemption from sickness, just as well as from sin."¶¶ How do we know this? By the following characteristic argument: "Atonement means *at-one-ness* with God."*** This curious bit of etymology is as delicious as Mrs. Eddy's derivation of Adam from *a dam*, any obstruction in a water-way.

This *at-one-ness* clearly means that Christian Science teaches neither satisfaction nor merit of Christ; in fact, it does away with the whole order of grace. "Christian Science is natural.

* *Ib.*, p. 19. † *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 108.
‡ Mr. McCracken in *North American Review*, Vol. CLXXIII., p. 242.
§ Pp. 35 and 469. ‖ P. 227. ¶ Pp. 237, 464, and 466. ** P. 288.
†† P. 389. ‡‡ P. 589. §§ P. 339. ‖‖ *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 63.
¶¶ *Ib.*, p. 96. *** *Unity of Good*, p. 67.

The true science of God and man is no more supernatural than is the science of numbers."*

As Christ has not merited and satisfied for our sins, he has left us no means of applying his merits and satisfaction to ourselves. The sacraments, prayers, penance, and merit are all unrealties.

All the sacraments are delusions, even matrimony. Man and woman cannot have sexual intercourse; for "gender is a characteristic, a quality of mortal mind, not of matter," and "qualities of mortal mind" are qualities of nothing at all. Hence God is not our Father, but our Father-Mother! The ideal propagation of the human race is seen in the formation of Eve by Spirit. The birth of Jesus from a virgin by Spirit is next to this ideal propagation. Mrs. Eddy hopes the time will come when there will be no more marriage. "To abolish marriage at this period, and maintain morality and generation, would put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts; yet this is possible in science, although it is to-day problematic. The time cometh and now is for spiritual and eternal existence to be recognized in science. All is mind. Human procreation, birth, life, and death are subjective states of human, erring mind. They are the phenomena of mortality, nothingness."

Prayer also is only a "phenemenon of mortality," only nothingness. "Petitioning a personal deity is a misapprehension of the source of all good and blessedness." "If we pray to God as a person, this will prevent us letting go the human doubts and fears that attend all personalities."† "The highest form of prayer is *demonstration*. Such prayer heals sickness."‡ A lower form of prayer is statement. Statement is allowed, petition is not, for we that are at one with God have no need to petition him. Christ left us a prayer of petitions; Mrs. Eddy makes so bold as to transform those petitions into statements. "Deliver us from evil" means only that we are freed from such material sensations as disease, sin, and death. "Forgive us our trespasses" becomes—we know not by what twist of fancy—"Divine Love is reflected in love."§ And this, Mrs. Eddy's own commentary, is to be substituted for the Lord's Own Prayer at every meeting of Christian Scientists. Yet, now and then, Mrs. Eddy forgets that there is no such

*P. 5. †P. 492. ‡P. 321. §P. 322.

thing as prayer of petition. She has written the following prayer which she wishes all her followers to buy:

"Father-Mother, God,
Loving me,
Guard me when I sleep;
Guide my little feet
Up to thee."

Christian Science does away not only with the sacraments and prayer, but also with penance and all other means by which the merits and satisfaction of Christ are applied to the soul. A man cannot merit, for he has no will-power. "Will-power is but an illusion of belief."* There is no such thing as penance, because suffering is only a "phenomenon of mortality," only a dream, "a belief without an adequate cause."† St. Paul was talking utter nonsense when he dwelt so pathetically upon his "labor and toil" (I. Thes. ii. 9); his tribulations and persecutions and self-imposed chastisements of the body (I. Cor. ix. 27); and "the sting of the flesh" that buffetted him (II. Cor. xii. 7). Mrs. Eddy, however, writes: "You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain and *you call this belief a boil.*"‡ We have not heard that Mrs. Eddy ever suffered from boils, but there is a tooth-ache of the good lady on record. It was too much for her, the suffering was too real to be done away with by theories; a dentist of Concord was called upon to remove the *unreality* by his painless method. This happened in 1900. A mighty hubbub arose. Some claimed that the tooth was extracted for the fun of it, yet others admitted the truth of the pain and the error of mortal mind that led Mrs. Eddy to a dentist. A manifesto was demanded from her. Here is her explanation:

"Bishop Berkeley and I agree that all is mind. Then, consistently with this premise, the conclusion is that, if I employ a dental surgeon and he believes that the extraction of a tooth is made easier by some application or means which he employs, and I object to the employment of this means, I have turned the dentist's mental protest against myself; he thinks I must suffer because his method is interfered with. *Therefore*, his

* Pp. 8, 158, 474. † P. 342.
‡ J. M. Buckley, in *North American Review*, September, 1901.

mental force weighs against a painless operation, whereas it should be put into the same scale as mine, thus producing a painless operation as a result."

Enough has been said to show how far Mrs. Eddy is from Christ's doctrine on sin and all its dreadful consequences. Her next point of departure from the teaching of Christ is the virtues that he inculcated and practised. She casts aside whatsoever we have learned from him about poverty, charity, meekness, and humility.

The poverty of Christ is proverbial. He came especially for the poor, he brought aid to them; nor have we any evidence that he received aught of payment from the poor. When he stood up to explain the Scripture in the synagogue of his native Nazareth, he applied to himself the words of Isaias: "He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor" (Luke iv. 18; Isaias lxi. 1). He made it a sign of his divine mission that "to the poor the Gospel is preached" (Luke vii. 22). Christ came as the Good Shepherd to bring back to the fold the poor sheep that had strayed away, and as the good Samaritan to pour healing wine and soothing oil into the gaping wounds of the suffering wayfarer whom the purse proud had passed by and the self-sufficient had spurned.

Mrs. Eddy has no mission to the poor, save to pursue them with the belief that they are not poor; no mission to the hungry, except to din it into their ears that hunger is an unreality; no mission to the blind and the lame and the deaf, except to insist that blindness and lameness and deafness are all a dream—all "errors of mortal mind." What a parody on Christianity! St. James says: "If a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food, and one of you say to them: Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?" (James ii. 15). In its want of love for the poor Christian Science is not Christian.

Again, Mrs. Eddy makes payment a fundamental dogma in her faith. Mark Twain is not too severe, when he sets it down as a principle in Christian Science that "not a single thing in the world is real except the dollar."* Mrs. Eddy never tires of insisting that her text-book must be used by every teacher; no pupil can possibly get on without *Science and Health.*

* *North American Review*, January, 1903.

"The opinions of men cannot be substituted for God's revelations." Hence, "at the close of his class, the teacher must require each member to *own* a copy of this book."* The cost is only $3.18. The gain to Mrs. Eddy is only 700 per cent. † The work has not yet gone through two hundred and fifty editions. Up to 1902, only 226,000 copies had been sold. During 1903, only 63,000 copies were put on the market. "Centuries will pass before the book will be exhausted." All the profit from the book goes to Mrs. Eddy. Every change in it is copyrighted. She is constantly haunted by the fear that her copyright will be infringed upon. This copyright is, of course, only an *unreality;* yet there have been several *real* law suits to protect it. Moreover, *Science and Health* is not Mrs. Eddy's only money-making book. Payment is made at an exorbitant rate for each of the other works of Mrs. Eddy. She is all mind, of course; and money is unreal. She charges $300 to each one who takes her course of seven lessons, ‡ receives a "capitation tax" of one dollar per annum from each of her followers, § and has urged all her students to buy a souvenir spoon on which her head is engraved.

Christ came not only for the poor man, but as a poor man. He knew that we should have the poor with us always (Matt. xxvi. 11), and they would always need the help of his example. Therefore, the poverty of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the three years during which the Son of Man fared worse than the birds of the air and the foxes of the field, nor had whereon to lay his head (Luke ix. 58). He wished his disciples to be poor as he was, to help the poor, to give freely that which they had received freely (Matt. x. 8). He raised poverty to the dignity of a supernatural virtue, and made that virtue a condition of Christian perfection. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven" (Matt. xix. 21; Mark x. 21; Luke xviii. 22). "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God" (Luke vi. 20). Since the coming of Christ, God "hath chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him (James ii. 5).

* *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 92.
† Mark Twain, *North American Review*, December, 1902.
‡ *Christian Science Journal*, December, 1888.
§ Mark Twain, *North American Review*, December, 1888.

Mrs. Eddy defends her money-making schemes as Christian by insisting that they are inspired by God. "When *God impelled* me to set a price on my instruction in Christian Science Mind-Healing, I could think of no financial equivalent for an impartation of a knowledge of that divine power which heals; but I *was led* to name $300 as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons at my college—a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led by a strange Providence to accept this fee."* We cannot but think of the words of Christ: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense; for recompense shall be made thee at the resurrection of the just" (Luke xiv. 13). Mrs. Eddy will not admit the Christianity of waiting for her recompense. "Christian Science has *demonstrated* that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health."† W. D. McCracken deems this revelation to be founded on the worldly-wise principle that "people appreciate more highly that for which they pay, than that which is given to them."‡

Such is Mrs. Eddy's attitude toward the poverty of Christ. If her attitude be right, then Christ was wrong; the poverty of Christ was not Christian.

In showing how far away Mrs. Eddy is from the poverty of Christ, we have incidentally given evidence that she also rejects the charity of Christ. The charity of Christ needs no demonstration; he, that miraculously fed nine thousand men besides women and children, has made charity the key-note of the last judgment. They shall be saved that gave meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, lodging to the homeless, clothing to the naked, who visited the sick and the imprisoned (Matt. xxv. 35); not they who merely said to the hungry, "You are not hungry"; and to the sick, "You are not sick"; and to the thirsty, "Drink is nothing"; and to the naked, "Clothes are an image in mortal mind"; and to the imprisoned, "Iron bars are an unreality." Christian Scientists speak in these terms, and in so speaking they follow the principles

* *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 64. † *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 300.
‡ *North American Review*, March, 1903.

of Mrs. Eddy. To one who really believes in Mrs. Eddy's idealism, it is a waste of *unrealities* to give any help to the sick, the hungry, and the naked. We wonder what Mrs. Eddy thinks of the charity of St. Paul. He must have been deluded during that storm off the island of Melita. Mrs. Eddy never would have urged the sailors to break their long fast of fourteen days. Fancy her saying: "I pray you to take some meat for your health's sake" (Acts xxvii. 34). Fancy her eating with soldiers and sailors! These are unrealities she would not tolerate. Still, even Mrs. Eddy now and then forgets her unrealities; nor is her inconsistent forgetfulness always due to the charity of Christ. She calls her critics "evil-mongers."* One rascal so arouses her "mortal mind," that she calls him "beer-bulged, surly censor ventilating his lofty scorn."† Her charity is likewise set forth in what she calls the history of Christian Science:

> "Traitors to right of them,
> Priestcraft in front of them,
> Volleyed and thundered.
> Out of the jaws of hate,
> Out through the door of Love,
> On to the blest above,
> March the one hundred."‡

In Mrs. Eddy's religion, then, we find neither the poverty nor the charity of Christ. Two other virtues that are distinctly Christian are meekness and humility. Our Lord says to us: "Learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart" (Matt. xi. 29). "Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land" (Matt. v. 4).

Humility finds no place in Mrs. Eddy's "scientific definition of immortal mind"; that is to say, humility is a thing for "mortal mind," and may be grouped with such errors as sin, pain, and death. Humility is an unreality—a delusion and a snare. Meekness is but a "transitional quality," only a sign of evil disappearing," and may not be found in the perfect. We no longer entertain any misgiving about the sincerity with which she quotes her husband's words as a most concise yet complete summary of her life: "I never knew so unselfish an individual."§ Neither she nor he meant that unselfishness which is

* *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 239. † *Ib.*, p. 297. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 106. § *Ib.*, p. 35.

an outcome of the charity and humility that we know of and aim at; they had in view an esoteric something which approaches quite close to arrogance. Neither we nor any of her followers may expect to learn from her any of Christ's meekness or humility. Her followers accept her word, even when she seems to put her word above the word of God. "Science is absolute and best understood through the study of my works and the daily Christian demonstration thereof."* They do not think it apart from the humility of Christ when she writes: "No one else can drain the cup which I have drunk to the dregs, as the discoverer and teacher of Christian Science; neither can its inspiration be gained without tasting the cup. . . . No one else could have made the discovery."†

But the "discovery" which she has been pleased to call Christian Science, if human language can express truth at all, is not Christian. It is diametrically opposed to the fundamental teachings of Christ; to that deposit of faith delivered to the saints, which he sent his Holy Spirit to guard for all time, to those sacred Scriptures which he himself inspired, to the doctrine of sin which he brought home to man in words as real as God could make them, to those commandments, the observance of which he imposed upon man as an absolute necessity, and to those virtues which he preached by word and example, that all men might follow in his footsteps.

* *Ib.*, p. 156. † *Retrospection and Introspection*, pp. 38, 39, and 44.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

IT is a mistake to state as a universal proposition that there was no sentiment of compassion, or of benevolence, among pagans before the coming of Christ. Such a statement would imply the heresy of Calvin, that human nature became totally depraved by the sin of Adam, that unbelievers are incapable of doing good works, that all their so-called good deeds are sins; it would also be contrary to historical facts.

Some of the ancient pagans took care of the sick as far as the undeveloped condition of medical science would permit. The temples of Æsculapius had hospital annexes for the sick, and the priests of the god were the physicians. The members of the phyle, gens, or clan took care of the orphans; their relations were the guardians. Among the Romans the mother's brother was the usual guardian; he was preferred to the father's brother. In Athens, the state supported and educated the orphans of soldiers who had died for their country. In Rome the Emperor Augustus established a fund for the support of the poor children of free parents; the technical term of this support was *alimentatio* or *alimentum*. More was done for boys than for girls, who were always at a discount in paganism. Nerva, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius followed the example of Augustus, and often gave distributions of corn to the poor; but their motive was chiefly and primarily political or economic, for charity, as Christians understand it, was not known to paganism. Still a vague notion of it had filtered through the Roman world after the Jews began to wander away from Judea, bringing with them their sacred books. As these had the benefit of a special supernatural revelation, and as their laws breathe a kindly spirit, teach sympathy for the afflicted, prohibit cruelty and injustice, their influence on pagan thought and action was

manifest. The Romans saw among the Hebrews a condition that still exists, that every need of the unfortunate Jew, from birth to burial, is provided for by a Jewish charity; and this as a legitimate consequence of Mosaic legislation, and of the teaching of the Old Testament, made specially known to the Greeks by the Septuagint translation. Christian influence also, long before the days of Constantine, and before Christianity gained the hegemony of the Roman state, toned down pagan ferocity, modified pagan customs and habits, softened the souls of men and women who, although remaining pagan, admired Christian example and Christian character and tried to imitate them. It is probable that some of the Roman emperors who founded orphanages were prompted by Christian influence. Hadrian gave the name of his wife "Faustina" to one founded in Rome. Antoninus Pius and Alexander Severus, whose mother was probably a Christian, improved the condition of slaves; he built several orphanages in the Empire, and named one "Mamæana" after his mother, Mamæa. The Christian slave, the Christian friend, or relative did, in the old Empire, what the good Catholic servant or friend is doing in our own country to remove prejudice, destroy bigotry, set a good example, and thus to let the unbeliever see the truth in its real beauty.

Still instances of natural virtue, of kindness, and of beneficence were counterbalanced by evidences of horrible vices and extraordinary cruelty. Paganism was the religion of self; and self is always cruel and bloody; its gods and its codes were cruel. The best testimony to the character of a creed is its code. The code of Draco was written in blood; the code of Solon, "the Wise," permitted poor parents to sell or kill their children; a law of Romulus allowed parents to scourge, sell, or kill their children, even if they had become magistrates in the state. The Decemviri, instead of abolishing this cruel law, inscribed it on the fourth of the Twelve Tables. Female infants fared the worst, for the life of the first girl alone was protected, while all the other females might be put to death.

The philosopher, Seneca, tells us of the pagan custom of putting weak and deformed children to death; and Aristotle, the greatest of the pagan philosophers, sanctions the custom, and authorizes mothers to murder their children at discretion.

The horrible customs and laws of paganism in this regard were common to Asia as well as to Europe. The satires of Juvenal, as well as the prose of Seneca, give the strongest evidence of pagan cruelty towards the young and the weak. Children were exposed by their parents on the roadside to be devoured by dogs and swine; they were mutilated—the hand or leg chopped off; and then they were made public beggars. Sick slaves were treated in the same manner. Human sacrifices were offered in Persia, Phœnicia, and Egypt. Children were immolated to Moloch; the aged and the useless were put to death. When the New World was discovered, it was found that paganism was the same everywhere, for in America the laws and customs of the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans were found to be equally cruel, and their rites similarly horrible.

Christianity alone made benevolence universal and perfect, instead of being limited and national, as it was among the Hebrews. The root of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy is found in the teachings and in the life of Christ. He was God who sacrificed himself absolutely for the benefit of others, giving up his glory and power for the sake of others. He did not die for any transgression of his own. His birth in a manger, his death on a cross, the tortures of his passion, were all for the sake of others. His life and conduct are models of perfect benevolence, perfect philanthropy, perfect altruism, perfect charity. His teaching that all men are brothers, children of the same Father in heaven, that we must love our neighbor as ourselves, even though they be enemies—a teaching of which he set a perfect example on Calvary, by praying for the enemies who had tortured him—logically led to acts of charity among his followers. The prayer, "Our Father," the petition to be forgiven as we forgive, the lesson to look on every sick, hungry, and suffering man as his representative, produced the wonderfully rapid change which Christianity and Christians made in the Roman world. The new commandment to love one another was manifested first in his apostles and priests, a body of men selected to be the servants of others, ready to sacrifice health and life on the altar of duty for those who suffer; a body of men halted by no physical dangers, repelled by no loathsomeness of disease, from sacrificing themselves for their fellow-man. What religion has produced such wonderful types of self-

immolation as we find produced by the Christian religion in the Catholic Church? Where else does one find men and women, like St. Francis of Assisi, make war on the vice of greed by vows of poverty?

The effect of Christ's teaching was shown simultaneously in the practice of the spiritual and the corporal works of mercy from the very beginning. In the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we learn that the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul. Neither was any one needy among them; for distribution of help was made to every one according as he needed it—the hungry were fed, the dead were buried, orphans and old people were protected; and the shipwrecked were provided for later on, as we are told by Tertullian in his *Apology*.

The first orphan asylum in Constantinople was founded by a Christian, St. Zoticus, a wealthy Roman who went to that city with its founder, the Emperor Constantine. St. Basil the Great, about the same time, built a hospital near Cæsarea. In this asylum the sick, the poor, pilgrims, and even those afflicted with the loathsome disease of leprosy, found refuge and care. Every age of the church has its record of institutions founded for the benefit of suffering humanity, and of men who sacrificed wealth and life for the benefit of others. Popes and bishops sold chalices and other sacred vessels to redeem captives; and Sts. Paulinus of Nola, John of Matha, and Peter of Nolasco sold themselves to free slaves.

But after planting the seed of charity in the Roman Empire and seeing it flourish for a time, the church saw her work destroyed by the barbarian invaders, who poured down on the Empire from the North and the East, in streams more destructive than the lava waves that roll down the sides of Vesuvius in time of eruption. The savage and pagan Hun, Vandal, Frank, Teuton, Lombard, Norman, and Saxon brought a new paganism face to face with Christian charity. The work had to be done over again. The new pagans were so cruel that, when partially converted, they sold their children to pay taxes. In France, St. Bathilde, widow of King Clovis II., ransomed such children with her own income, and built numerous hospitals and asylums all over the kingdom. St. Louis, whom even Voltaire praises, followed her good example.

Founders of religious orders devoted their lives and the lives of their disciples to the care of lepers and to the redemption of slaves. St. Vincent de Paul worked among the galley slaves, spent his life for the poor, and founded an order to which he gave the name of "Sisters of Charity," devoted to the care of the poor and the sick. "The Little Sisters of the Poor" live on the remnants left by the poor for whom they beg food and clothing. The priest Damien, and the nuns who went with him, lived and died among the lepers. One finds instances like these only in the Catholic Church.

To many minds, two of the strongest proofs of her divinity, are the wonderful history of her charitable institutions and her code of laws. The theological argument is strong and insurmountable; but it deals with principles, and sometimes with abstract questions which the average intellect is not always able to comprehend. But every man can understand plain facts. The code of laws made by the church, from the Decree of Gratian to the five books of the Decretals, and the rest, including the decrees and the encyclicals of subsequent popes and councils, show a record of fidelity to truth, justice, mercy, and sanctity, extending through a period of semi-barbarism and illiteracy, that is amazing and edifying. With the sword of justice the church pursues the evil-doer into the inner forum of conscience, and punishes his unrevealed intention, as in the case of simony, if it have a criminal object. How is it that no other organization has ever produced such a code? Where did popes and bishops get the inspiration which made them the best legislators in the history of the world?

Guizot, although not a Catholic, in his *General History of Civilization in Europe* says: "From the fifth century we discover a powerful guarantee for the safety of society in the authority of the Christian priest. . . . The bishops and priests, zealous and energetic, looked keenly to the interest of their people and directed their affairs. They were the only class possessed of intelligence and moral courage, and they were alone deserving of authority. . . . The church of the epoch earned unquestionable glory, the glory of powerfully contributing to the formation and development of modern civilization." And this they did not only by just legislation, but by educating the people, housing the homeless, nursing

the sick, saving the orphans, protecting the widows; by building schools, hospitals, asylums, and orphanages; and making laws requiring that all the superfluous wealth of the church-benefices should be given to the poor. Every monastery and convent were feeders of the hungry and physicians to the sick. Well did the mediæval Catholic Germans know this, and expressed their esteem and love of the monks in a homely phrase: "Unter dem Krummstab gibt es gut leben." Even Voltaire, the rabid enemy of the church, bears testimony to her wonderful charity in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, where he says: "People separated from the Roman communion have but imperfectly imitated her generous charity"; for charity does not consist in merely building a home for the waif, the stray, and the suffering, nor in richly endowing it after it has been built; but in conducting it in the spirit of self-immolation which Christ showed at Bethlehem and on Calvary.

Current Events.

The Aim of "Current Events."

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, writing in one of our contemporaries, makes note of a marked change even within the last half-dozen years. A generation ago the average American took no practical interest in questions of European public policy. His only interest was a trade interest. A far-reaching change, however, has been wrought by recent military and industrial successes. The fact that America is entering into commercial competition with European nations renders necessary an acquaintance with the methods of our competitors. The worker in every field of American life must henceforth have a more and more intimate, personal relation to European conditions, problems, and tendencies. Something more, too, than a knowledge of the bare facts is required; a comprehension of underlying causes is necessary. Mr. Vanderlip does not, it is true, base this necessity on a very lofty or worthy motive, although perhaps upon the most potent one. This study is rendered necessary, he says, because it is of "matters directly affecting our pocket-books, matters with which our material prosperity must henceforth have definite concern." With a modesty, too, which is as refreshing as it is rare, he says: "The more rapidly we lose some of our self-complacency, and come to recognize that, while there are many things that we do better than other people, there are many other things that we do worse, the sounder will be our understanding both of our own resources and the strength of our competitors in the international industrial development."

We have referred to these observations because, to a certain extent, they indicate the lines on which these notes are made, and the purpose they have in view. There have not been wanting those who would erect between America and the rest of the world a kind of Chinese Wall, and who have considered America all-sufficing and self-sufficient. Nothing could be more inconsistent with the facts of history or with the conduct of the framers of the Constitution. They sought light and guidance wherever it could be found, making a most careful study of every political system of which the world had

had experience. The real secret of American success has its being in the open-mindedness of its leaders and guides, who have been ready to adopt everything proved to be good, wherever found. This is the spirit in which these notes are written. We do not wish, however, to lead our readers to think they will find a solution of the underlying causes of current events—our ambition is not so lofty; all we wish is to call their attention to these events, to lead them on to further study. There is an ample field for this last. Political, social, and economical questions of every kind are being keenly discussed; nowhere is there stagnation; movement, either backward or forward, is the condition of life.

Russia.

Russia affords the most interesting subject of study; not so much on account of the war with Japan, although this of course is to a large extent the occasion of the present crisis, but on account of its being, among civilized nations, the last survival of despotic rule. This rule has been overthrown in greater or less degree in every Christian country. Will it be overthrown in Russia? Is it being overthrown now? Are we to be witnesses of the death-throes of the last of the despots?

In Russia, there is every reason to believe that wide-spread discontent exists. Contrary to what has happened in other countries, it is not in what is called the *proletariat* that this discontent appears. The vast mass of the population of Russia, some ninety per cent., are peasants used to a life of hardship and privation; in fact, they were mostly serfs before the reign of Alexander II. If not content with their lot they are resigned to it as inevitable; and to the Tsar they are entirely loyal. There is another class, too, which is quite loyal—the office-holders; but their loyalty is a selfish loyalty, the love of power and of money. It is among the upper classes, and the classes which have had a liberal education, that the dissatisfied are found; among the newly-formed industrial classes also; and of course among the Jews, who are so cruelly treated, there are large numbers of the advocates of change. As we said last month, elaborate schemes of reform have been formed, and hopes were entertained that they would be adopted by the Tsar. His feast day was coming, and it would be solemnized

by the promulgation of a Constitution. Such were the hopes. The day came and went, and no sign was made. Despair began to settle down, and fear for the worst; a few days later, however, the decree appeared. It deserves careful study and, we think, a better welcome than it has anywhere received. It does not give very much; but what it gives, supposing ordinary good faith on the part of the giver—we hope not an extravagant supposition—will form the germ out of which a more reasonable form of government may spring. The Tsar assures his people that he is thinking unceasingly of the welfare of the realm entrusted to him by God. He looks upon it as the duty of the government to take untiring care for the needs of the country. While there must be undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws of the Empire, this immutability is not absolute. The Empire's laws are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, but they admit of change when the need of change is shown to be mature, even though this change involves essential innovations in legislation. The Tsar appeals to the well-disposed section of his subjects, that is, to those who seek the true prosperity of the fatherland in the support of civil tranquillity and the uninterrupted satisfaction of the daily needs of the people. The Tsar's first thought is for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of his people, and he proceeds to state the practical steps which he is taking in the way of investigation for the most numerous of his estate—the peasant population. Various bodies of Commissioners have been appointed to elaborate remedies for the evils under which they suffer, but no definite decree has yet been made. The Tsar, however, solemnly recognizes the decree of the Tsar Liberator—which made the peasants free citizens in the full possession of citizenship—and commands that the laws affecting them should be brought into unity with the general legislation of the Empire, ensuring thereby the permanent security of this estate.

Equality of all before the law is the next thing which the Tsar wishes to secure. Effective measures of safeguarding the law in its full force he declares to be the most important pillar of the throne of the autocratic Empire. All authorities in all places are required inviolably to fulfil it, and this is to be regarded as a first duty; all arbitrary acts are to bring with them legal responsibility; every person who has suffered wrong

by such acts is to be able to secure legal redress. This will be a shock for Admiral Rozhestvenski, who claims the right to throw overboard every one who is not pleasing in his eyes.

The next step is the decentralization of power, giving to local and municipal institutions as wide a scope as possible in matters affecting local welfare; all necessary independence within legal limits is to be conferred upon them, and representatives of all sections of the population interested in local matters are to be called upon to take part in these institutions. This strengthens the already existing governments and *Zemstvos*, and increases their number by establishing similar institutions in smaller districts. It introduces the word representatives, yet does not say that they will be elected by the people, but that they will be called upon, not explaining the manner of this calling. It is, however, in these institutions that many look for the germ of representative institutions.

As another step to secure the equality of all classes before the laws, steps are to be taken to bring about the necessary unification of judicial procedure throughout the Empire, and to assure the independence of the courts; for the workmen in factories, the state insurance of workmen is not promised, but attention to it as a question is to be given. The exceptional laws made in the time of the Nihilistic efforts to overturn the government are to be revised, and the discretionary powers then given to the administrative authorities are to be brought within the narrowest possible limits.

There follows a confirmation of the Imperial Manifesto of March 3, 1903, in which was expressed the Tsar's desire that tolerance in matters of faith should be protected by the fundamental laws of the Empire; for this purpose he directs that the laws dealing with the rights of communities and of persons belonging to heterodox and non-Christian confessions should be submitted to revision, and that measures should be taken for the removal of all limitations in the exercise of their religions not directly mentioned in the law. How far the Catholic Church will benefit by the favor conferred on every form of heresy and unbelief is not yet clear.

The Jews and other foreigners come next under consideration, but what benefits they are to receive is left very doubtful, for all that is said is that only such limitations as to residence are to be imposed in future as are required

by the present interests of the Empire and the manifest needs of the Russian people.

As to the Press, all unnecessary restrictions are to be removed from the existing laws, and printed speech is to be placed within clearly defined legal limits. The object of the removal of the existing restrictions the Tzar declares to be that to the Press may be left the possibility of worthily fulfilling its high calling, which is to be the true interpreter of reasonable strivings for Russia's advantage.

The Tsar sees that, in accordance with these principles a series of great internal changes is impending in the early future. The Council of Ministers is charged with the duty of inquiry as to the best way of giving effect to his purposes, and to submit to him its decisions.

Such is the most important state-paper issued in Europe during the past year. As things are in Russia, its whole validity depends upon the imperial will, which alone can give it force, interpret it, and even recall the paper when it so pleases. It seems, therefore, weak in its root and origin, and still weaker on account of the corrupt surroundings. Moreover, that which was most desired by Russian reformers is left out—there is no provision for any representation of the people in the Council of the Empire. Everywhere, therefore, as we have said, it has met with condemnation, even in the most conservative circles of Germany; and yet, if honestly carried out, it gives the promise of better days for Russia; it promises a limitation of personal rule, and opens out a prospect for the growth of the reign of the law.

Germany.

The most notable occupation of German public men is the keeping upon friendly terms with her neighbors, while securing for herself a position such as will give her, on the conclusion of the war, a potent voice in the arrangement of the terms of peace. There are many in England who look upon Germany as a foe and the worst of foes, one who is preparing to strike a blow in secret. In fact there are those who think that the attack made by the Russian Baltic Fleet upon the fishermen on the Dogger Bank, was due to German machinations, and that the German Fleet was ready to co-operate at once with the Russian if hostilities had followed. There is little doubt that a part of the British Fleet

was detached, during the week after the outrage took place, to act against Germany; and it is certain that in the new distribution of the British Fleet, which has just taken place and which, according to M. Hanotaux, enables England to dominate everywhere, special arrangements have been made to ward off an attack from the newly-formed German Fleet; or, at least, to prevent the possibility of such an attack. German statesmen are trying to remove the distrust of Germany which is entertained by many in England. For this purpose the German Chancellor, Count von Bülow, has allowed the *Nineteenth Century and After* to publish an interview, in which he manifests a friendly disposition and strives to remove all misapprehensions.

The financial position of Germany is so weak as to render it necessary to pay current expenses by raising a loan, but this has not prevented the government's demanding a further increase of the army by some fifteen thousand men. The supreme anxiety of the Emperor is, however, for a large addition to the navy, in order that his World Politics may be supported by the requisite force. The war between Russia and Japan, and the way a settlement is to be made when the end comes, are already forming an anxious theme of discussion. During the past six months the German Emperor's benevolence towards Russia has almost gone beyond the bounds which neutrality requires; and in other respects every effort has been made to secure Russia's friendship. This indirectly might bring about, at least for a well-defined purpose, the co-operation of Germany and France, the latter country being the ally of Russia. It is therefore thought to be possible that Germany is seeking to bring together Russia and France, for the purpose of securing the lasting control of the situation in the Far East. An effort is to be made, when the psychological moment arrives, to convince Japan of the advantage of making peace with Russia, and forming an alliance with France, Germany, and Russia, thereby breaking with England. In this event all the four powers are to unite their efforts for the purpose of ousting British and also American influence from the Far East. This, however, is mere speculation; there is no doubt however that, although the war in its progress is deeply interesting, the bringing of it to an end and the consequent arrangements will be still more interesting.

The Austrian Empire.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire has on one side of the Leitha enjoyed a fair degree of peace, while those who dwell on the other side of the river are in a state of frenzied excitement. Not that Austria has passed an uneventful life; the Premier, Dr. von Körber, has been forced to place his resignation in the hands of the Emperor. For five years he has held the reins of power. His task was, with impartiality towards all, to carry on the legislative and administrative functions of government; he did not succeed, and had to make use of the Emergency Paragraph, which supersedes and dispenses with ordinary constitutional procedure. It was necessary to make concessions to the Czechs; this displeased the Germans. In the end they both combined and voted against one of his proposals in the Budget Commission. This would not have affected a minister of the German Empire; but in Austria the power of the Parliament is greater; Dr. von Körber felt that his power was gone, and has resigned.

His successor has been appointed by the Emperor. That of his policy nothing is known, shows how great is the power of the Emperor. In strictly constitutional countries, the Premier must be the most influential representative of the well-known and accepted policy of the strongest party. Baron Gautch von Frankenthurn is not, however, an unknown man, as he was Premier for three months in 1897. The Cabinet is the same as that of Dr. von Körber, with the addition of two new ministers.

As an exception to the world-wide movement towards the secularization of schools, it may be recorded with satisfaction that Austria has taken a step in the opposite direction, and has given to the clergy fuller powers.

Entirely different is the state of things in Hungary. Never in the annals of Parliamentary history was such a scene enacted as that which took place on the 12th of December last. In reading of it, the question is forced on the mind whether it is possible for a whole nation to become insane. The opponents of the government's proposal form a minority; on no democratic theory can the minority be entitled to rule, it is bound after having presented its case with all the cogency possible, to submit; it has the right, however, to re-open the case before the nation at the elections, and to form a majority by

argument and discussion; failing this, it is bound to submit. How did the minority in Hungary act? By brute violence they sought to render all Parliamentary action impossible. The legislators in their fury broke every piece of furniture, tore down the Premier's arm-chair, broke up the Deputies' benches, belabored the heads of the policemen. On the top of the heap of broken furniture a clerical deputy, we are ashamed to say, climbed and seated himself on the bottom of the Premier's upturned chair exclaiming: "The clericals sit in triumph upon the ruins of the Magyar Parliament." It would seem as if, as in the case of M. Syveton in France, the church suffers most from her would-be defenders. Although among the many groups which make up this riotous minority there are some sections which are either wholly or partly clerical, yet in both Hungary and Vienna many sincere and eminent Catholics have publicly and privately come out in favor of Count Tisza.

While there can be no justification of such outrageous breaches of the habits of civilized life, is there any explanation of it? The government is seeking to take away from any minority the power to nullify, by systematic obstruction, all parliamentary action. The evil has attained portentious proportions; for the minority has for two years attained its end by those means. The present Premier is a young man, and it is looked upon as almost impudent on his part to persevere in doing that which three or four of his predecessors have resigned rather than attempt. It is also maintained that the party in power is, on account of the undue and corrupt influence it exerts over the voters, elected under a restricted franchise—there being only 900,000 voters out of a population of 17,000,000—secure of remaining permanently in power, and that the minority have no other way, except obstruction, of securing anything. It is maintained, too, that it is a violation of the Constitution for Parliament to change the standing orders, under the protection of which obstruction is possible, and they seek to make the King himself responsible. The government, however, has stood firm and dissolved the Parliament and appealed to the country. Here, again, the opposition has shown itself impracticable, for it has refused even one month's provisional supply, and the country has thereby been forced into what is called the ex-lex predicament; that is to say, the elections take place although supplies have

not been granted. This, Count Albert Apponyi maintains, will be a violation of the Constitution; Parliament will have been illegally dissolved, the new members illegally elected, the old members will legally constitute the Parliament. Such is the state of things in Hungary, and grave apprehensions exist, not only of excitement and turmoil but even of bloodshed.

The Balkan States.

The Balkan States still remain in a state of suspended war. In Macedonia a Bulgarian band exterminates a Greek band, and, by way of counterpoise, a Greek band routs and partially destroys a Bulgarian. Albanian and Turkish freebooters, Greek, Bulgarian, Servian, and even Roumanian bands, hold the field. The Turkish government looks calmly on, rejoicing in the divisions of its Christian subjects, and the destruction which they are bringing upon one another. The Porte has, however, been compelled to give way, and to yield to the demands of Austria and of Russia that the numbers of the foreign officers of the *gendarmerie* should be increased. Some little, and only a little, alleviation of the condition of the Christian population has been brought about by means of these officers; but in the remoter districts violence and extortion still flourish.

France.

In France the attack upon religion has remained in abeyance, the only active steps which have been taken consisting in the removal of M. Brunetière from his lectureship in the École Normale, and the introduction into the assembly of a bill to abolish the monopoly of conducting burials, which has hitherto been possessed by religious bodies. This is meant by M. Combes as a step toward the separation of church and state. The removal of M. Brunetière, an academician and the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, shows that the greatest literary ability will be no protection if associated with zeal for religion. The cabinet of M. Combes has at last fallen. The contrast between its pretentions to be the expression of the best spirit of the age, and the vile means it took to carry out its policy, were too great even for the present assembly. The worst of it is that there is small reason to hope that a better class of men will come to the front.

The declared aim of the successor of General André as Minister of War was to purge the army of politics; it seems a pity that there is no hope of purging the nation of the existing political methods.

By the arrangement with England, Morocco was given up to France as an uncontested sphere of influence, and France has come to a satisfactory agreement with Spain, by which their respective claims are adjusted. There is an urgent call for interference in Morocco, for tyranny, anarchy, and misery of every kind are rife. The French have formed a plan for peaceful penetration; but Morocco has no desire to be penetrated, either peacefully or otherwise. Strange to say, she seems to like her own ways; and so has dismissed all Europeans from her employment, and taken other measures to maintain her national institutions. The mission to the capital, which France had been on the point of sending, was stopped for a time. Whether France, if she is not able to penetrate peacefully, will carry out her policy of penetration in some other way, is the question which she has now to decide. Changes of cabinet have taken place in Servia, Roumania, Greece, Spain, and Denmark; but no question of more than local interest seems to have been involved.

New Books.

IRISH LITERATURE.
Edited by Justin McCarthy.

The purpose of these ten volumes * is to give a comprehensive view of the gradual development of the literary art of Ireland, both in prose and poetry. Such a work must necessarily be unsatisfactory. To attain the purpose desired, a philosophy of the history of Irish literature should have been constructed. Selections taken from Irish authors, from earliest times down to the present, can never be considered a scientific work. The real good to be derived from the books before us will come when some efficient scholar shall use them as a means for building a great philosophic work of Irish literature, such as Ferdinand Brunetière has done for France.

It must also be considered a defect by some to have placed the authors in alphabetical order, and without regard to the time in which they lived and produced. How much more interesting and helpful to the student it would be to have begun with the myth and legend of the dawning history of Irish literature, and then to have concluded with these young authors of the Neo-Celtic movement who are striving to preserve that peculiar and ancient temperament which is characteristic of Irish literature. However, the work before us will always be of service to the reading world, and no library of Irish literature can be complete without it. Specially serviceable are the translations from the Gaelic. Then, too, there is much of the bardic literature, not often seen, and not often put together, contained in this work under consideration. Even from a rapid glance at these books one must arrive at the conclusion that what is called Irish literature has certainly a character all its own, and can rest on its own intrinsic merits. It would seem to be a reasonable claim vouched for by Irish scholars that the ballads, stories, legends, and dramas of their country, compare favorably—if not in number, then certainly in merit—with other national literatures. It is of value to have, as is contained in these volumes, a series of special

* *Irish Literature.* Justin McCarthy, M.P., Editor-in-chief; Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., Douglas Hyde, LL.D., Lady Gregory, and James Jeffrey Roche, LL.D., Associate Editors; Charles Welsh, Managing Editor. Philadelphia: John D. Morris & Co.

articles prepared by writers well known in their own departments of literary history. The following subjects are treated by the following authors: "General Introduction," by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "Modern Irish Poetry," by Mr. William Butler Yeats; "Early Irish Literature," by Dr. Douglas Hyde; "Ireland's Influence on European Literature," by Dr. George Sigerson; "Irish Novels," by Maurice Francis Egan; "Irish Orators and Oratory," by the late J. F. Taylor; "The Sunniness of Irish Life," by Mr. Michael McDonough; "Irish Wit and Humor," by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue; "A Brief Glance at Irish History" and "The Fairy and Folk Tales of Ireland," by Mr. Charles Welsh; and "The Irish Literary Theatre," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

Of book-making and artistic illustration these volumes are certainly splendid specimens, and would be an adornment to any library of finely made books. We commend the work. It is a work never done before. All who love Ireland must thank the men who have done it. It is the first positive development of that great movement which is coming to bring to life a literature buried away from a knowledge of the world.

A COURSE OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The aim of the new Sunday-School Manual,* issued by the Dolphin Press, is, as stated in its preface, "to bring the 'New Education' to bear on the old sacred and unchangeable truths, and to lead the children not only to know, but to love and practice them." To accomplish this end, the author recommends the use of every new method and appliance that in other branches of study have helped to make learning pleasant and understanding sure for children of the present day. The book itself suggests such new features as blackboard work, historical tablets, the use of the sandboard, pictures, poems, and the like, and teachers are urged to introduce anything else that may occur to them, be it never so original, so long as it serves the one essential purpose of vivifying in the child's mind the desired impression of the day's lesson.

The course mapped out is divided into eight grades, each including instruction in prayers, catechism, Bible history—both

* *The Dolphin Series: Course of Christian Doctrine.* A Handbook for Teachers. Grades I-VIII. inclusive. Pp. xiv.-166. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

Old and New Testament—and Catholic devotions and practices; so that even the first year's work will leave the child with an orderly, if brief, outline of the fundamental principles of his religion, to be developed with more and more completeness in each succeeding year. By thus opening to the pupil's view, at the very outset, the wide and varied character of the field in which he is working, the teacher employing this method will almost certainly awaken an interest that, properly stimulated, should lead the normal child to follow the entire course with eagerness. We shall then see fewer of those quaint little pedants, who can "say" their Catechism, and who think their religious education is complete; and, better still, we shall see a reduction in the numbers of the sad little failures who have been used to lag behind under the old "*Q.*" and "*A.*" *régime*, and finally to leave Sunday-School with practically no conception of religion as a vital force in a workaday boy or girl's life. "The test of the master's success is the child's willing co-operation," quotes our author, and a study of her method convinces one that its followers are likely to be able to stand the test.

The first four grades comprise Part I. of the course. This takes the pupil through a selected abridgment of the Baltimore Catechism, whose bare definitions are correlated with Bible stories, and tales of the saints and martyrs emphasizing the truths taught, and are further supplemented by recitations and hymns bearing on the subject of the lesson. In this half of the course, the most important prayers of the church are also taught, as well as the proper way to assist at Mass, at the way of the cross, the rosary, and so on. After completing this series of lessons, any child ten or eleven years old should be able to follow intelligently the principal devotions of the church.

To satisfy the natural craving for variety and activity, objective teaching and "seat work" are strongly recommended for these early grades. The smaller children are shown how to make little crosses, triangles, and circles, and told what should appear on each. They learn that God's name, surrounded by a circle, signifies he has no beginning and no end. For the larger pupils there are drawings of symbols, altar vessels, etc., and such attractive tasks as the filling out of elliptical words and sentences, relating to the subject in hand;

exercises which excite a healthy spirit of competition, and will be a spur to both memory and observation in the future.

A tablet scheme for Bible history work is proposed. Thus far no text-book is used, and the children are simply taught to make tablets for the Old and New Testament, to rule them off into sections representing the four principal divisions of the period studied, and then to add in its proper column each new fact learned. The Old Testament sections are headed: "Adam to Noah"; "Noah to Abraham"; "Abraham to Solomon"; "Solomon to Christ"; with the approximate dates of each period; and the pupil, having in this way the principal epochs always clearly before him, must very soon acquire a fair idea of the general movement of history before the coming of Christ. A similar division of our Lord's life is made, and quotations from the New Testament are taught by means of pictures; the children learning the persons, time, and place associated with the words of the sacred text, and thus acquiring one more link with which to bind a truth already given them under a different form in the Catechism or history lesson.

One lingers, charmed, on these first chapters; the promise of success seems so sure. For where is the little child who could resist the happy influence of a lesson given in accord with the following original directions:

"Talk about the picture of 'Jesus blessing the Children'; lead the children to say Jesus is God; write the word God in yellow chalk on the board. Tell the story of the great wonder-ball. God made for us a ball that has in it and on it everything that we want. 'Children, tell me some of the things in the wonder-ball.' 'What do we call this wonder-ball, that has in it trees and flowers and everything we need?' 'The world.' 'Who made the world?' 'God made the world.' Tell the story of God's love in making this beautiful world for us. Give illustrations on the blackboard of the days of creation; same with sandboard and objects, taking the work of one or two days at a time, until the children can readily name something made each day of creation."

After a lesson like that, would not any normal child find a new joy in reciting "The Wonderful World"; and have, moreover, a very real and personal appreciation of the beautiful thought of its last verse?

"Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all.
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
'You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot,
You can *love* and *think*, and the world cannot.'"

In Part II., the work begun in the lower grades in each division of the course is broadened and continued. The Baltimore Catechism is finished, and a more advanced work, using the same definitions, is recommended. Additional vocal prayers are taught, and the children encouraged to acquire the habit of mental prayer. The liturgy of the church in regard to feasts, ceremonies, vestments, vessels, and sacramentals, is pointed out and explained, and quotations, pictures, and poems, which inspire devotion and love of virtue, and at the same time avail for developing good taste in art and literature, are brought into requisition.

The tablet idea in the Bible history work is continued throughout, the four simple divisions of the first years, developing gradually into an elaborate scheme, which presents in most compact shape a complete outline of both Old and New Testament history. A text-book is introduced in the fifth grade, and the Bible itself in the higher classes; the familiar facts of our Lord's life being made actual and present by the use of the sandboard, small local maps sketched by the pupils themselves, and compositions on biblical subjects assigned for work outside the class-room. In this way the children, natural hero-worshippers, will grow to love the Bible for its noble lives and stirring events, and will indeed soon realize that it would be necessary to look far for a more heroic tale of adventure than Saint Paul's famous journeys made "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren."

In short, the scholarship and originality which mark the first chapter prevail throughout the work, and in the hands of an enthusiastic teacher, possessing the pedagogical virtues of patience and perseverance, it would seem that the system outlined must command success.

One lays down this most interesting book with a feeling of

gratitude to the author for much light and encouragement, and with the hope that it may fall into the hands of every one interested in this most important subject, at last beginning to receive the attention it deserves. It is hard to imagine a Sunday-School teacher to whom the work will not appeal, although its very richness of suggestion might perhaps tempt some to regard it as impracticable. It is true, the complete course laid out is intended for a day school, but the flexibility of the system employed makes the course readily adaptable to the narrower limits of the Sunday-School, and the author herself, while citing the fact that "the work has been done and well done under diverse circumstances," proclaims the necessity of arranging the course to suit the special needs and conditions of each individual case. Furthermore, if the work as it stands, seems beyond the capacity of the average Sunday-School teacher to undertake at once, at least it may serve to draw attention to the possibility, say rather necessity, of forming adult classes, and a teachers' training class, from which to draw material for the Sunday-School of the future.

THE MIDDLE AGES.
By Dr. Shahan.

Happily Dr. Shahan has now written so much, that we can tell by anticipation what the characteristics of any new volume of his shall be.* We shall be fairly sure to find that they consist in a profound, varied, and easy mastery of historical erudition; a rich and copious style lit up with an imagination which learning has not darkened; and a decided turn for the useful and the apologetic. Rare gifts these, and the possessor of them may be assured that his writings which exhibit them shall always be warmly welcomed, and shall always do great good. All this is illustrated and borne out by Dr. Shahan's latest work, which is a collection of essays intended to throw light upon the church history of the Middle Ages. Some of these studies are closely-compacted summaries of long epochs, such as "Catholicism in the Middle Ages"; the "Results of the Crusades"; and "The Italian Renaissance"; and others are specialized researches, for example, "The Book of a Mediæval Mother"; "The Christians of St. Thomas"; and

* *The Middle Ages: Sketches and Fragments.* By Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"Baths and Bathing in the Middle Ages." But to whichever class they belong, they are always informing and suggestive, and when taken together, place before us the mediæval period of Catholic history in a light in which it is not often studied. We would mention as an unusually valuable chapter, the one entitled: "Catholicism in the Middle Ages." This is a brilliant piece of historical condensation, and as strong a weapon of Catholic defense as we have read in a long time. It tells how the church grasped hold of the individual and public life of the Middle Ages, and infused into it the elements of a high Christian civilization, giving mercy to legal codes, an exalted station to woman, an asylum to the slave, and an inspiration that has produced imperishable monuments to poetry, architecture, music, and painting. For this paper alone we should be in Dr. Shahan's debt for this volume. We suggest to Catholic higher schools and colleges, that they put these fine essays to constant use in the class-room of history.

IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH.

The book entitled *Ideals of Science and Faith*,* is conceived after an admirable plan. It purposes to give the views of ten or twelve eminent men, in science and in theology, on the best method of closing the lamentable gap between modern learning and religious faith. Thus one man gives a suggestion for the great "approach" from the side of biology; another from the side of physics; one from the side of Presbyterianism; another from the side of Catholicity; and so on. The result is an extremely useful and illuminating book. Not that all the essays are very valuable. The truth is that the greater number of them are utterly outside the scope of the volume, and are hardly of any use at all, so far as achieving the purpose of the compiler is concerned. But the minority of essays, which are good, are so thoroughly good, that they lift the work up to a high rank as a sadly-needed eirenicon. And the essays which we have in mind, in making this latter observation, are the contributions of Sir Oliver Lodge, who speaks as a physicist, and of Wilfrid Ward, who appears for the Catholic Church. If any other essay deserves to be added to these, it is the joint chapter of

* *Ideals of Science and Faith.* Essays by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. E. Hand. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Professors Thomson and Geddes on "The Biological Approach."

The reading of this book deepens within one's mind the two impressions, first, that there is a terrible distance between men of science and Christianity; and secondly, that bright indications are appearing that the separation is beginning to be diminished, and promises to be some day destroyed. Christians and scientists have not been speaking the same idiom for fifty years at least; they have become unintelligible to each other. The scientist's mental world is filled with the visible universe, on which he experiments and meditates. It is a universe of fatal law testifying to nothing beyond itself, and pointing in its entirety to no more personality, or providence, or benevolence, than the killing of a lamb by a tiger, or the process of animal digestion points to such things. The Christian, on the other hand, speaks of the same universe in transcendental terms which exist in the vocabulary of no positive science. His world-view and life-philosophy include a superintending personality, just, fatherly, and good, who has often dealt with the physical order in the manner of miracle, and still oftener has come into conscious relation with men by conscience, inspiration, and revelation.

The separation of the two mental states seemed decisive; the sign "No thoroughfare" fixed for indefinite time. It was once thought that those who accept geology must depart to the left hand, and those who accept Genesis will foregather on the right. The lines were drawn, the challenge interchanged, and the order of "No quarter!" passed down the lines. Fortunately the combatants are resting now, though still under arms no doubt, and emissaries from both sides are trying to find each other to arrange for peace. Theology has accepted and assimilated much in science that was suspected at first. Biblical criticism has taken account of palæontology, moral theology is glad to avail itself of some results of empirical psychology, and systematic dogma is almost sure to give a seat of honor at its hearthstone to evolution, a name once *male sonans*.

And on its side science is beginning to listen with respect when religion speaks. Transcendental terms are acknowledged to have not only a coherent meaning, but a deep and sacred meaning. Science is concerned with a process, nothing more; and it sees at last that stretching out beyond the field of that

process is a real and vast world, which is no longer to be denied because not shut up in a test-tube. And so to-day "religious experience" is seriously studied by psychologists; and in the mysterious phenomena of subliminal consciousness, data, with unquestionably transcendental implications, are forming the basis of an almost new science. The phenomenal does not exhaust the real—this is the growing conviction of science—and in that conviction is contained the first element of an approach to belief.

Wilfrid Ward's essay is an apology for the *intransigeant* attitude which the church has seemed sometimes to take toward scientific discovery. Mr. Ward reminds scientists that the Catholic Church's fundamental claim is that she is the custodian of God's revelation to man. Her first responsibility is to keep that revelation uncontaminated. Now here comes a new advance in science, which seems to conflict with this deposit of faith. The church would be untrue to her mission if she did not suspect, and hold aloof from, the novelty. If later, the innovation is conclusively proved, then the church makes way for it, or even may assimilate it. But the point is, she would belie her claim and her consciousness to be God's guardian of truth, if she did not instinctively distrust whatever even seems of a nature to injure that truth. At times, then, her recognition of scientific fact is slow, but it has the merit of being sure. The danger, of course, is that theologians will consider many of their own deductions from the *depositum*, an essential part of it; and hence they will unnecessarily vex and antagonize scientific men. To obviate this danger, the church must have among her own children scholars in every department of learning. Then, when these men report to the church that such and such findings of science are most probably true, she will the more readily make room for the new matter, as she can trust more fully the reports of her own sons, to whom religion is a grave concern. There would be far less criticism of the church, for her tardy recognition of science, if there existed a fairly adequate understanding of her vocation to preserve Christ's revelation inviolate, and of her intense consciousness of that vocation.

This is a summary description of the fine chapters in this book, which are from the able pens of Sir Oliver Lodge and Wilfrid Ward. There are three papers written from a religious

standpoint—a Catholic, a Presbyterian, and an Anglican contribution. The Presbyterian representative makes a rather poor showing; the Anglican much better; and Mr. Ward is much the most thoughtful of all. For the two essays which we have especially commended, the book is well worth reading If much of the remaining matter be left unread, we venture to say the loss will not be irreparable; although we cannot omit a word of hearty praise for the fine English of Professor Geddes' chapter on "An Educational Approach." It is extraordinarily well put together, and is in itself a fine and suggestive sketch. But as it falls outside the plan of the volume, saying hardly anything on the great reconciliation, we have not mentioned it as worthy a place beside the other two.

SERMONS.
By Father Phelan.

Father Phelan, in his preface, vigorously assails our extant sermon-literature, charging it with being unpreachable, because written by monks and bishops who do not know what the people want. Leaving these two classes to defend themselves, we are glad to testify that Father Phelan's sermons* are preachable, and of a kind which, so far as we can see, the faithful would be delighted to hear. They are vigorous and homely in style and illustration, energetic in their moral appeal, and possess in a general way a breezy and up-to-date spirit which makes them as agreeable to read as, beyond doubt, they were pleasing to listen to. Not that we can agree with some statements which they express very positively; for example, that methods of prayer are not of much value; that Protestantism to-day occupies precisely the same ground as in the beginning on man's total depravity, and that, therefore, "Protestants pay no attention to works good or bad"; and that France to-day is as Catholic as ever, and probably more so. And in an illustration of two dying men, our author says downright that one went to purgatory and the other to hell. We should prefer a degree of reserve on so serious an issue. But substantially, as we have said, these sermons are sturdy and helpful; and we think it beyond question that they will achieve a respectable share of the good that sermon-books are fitted to effect.

* *The Gospel Applied to Our Times:* A Sermon for Every Sunday in the Year. By Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis: B. Herder.

FATHER CALMES ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

The question of the authorship, meaning, and historical value of the Fourth Gospel is still, and promises to be for a long time to come, the greatest problem, *das haupt problem*, of New Testament criticism. The dogmatic importance of the controversy is supreme. For this Gospel was written, "that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name." And whoever regards the work as of apostolic authorship and authentic as history, must inevitably conclude that Christ is divine, the Word made flesh, the *via, veritas, et vita* to every human soul. In favor of the traditional thesis a work of distinguished merit has just appeared from the pen of a trained veteran in biblical scholarship, Father Calmes, the Dominican.* It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, and contains, besides a translation and commentary, an introduction, in which are discussed the problems of higher criticism which rise out of the Fourth Gospel, such as, for example, the authorship, date, and nature of the inspired work.

To speak first of the commentary, let us say that it is eminently well done. Every resource of accurate learning for illuminating the text is at Père Calmes' disposal, and he employs it with masterly skill. His literary, theological, and historical notes are copious and apt, and freshen every line of the sacred text with new interest and deeper meaning.

But, from the point of view of criticism, the introduction is the most interesting part of the volume. To put Father Calmes' position in one word, he is traditional in his conclusions, with minor modifications forced upon him by modern learning. He strongly maintains the Joannine authorship, with the exception that the last chapter of the Gospel is, in his judgment, from a later hand; the date of composition is between 80 and 90 A. D., the place Asia Minor. On the purpose of the work, Père Calmes takes no position very positively. He considers it improbable that the Gospel is an anti-Gnostic document. Neither is it clear that it was written against the Docetists, the Corinthians, or the Nicolaites. This much is certain, it is strongly anti-Jewish. For the rest, we can only say that it is a great work in dogmatic and mystical Christology.

* *L'Évangile selon Saint Jean.* Traduction Critique, Introduction et Commentaire. Par le R. P. Calmes. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

On the crucial question of historical validity, the learned Dominican takes a firm stand for the orthodox view, with, however, a notable courtesy to some modern theories. His contention is that the incidents and the discourses are authentic, but that they have undergone some working over in line with the general theological purpose of the whole. Nicodemus, for example, was a real person, exactly of the kind described by St. John, but in the great discourse on baptism, he is made a type rather than an individual; a type, that is, of all who need to have presented to them the necessity of the Christian sacrament. So with the Samaritan woman. Our Lord really talked with such a one at Jacob's well, but, with the allegorizing tendency characteristic of this Gospel, it presents her as a type of the world to be won to our Lord's Messiahship. In this way we have solid history as a framework for profound conceptions of our Lord's life and words.

Connected with this latter point of historicity, there is much on which, as no one acquainted with the Joannine problem need be told, it is very hard to get satisfaction. Père Calmes hardly clears up some of the great divergencies between St. John and the Synoptics; for example, the difference in the narratives concerning the Precursor; but, as we must not expect a solution of the unsolvable, P. Calmes is not to be blamed for this. Although speaking of the accounts of the Baptist, we wish that our present commentator had given a more full consideration of Baldensperger's suggestive theory that the Fourth Gospel is strongly marked with a tendency to counteract a belief held by some when it was written, that John the Baptist was the Messiah. One cannot help being struck with the evidence in support of this conjecture, and we regret that P. Calmes dismissed it so summarily. Again one feels, in reading this introduction, that our author had much more to say than he has actually said, in regard to the relation between the Fourth Gospel and such apocryphal works as IV. Esdras, and the Book of Enoch. To have discussed such points adequately would have extended his work to great size, no doubt, but unquestionably it would have been worth while. But we are grateful for this volume as it is. It is in the best manner of modern scholarship, and a credit to Catholic learning. We trust that American Catholic students will help to give it the circulation that it deserves.

CATHOLIC IDEALS.
By Father Cuthbert.

We sincerely thank Father Cuthbert for these fresh, hopeful, and courageous essays.* He has done well to bring them together into a volume, for they are needed. The burden of these papers is that Catholics must understand modern life better and more sympathetically, and enter into it with zeal that it may be saved. So, says Father Cuthbert, we must love liberty, we Catholics. Liberty is here, thank God, and here forever. To us especially of the English-speaking world it is dearer than the breath of our nostrils. Individual freedom to its utmost, guided of course by the common good and by the external law of righteousness, is our political ideal. Other countries—we state simply a fact that stands out large in history, not wishing at all to disparage any race or nation—have not the same sensitiveness as we in regard to personal independence. Latin Europe, for example, is without our traditions in the matter, and drifts toward rigidity, fixed system, feudal and monarchical institutions as naturally as we abhor those things. Now in the world's turning aside from absolutism, and in its march toward the ideal which is native to us, Catholics must give their sympathetic co-operation to the great cause. No looking to the past, no doubt about the providential character of democracy, no toleration for an absolutism which treats the individual as though he were a vegetable or a corpse; but ever more liberty, both in church and state, within the safeguards of divine right—this is the programme which will do more than much preaching to bring Catholicity and the modern world together, and to lead back to faith the peoples that have gone astray.

Some such idea as this is the underlying unity of Father Cuthbert's book, whether he discusses marriage; the education of women; the idea of responsibility; social reform; or the extraordinary revival of the Franciscan spirit. Once again we thank him for putting that idea before us so vigorously and bravely. There is truly a danger that we shall miss understanding the very first requisite for converting men of to-day; and that requisite is that we heartily accept and approve the just and lawful features of modern progress and civilization,

* *Catholic Ideals in Social Life.* By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

and imagine that the ideal condition of nations and of men is in some past age, abandoned now and never to live again. To caution us against an error, the cost of which would be the irreparable alienation of Catholicity from the world of the present and the future, is Father Cuthbert's purpose. He has fulfilled it well, and in fulfilling it has done a great service to faith.

THOMAS MORE.
By Bremond.

Father Bremond's *Life of Blessed Thomas More* is a delightful little volume.* In a quiet and very human way it portrays one of the most natural and genial of saints. In fact few would guess from Thomas More's external life that he possessed the stuff that martyrs are made of. He was a scholar, a humorist, a devoted husband and father, and of so merry a temperament that his face was hardly ever without a smile, or his conversation without a jest. He spoke out his sentiments with straightforward simplicity, and argued against opponents with vigor and often with asperity. To his friends he was a charming man of the world, learned, kindly, and of a probity that no man dared question; but hidden beneath laughter and the joy of living, was the spirit of the saint. He went to Mass every day; he wrought numberless deeds of charity; he fasted secretly; and unknown to every one, until the end, was his practise of severer corporal penances. So when he refused to take King Henry's oath of supremacy, he was well prepared for the supreme trial. With gentle dignity he thrust aside every allurement, even the tears of wife and children, which would make him ashamed of his own conscience, and with his lifelong smile and happy word he laid his head upon the block, sweetly trusting that his Lord would receive his soul. It is a very noble story, and every one will be better for reading it again. Father Bremond, though a Frenchman, is so familiar with the character and language of Britain, that he makes a biographer of the best type; and Mr. Child's translation is a rare piece of idiomatic English. The volume is one of the best in "The Saints'," series to which it belongs.

* *Blessed Thomas More.* By Henri Bremond. Translated by Harold Child. New York: Benziger Brothers.

BISHOP DE POMPIGNAN.
By Abbe Bouvier.

The Abbé Bouvier's brochure* on Bishop de Pompignan, of le Puy and Vienne, is valuable for the church history of France in the eventful years that just preceded the Revolution. Jean-Georges Le Franc de Pompignan was by nature a student, far more at home with books than with the affairs of a diocese, and more at ease with ideas than with men. He lived in the days of Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Rousseau, and wrote copiously against them. He was solid and logical, but, owing to a heavy style, he was at a disadvantage in controversy with Voltaire. However, he conducted himself against so powerful an adversary valiantly and with credit. There are in his writings a certain modernity, and a pre-vision of apologetic needs, that are unusual and enough to give him honorable distinction. Thus he perceived the necessity of cultivating critical and philological studies, especially in the department of Scripture; and he uses strong words in depicting the danger of leaving such researches to unbelievers. M. Bouvier, in praising him for this, says that if theology had followed this advice, it would have become a worthy heir of Bossuet, Petavius, and Richard Simon. Of Petavius this is true; of Richard Simon it is superlatively true. But why should Bossuet be mentioned? The great Bishop of Meaux, despite his genius and his vast erudition, was a despiser of the minute investigations of philology. In his controversy with Richard Simon, he has only opprobrium for the *grammairien;* and he comforts himself with the reflection that St. Augustine, with no Hebrew and but little Greek, became the greatest theologian of the church. The wise counsel just referred to from Monseigneur de Pompignan is contradicted a score of times in the writings of his incomparably greater confrère.

The last days of De Pompignan fell in with the bloody beginnings of the revolution, and his death was hastened by sorrow and anxiety. M. Bouvier tries to clear the prelate's memory from the charge often directed against it, of having yielded weakly to some of the demands of the fierce democracy of 1789, to the detriment of ecclesiastical right and dignity.

* *Jean-Georges Le Franc de Pompignan, 1715-1790.* Par l'Abbé Claude Bouvier. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

EPISTLES OF ERASMUS. By Nichols.

Mr. Francis Morgan Nichols has brought out another large volume of the English translation of Erasmus' letters.* These minor writings of the great humanist are chiefly valuable for the light which they shed upon his intensely interesting career. They are strongly marked with the well-known Erasmian characteristics, an easy elegance, a classical spirit, a strong tendency to flattery, a decided turn for quiet irony, and an impulse to break out once in a while into sarcastic flings at religious orders and the Roman Curia. They are curiously free from religious expressions, showing how greatly Erasmus the scholar predominated over Erasmus the priest. A great number of these epistles are only the unimportant correspondence of a busy man, but some of them have, as we have intimated, a larger historical value. For example, this volume contains a few letters which show the difficulties which fell across Erasmus' path on the occasion of the publication of his New Testament. And two or three others to Leo X. give us a glimpse into the work of preparing the edition of St. Jerome. Of the momentous change in the religion of Europe, which was just beginning at the date of these letters, we have hardly any trace; another instance of Erasmus' habitual reluctance to turn from letters to theology. The publication of these Epistles leads us to hope that some historian will soon write an adequate and just account of the life and studies of Erasmus. Few men so well deserve a conscientious and competent biographer.

ADVENTURES OF JAMES II. By Digby.

The book entitled *The Adventures of James II.*† is a good sized volume of five hundred pages. We took it up wondering how anybody, even with the help of a vivid imagination and an unmeasured spinning out of details, could manage to fill a book of this size with an account of the unfortunate James. And, adventures! Were they not confined to an ignominious escape from London town, and a still more ignominious flight from the hill of Donore? We expected that the meagre materials

* *The Epistles of Erasmus, 1509–1517.* By Francis M. Nichols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Adventures of King James II. of England.* By the author of *Sir Kenelm Digby*, etc., etc. With an Introduction by Dom Gasquet. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

would be inflated with a lot of court gossip twined around the names of Lady Southwark and Catherine Sedley, and that the whole would prove but indifferent entertainment. We laid the book down—after reading it through in a day, to the exclusion of other occupations less absorbing—with the conviction established that it is one of the most fascinating, and withal instructive, historical works that have appeared for the past few years. For, notwithstanding its somewhat flippant title, it is a piece of serious work, though not precisely a history. The author has given prominence to the romantic, the dramatic, and the pathetic, and, though careful to dwell on the general course of events sufficiently to keep the reader *au courant*, has merely touched upon other events and doings of that stormy time. He does not undertake to defend his hero against the judgment that has been passed upon him as a king. But this judgment is based on the events of but a few years in a life that extended almost to the span assigned by the Psalmist. And the long period almost neglected by English historians furnishes to the author data for forming a correct opinion of the man. He relates, in picturesque fashion, the story of James's early life, during which he saw, with credit to himself, much service on the continent under Condé and Turenne. James's honorable and useful career in the English navy, of which he may be considered a founder, furnishes plenty of grounds for modifying the prevalent opinion entertained of him, an opinion for which we believe Macaulay is chiefly responsible. The events of the last period, too, afford the author material for rehabilitating his hero, who behaved neither as a fool, nor a bigot, nor a knave. As he is painted on this canvas, James appears to be "a straightforward English gentleman, a courageous soldier, a skilful admiral, and an excellent man of business." The great mistakes of the king, who risked all and lost all in the cause of religion, and, nevertheless, dealt irreparable hurt to that cause, arose from the honesty and loyalty with which he trusted to false friends, traitors like Sunderland and zealous incompetents like the Jesuit, Father Petre. The narrative runs on, from first to last, in a brisk and lucid flow, upon the surface of which bubbles up from time to time a flash of the humor and good-natured sarcasm that we should expect from the pen that has given us the *Life of a Prig*. A fine introduction by Dom Gasquet adds another charm to the book.

ADOLESCENCE.
By Hall.

Dr. Hall, who is as every one knows a specialist in the study of children and youth, has recently published what is practically his first book. In it he reprints or sums up pretty much all that he has ever said or written on the subject, and thus provides us with a work of intense interest and of no little value. Enormous labor, trained attention, enthusiastic devotedness, evidently these have been elements in the construction of the two volumes of *Adolescence*,* which contains very nearly fourteen hundred pages of reading matter. The theme is a complex one; yet there seems to be no aspect of it neglected by the author. Statistics collected, compared, and deduced into laws; experiments studied and explained; questionnaires submitted and answers classified; autobiographies examined; teachers and parents consulted; literature, both general and technical, exhaustively mined; in short, everything done that a diligent and determined writer could think of doing. Dr. Hall had a right, then, to expect that the result of his years of industry would make a useful book. That in this he has succeeded no one who reads his two volumes will doubt; and there is, perhaps, no one in a position of responsibility with regard to the young to whom much valuable help could not be given out of these two volumes. "A passionate lover of childhood and a teacher of youth," to use his own words, the author has sought to assist the young, directly or indirectly, toward making the most of the possibilities of their youth. His pursuit of this purpose has certainly not been unsuccessful. Occupy whatever standpoint we may—student, teacher, physician, parent, magistrate, legislator, moralist, priest—one and all of us can find much precious information, and still more precious suggestion, in Dr. Hall's pages.

The commendation of these volumes, however, cannot be without reservation. The composition is so careless, that most readers will be tempted to smile at the author for professing to teach pedagogy. The vocabulary is simply atrocious; we doubt if any living man could fathom the book without, perhaps even with, the aid of a dictionary. The style—well, to

* *Adolescence; Its Psychology and its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education.* By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Clark University, and Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

be brief, there is none. The same might be said of the moderation displayed by the author—it is a minus quantity. Dr. Hall is as extreme in his rejection of distasteful opinions, as he is cocksure and dogmatic in the presentation of his own. The gradual evolution of the soul, the development of the human race out of lower animal forms, the unquessionable validity and the sacred accuracy of the phylogenetic method, these are put forward with a calm confidence and an air of finality that almost shakes our faith in the scientific character of the author's training. The account of Confirmation in the Catholic Church, quoted apparently from a correspondent, and backed with a formidable list of Catholic writers, is correct in a general way, and yet it includes inaccuracies sure to mislead any one but a Catholic as to the ceremony in question. On this one point we happen to be better informed than Dr. Hall; and we should hate to think that in other instances, where his account cannot be so easily controlled, his descriptions are as unsatisfactory as in this instance.

As a matter of fact, however, the book contains not a few pages that the most elementary sense of prudence would prompt one to regard with suspicion. The initial trust in the author's discretion, with which one naturally begins the book, diminishes somewhat as chapter succeeds chapter; and when the second volume is concluded, the reader is apt to be far less sure of Dr. Hall's discriminative ability than of his eagerness to substantiate ideas which "are new both in matter and in method," and to justify "an extension of evolution into the the psychic field (which is) of the utmost importance." This does not render the two big volumes useless, but it does make us experience a real regret that the immense amount of material, and the unquestioned skill at the author's command, have not been used to a little better purpose. Less regard for novelties in genetic ideas of the soul, and less concern about his own theories generally, would have kept the writer from damaging his influence over the unattached and unprejudiced mind.

As we have said, there are a number of helpful and valuable characteristics about the book, but carefulness is certainly not among them. Without disrespect to an honored name, we can, it may be hoped, illustrate from the author's failings in

more superficial respects the weaknesses which, at greater length, might be shown to affect his philosophy. His ill-chosen words and his clumsy sentences, his abuse of figures and his misapprehension of terms (*e. g.* viaticum, II., 71), his rambling, disconnected, half-unintelligible descriptions, give good ground, if there be sense in pedagogical rules, for calling the author's mental activity slovenly and confused. As for our dear old mother-tongue, a reviewer may, perhaps, be pardoned a passing display of weariness when he finds a long series of words like acuminated, circummutates, sanification, ephebeites, bathmism, saltatory, euphoria, atrabiliar, senescence, viaticum (used wrongly, it appears), dotations, salvability, recallability, meristic, archeopsychisms, photo-dermatism, psychromes, entelechy, catharsis, gerontic, heterochrony, solipsistic, involucre, caducity —and all these, think of it! packed into a single chapter (X.) of a book which the author has tried "to bring within the reach of every intelligent reader."

We have indicated some of the good points and some of weaknesses of Dr. Hall's book. What has been said in commendation was said sincerely—no one will doubt it, perhaps, and no one will ask for its justification. As to what has been said in dispraise, we cannot refrain from quoting a sentence (II., 54) which will prove that our reproaches of the author have at least not been altogether baseless:

> With all four of the above tendencies, a psychology that refuses to evict common sense both in the popular sense and in that of the Scotch philosophy which short-circuits the Kantian *détour;* that would regard the chief writers, from Descartes to Hegel, as a philosophic intermezzo, which, while full of exhilaration and rich in lessons, replete with interest and instruction, is not essential for its purposes, save as a precious human document and warning; that seeks a pure culture of naturalism and induction; that believes that neither the world nor the soul is lost, and that nature and mind have the same root; that holds that mind is invisible nature even though nature be not verified by empirical methods as visible mind; that puts custom above law and convention, and instinct, feeling, and impulse above both; that is not a cave of the winds, a hybrid of metaphysics and science; that will be neither bastardized nor marooned by morosophs

who would limit its scope and affect disappointment in its work either in the laboratory or with animals or children, because it does not solve their scholastic problems—assuredly make some havoc.

LAKE MONONA.
By M. A. Navarette.

*At Lake Monona,** the story which gives its title to the book of three short stories, by M. A. Navarette, is a romance of the Catholic Summer-School. The inevitable young man meets the inevitable young woman, and love at first sight is the most unexpected result. But the hero is not a Catholic, and the solution of this difficulty makes the story. A pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, and one to Lourdes, are effectively introduced. Graphic descriptions and some clever character drawing are merits of this and the other stories in the volume. Sound Catholic doctrine and simple piety make the book a helpful as well as an enjoyable one.

CHATS.
By Father O'Neill.

"Giving little sugar-coated pills of truth to the younger children is, to my mind, the most sacred duty of the priest," says Father F. C. O'Neill, in his preface to *Twenty-nine Chats and One Scolding*.† Accordingly he has hidden away his sermons and moral lessons in charming little stories of fairies and flowers and birds, in legends and myths. The book is unique in its kind, and deserves place in every school and home library. The final word upon it is best voiced in Father Pardow's introduction: "No one slept, we may be sure, when the Master spoke by the seashore of Galilee; no child will squirm on his hard chair, or yawn, I warrant, when Father O'Neill's vivid pictures pass before his eyes. Every teacher of Christian Doctrine will welcome this book with open arms."

COMPROMISES.
By Agnes Repplier.

Every one of the fourteen essays of the present volume shows the author to be, as we know her, a lover of books. The great num-

* *At Lake Monona.* By M. A. Navarette. Milwaukee: The M. H. Wiltzius Company.
† *Twenty-nine Chats and One Scolding.* By Rev. Fred. C. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

ber upon which she draws, in order to illustrate the contents of this little one, makes the reader feel that he, too, would willingly devote as much time as Miss Repplier has to the reading of the novelists and essayists if, as a result, he could produce such readable and entertaining articles.

They are not meant for the frivolous, but for those who can appreciate good literature.

One entitled "The Gayety of Life" is a piece of practical philosophy; in "The Point of View," "Marriage in Fiction," and "Our Belief in Books," we just stumble over the names of authors; the theme of "The Beggars" can be nothing else than the picturesqueness of poverty; "A Quaker Diary" is a dainty bit of criticism. The last three, "The Headsman," "Consecrated to Crime," and "Allegra," seem hardly to belong to the series, they are so grewsome and pathetic.

We should like to know why Miss Repplier selected *Compromises* for the title of her book.* Her readers may have to do all the compromising; she has her own ideas on the subjects about which she writes, and states them without hesitation or qualifications.

THE RULER OF THE KINGDOM.
By Grace Keon.

Grace Keon, in *The Ruler of the Kingdom*,† has given us a collection of short stories which are considerably above the average in conception, teaching, and style. They cover a wide range of subject and varied personalities. The pathos of everyday life appeals more strongly to the author than its humor, and her sentiment at times does not know the fine distinction which should keep it from the exaggerations of sentimentality. However, Miss Keon succeeds in infusing a healthful optimism into even her saddest incidents, and her writing bears the unmistakable ring of sincerity. The stories, are distinctly Catholic, and of sufficient promise to justify the hope that, when virility and humor have been gained, her work may place her among the foremost Catholic writers.

An interesting incident, in connection with the unceasing

* *Compromises.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Ruler of the Kingdom.* By Grace Keon. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

efforts of English monarchs to destroy the Catholic faith in Ireland, was the publication of an Irish alphabet and catechism in Dublin in 1571. This catechism is said to be the first book printed in Gaelic in Ireland. A facsimile of its title page is given in *Irish Literature*, the series which we review in our pages this month. The book is entitled *An Irish Alphabet and Catechism:* Instruction in the Christian Doctrine, together with certain articles of the Christian Rule which are fit to be received by every one who will be loyal to the law of God and the Queen in this realm. Drawn from the Latin and the English into Gaelic by John O'Kearney.

The Catholic Truth Society, of Ireland, has lately published a pamphlet on *Devotion to the Sacred Heart*, by Rev. R. J. Carberry, S.J., and historical pamphlets on *Muckross Abbey and The Island of Innisfallen*, *The Santa Croce of Ireland*, *The Boyne Valley*, and *The River and Saints' Shrines*, by J. B. Cullen. Browne and Nolan, of Nassau Street, Dublin, are the agents of the society. The International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., have republished Father Carberry's pamphlet, and have also issued lately *Thoughts for the Sick Room*, and *Catholicism and Reason*, the latter by the Hon. Henry C. Dillon.

Father Conklin, in editing this volume * of the short instructions of the Rev. P. Baker, calls attention, first, to the fact that the book may evidence to non-Catholics the unchangeableness of Catholic teaching. These instructions were first published in 1834. Seventy years later they are republished without any, save typographical, change. The instructions are based on the holy Gospels for every day in Lent. The Gospel for the day is given; then follows a short instruction on the same, concluding with a prayer. The instructions are practical, and bring home with emphasis and with unction the ways and the value of applying the doctrinal teaching of Christ to the duties of every day. The prayers are fervid and devotional, but for the most part too long. The volume is one that the faithful laity will find to be a consoling and profitable

* *Short Instructions; or, Meditations on the Gospels.* By Rev. P. Baker. Edited by Rev. William T. Conklin. New York: Christian Press Association.

handbook for the holy season of Lent, and priests too will gain from it much that is suggestive in the way of sermon and instruction. We extend our thanks to Father Conklin for his work of republishing, and we trust that his wish, expressed in the preface, will be fulfilled.

This *Catechism of the Instruction of Novices* * is an abridgment of *The Instruction of Novices*, written by the Venerable Father John of Jesus and Mary, of the edition published in Rome in 1865. The author had a very extensive experience, great learning, and gave evidence of high personal sanctity. Bossuet termed him "a great theologian and a great ascetic." The present volume has been catechetically arranged by the Rev. Father Gerard, of St. Teresa, D. C., and translated from the French by an Irish nun of the Carmelite Order. The whole volume is summarized under four principal headings: "The Mortification of the Passions"; "The Acquisition of the Virtues"; "The Exercise of Prayer"; and "The Acts of the Regular Life." It is all put plainly and simply in the form of question and answer, and is a valuable handbook, not only for those who are actually novices, but for all who are thinking of or preparing to enter the religious life.

* *Catechism of the Instruction of Novices.* By Ven. John of Jesus and Mary, Third Superior-General of the Discalced Carmelites. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (10 Dec.): A leader on the Irish University Question says that the matter is now beyond the stage of argument. The oft-, not twice-, told tale of great wrong unredressed, and good intentions baffled by the illogical, senseless objections of a bigoted minority, needs no further exposition. The only remaining difficulty is to reconcile the present inactivity and wholly inexcusable delay of such men as Mr. Balfour, when they have declared, amid every circumstance of responsibility, that "the tame acquiesence of Parliament in a condition of things which practically deprives two-thirds of the Irish population of higher education, is one serious grievance and fills them with dismay."

(24 Dec.): Father Gerard, S.J., points out the increasing spirit of irreligion as evidenced by the activity and success of the Rationalist Press Association. However, he continues, the more acute and instant is the peril, the better is the opportunity afforded to the church to show herself in her strength, and to achieve a signal triumph. The call to action is imperative, and the larger portion of the battlefield must be occupied by the Catholic press. It is mainly through this means that the great mass of people can be reached, and they are precisely the ones most needful of true guidance and instruction.

(31 Dec.): The results of a recent examination at the Urban College, at Rome, show the phenomenal success of the English-speaking students. It is extraordinary, but why so? that the Celt has carried all before him this year at the Propaganda.——Incidents multiply to lay bare the odious system of Masonic espionage practised by the French War Office.

The Hibbert Journal (Jan.): Two competent guides, one a lawyer, Mr. Taylor Innes, the other a divine, the Rev. John Watson, D.D., take the reader through the historical and doctrinal maze to be treaded in order to reach an understanding of the present crisis in the Church of Scotland. Most outsiders, who will have endeavored to grasp the situation as defined here, will be ready to

agree with Dr. Watson's remark, that the most wonderful achievement of the Scots' intellect has not been Hume's philosophy, or Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, but the distinctions which separate the branches of the Scots' Church; and the second most remarkable achievement has been understanding them.——Mr. Pickard, Cambridge, "The Christ of Dogma and the Christ of Experience," advocates the expediency of recasting, in the Established Church of England (he is an Oxonian), the dogma of Christ's divinity, as derived from the writings of the Apostles, "hearers whose enthusiasm may probably have exceeded their power to understand the full significance of their teacher's message."——In his plea for mysticism, the Rev. G. W. Allen recommends that intellectual endeavor should be turned towards gaining a deeper hold upon the truths of religion, instead of concentrating it almost entirely upon critical studies of theology and Holy Scripture. The living of a divine life, he contends, does not depend upon settling the historical accuracy of the Bible, but upon the knowledge and love of God: "While we are wasting our best efforts on those really inconsequential points, the world remains unhelped, competition increases, injustices and frauds of all sorts flourish; the power of money grows greater; and we have to confess that we do not possess the power to lift up and convert to a better spirit the wastrels and failures of life."——Mr. Newman Howard finds that the perfect concords of 3, 4, and 5, as revealed in music, "lie at the root of all cosmic structure, being in every way fundamental in the progression of the 'elements.'" Throughout the entire cosmos, as revealed to us by chemistry, physics, astronomy, biology, he finds the "polyhedro-vortical law of the 3's, 4's, and 5's everywhere in evidence. And if some views of the infinite should impose polyhedral limitations, "then the polyhedral limitations may be limitations only of our intelligence; and in that case in all the successions of music, so inevitable, so palpable and perfect to the inner sense—successions that travel beyond the polyhedral chord, returning thence as to a rallying point, the floor of our present footing—we may be spelling out new laws

of a new being." With engaging frankness Mr. Howard acknowledges that this may be only a guess. We refuse to go with him when he qualifiies it as perhaps a *wild* guess; and for any one who has carefully followed the exposition, it is difficult to reserve assent to the conclusion that "whatever may be the undiscovered X which squares the inequations of life, when we learn that music, the felt reflex of the soul's rightly regulated emotions, is also a mirror of the central universal laws, we may put aside the arid and hideous prospect of materialistic immoralism, and gain assurance in the swift certitudes of intuition, believing, not without proof, that 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.'"——Professor Keyser, of Columbia University, contends that the boundlessness of the world of mathematical truths is proof that there is a world of being beyond and above the physical universe.——As a scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge severely criticises the position which Professor Haeckel assumes in his *Riddle of the Universe.* "For a man of science to overstep the barrier (between philosophy and science), and pretend that he comes with scientific authority to take official possession of that territory which it has been the long-cherished wish of philosophy to enter, is, so to speak, to take the bit between his teeth and to bolt away from his scientific tether altogether; the result being that he either loses himself in a mystical region, where science is no more feasible, or else he degrades and maltreats such portions of philosophic nomenclature as he can get hold of; subsequently retiring to his own side of the boundary, there to exhibit them as verbal representations of some mighty reality which he alone can clearly perceive. He may try to fit them as part of a coherent scheme of ordered knowledge, but they are really fragments of another order of things, and, in order to force them into the puzzle map before their true place has been discovered, a whole system of substantial facts must be disarranged, dislocated, and thrown away."——Professor Kirsopp Lake discusses the critical import of the manuscripts discovered by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, at Oxyrhynchus.——With a paper on the indirect internal evidence, Dr. Bacon brings to a close his series on the Johannine problem.

The Month (Jan.): Relative to the lectures, delivered by the Dean of Westminster, on the *Inspiration of the Bible*, Rev. Sydney F. Smith, devotes an article to "The Nature of Inspiration." After summarizing the Dean's theory, the writer presents the Catholic Church's concept of inspiration. He notes the developments which our doctrine has admitted concerning the divine action on the human writer, and which have been instrumental in removing numerous difficulties from the path of the biblical student. He proceeds to consider the new theory as formulated in Father von Hummelauer's *Exegetisches zur Inspirations frage.* The new theory starting from the indisputable position that, though the Catholic doctrine does not permit us to see even the smallest error in the inspired writings, it does not follow that their every statement is in exact conformity with the facts referred to as they are, or were, in themselves. We must consider whether the writers—and, correspondingly, the Holy Ghost who spoke through the writers—intended their words to have this reference, and not rather one less absolute or less immediately objective, since it is by their conformity with this proximate measure that the truth of their affirmations is considered. Father Smith finds the new theory of no very easy application in the case of the historical books of the Old Testament. For often the Old Testament historian had to rely on accounts furnished by others, and these were not unfrequently documents or even oral traditions coming down from ages more or less removed from that of the writer. It may be asked whether or not these accounts were free from error, and by what historical method did the writer establish the objective truth in them, and how far the influence of inspiration upon him would have corrected the defects incident to his purely natural procedure? Father Smith, in concluding, is not inclined to say that the new theory has already established itself, but thinks that it offers a fair promise of an eventual recognition.

International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): Mr. John A. Hobson, in discussing the "Ethics of Gambling," distinguishes nicely between "pure" and "mixed" gambling, and again between gambling of either kind and the fraud

which usually accompanies it. He shows that the game of chance, whether at the stock exchange or at the lottery table, is irrational and consequently immoral. It teaches the individual to suppress reason and to look for reward, not to labor but to "luck"; thus it is that gambling, whether in game or in business, opposes the principle on which all progress in civilization is based. ——Professor Alfred Pearce Dennis condemns lynching and recommends, as a remedy for the evil, that the state hold the local community legally responsible for loss of life, and demand from it a pecuniary recompense.—— Mr. Henry Berkowitz writes an instructive article on the moral education of the young among the Jews; he insists strongly on the importance and necessity of religious training.——The large percentage, in France, of marriages based on social and financial considerations is due, writes Mr. James Oliphant, partly to national traditions and partly to the unwise, suspicious care exercised over the young, both in the home and in the school.——Other articles in this number are "The Relation of the Ethical to the Æsthetical Element in Literature," by Professor James Seth; "Carlyle's Ethics," by Professor Charles J. Goodwin; "Pleasure, Idealism, and Truth in Art," by Dr. George Reber; and "The Vivisection Problem," by Dr. Albert Leffingwell.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (Nov.–Dec.): M. Turmel narrates the history of the reaction that arose, even among orthodox writers, against St. Augustine's anti-Pelagian position on nature and grace. Hilary, of Arles and Cassian, opposed the great doctor of Hippo, whose theory, however, was in very large measure destined to triumph.——M. Croulbois concludes his account of the curious secret society, called the Company of the Blessed Sacrament, which, in the middle of the seventeenth century, tried unsuccessfully to get approbation from Rome, in order to carry on, in France, a hidden mission of great importance, and also of great danger, to both church and state.

La Quinzaine (1 Jan.): "The Concordat and the Catholic Renaissance," by Eugene Boeglin, is the latest of a series of strong and interesting studies, by that able

writer, of the present politico-religious situation in France. In view of the threatened dissolution of the Concordat the writer draws attention to the unique position among the nations of the Christian world which France would then occupy in its relation to the church; a relation not of divorce in the sense of mutual disregard, nor of separation in the sense of independent life and mutual autonomy, but of bondage on the one hand, persecution and spoliation on the other. After a comparison of conditions in France with those in Italy, Germany, England, and the United States—a comparison far from creditable to the oldest daughter of the church—the writer goes on to speak of the future, and the hope of a Catholic Renaissance. Concordat or no Concordat, he is of opinion, matters little in the last analysis. What is of vital importance for the life and progress of the church is the activity, the intelligent, energetic, and united action of its members, lay and cleric. It is not upon political forms that the salvation and restoration of the church in France must depend, but upon its own inherent vitality, the generous efforts and cordial co-operation of the whole Catholic body.

Études (20 Dec.): In view of present discussions over the Concordat, it is interesting to read Paul Dudon's article on the relations existing between Pius VII. and the First Consul. The writer confines himself to the events of the year 1804. He tells of Napoleon's great desire to have the pope come to Paris to confer on him the crown, then of the tedious and stormy conferences that ensued, in which took part Tallyrand, Cardinals Fesch and Consalvi. The pope was finally induced to accept the invitation. An account of the ceremony of consecration is given.——Antoine Valmy writes concerning religious education in Russia. He tells of their seminaries, and in particular of the higher academies or universities. The whole system is based on German models. All depend on the state for support. A prominent element at each academy is the paper or journal. Besides these, there are numerous other religious publications in the country. The second part of the article treats of the old Catholic party and of the efforts recently made

toward the union of this party with the Russian church. The writer tells of the commission that took up the matter. The principal questions under discussion were the Real Presence, the Infallibility of Councils, and the usual question of the "Fibogue." The importance of these discussions is very great. A better understanding of all these matters would surely lead to greater religious unity in the world.

Le Correspondant (25 Nov.): There is a good article by Max Turmann on "Les Catholiques Italiens," showing the numerical strength and valiant spirit in the many social and religious societies represented at Bergamo. These are due to the deep and active faith of this people. Their faith was shown still more significantly by the part taken in the recent Italian elections.——M. Gaston Varenne has a very interesting paper on "L'Evolution des Styles dans l'Art Appliqué et le Style Moderne." The writer is well acquainted with all the work of the great artists in wood, stone, ivory, and precious metals. (10 Dec.): M. Felicien Pascal devotes most of his paper on the "Centenaire d'Eugène Sue" to an exposition of that author's violent anti-clericalism, and the effect it has had upon the morals of civil functionaries and their subordinates. The majority of these have never read Sue's *Juif Errant*, but they know its sentiments, and renew in their own persons its impudent calumnies against the Jesuits.——"Quelques Letters de L. Corundet et de Charles de Montalembert" are continued from the magazine of November 25, and give a charming picture of the Christian friendship existing between these two courageous Catholics, always ready to battle and to suffer for the good cause.

La Revue Apologétique (16 Dec.): In a long article, replete with rhetorical beauties, S. Courbé defends the thesis that, sooner or later, the entire religious world will enter the bosom of the Catholic Church. His first argument is an à priori one; every religion, outside Catholicity, contains two conflicting elements, truth and falsehood, which by their nature tend to dissociate; one must eventually expel the other; hence, every false religion, by this process of elimination, must ulti-

mately gravitate towards either complete truth, that is the Catholic Church, or to complete error, that is irreligious free thought and atheism. The writer then proceeds to review the present condition of religion in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceanica, to confirm his view. He promises the arrival of the day when "the belfries of Moscow, London, New York, Sidney, Pekin, and Calcutta, responding to those of St. Peter's of Rome, will envelop the world in their sonorous undulations, and call all the nations to intone the Roman *credo*."——M. de Prémartin furnishes an account of some spiritualistic seances, in which he took part, at a Swiss summer resort. He seems to have been much impressed by the messages which he received from the invisible agencies that communicated through the medium of table rapping.——M. Xavier Moisant indicates how the study of philosophic and scientific mysteries helps to cultivate a disposition favorable to the reception of the mysteries of revelation.——M. Tiency finds in Canada further evidence of the magnificent progress of the church under the free institutions proper to Anglo-Saxon political ideals.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Jan.): Cardinal Steinhuber gives a very interesting historical sketch of the processes of canonization and beatification at present before the Congregation of Rites. Of the 287 processes as yet undecided, Italy claims the greatest number, France ranks second, Spain and Portugal third, while Germany holds the fourth place. Of the United States he remarks: "Ganz arm ist America an Dienern Gottes, wenigstens das Gebiet der Vereinigten Staaten."—— This number contains a most appreciative review of Dr. Wm. Turner's *History of Philosophy*. "An excellent work," writes the critic, "which deserves commendation in every respect."

Theologish-practische Quartalschrift (Jan.): Fr. Weiss, O.P., indignantly condemns the method of certain critics who approve or condemn any work that may come to their notice accordingly as it is in harmony or disagreement with their own views.——Dr. F. Smid disproves the charge of "intolerance," so often urged against the

Catholic Church because of her dogmatic formulæ: "Outside the Church there is no salvation," and "The Church is a necessary society."——Dr. Ignatius Rieder discusses the question of baptising *fœtus*.

Rivista Internazionale (Dec.): G. Tuccimei says we have reason to be grateful to evolutionism for the great amount of activity it has excited among naturalists in the last forty years. The theory still remains, according to its most representative defenders, in the region of hypothesis and the attempts to prove species-variation have resulted in impressing on us the necessity of being cautious in the case of a theory based upon so solid proofs.——E. Agliardi notes that, thanks to the initiative of Luigi Luzzatti, Italy now occupies the first place in the movement for the international protection of labor.

Civiltà Cattolica (17 Dec.): Speaks of the Catholic Volksverein as the last will and testament of Windthorst to the German people, and hopes its provisions will be executed in Italy as well.——Draws attention to a recent statement of the *Revue du Clergé Français* as implying the opinion which is at the bottom of Loisy's views about the person, the knowledge, and the works of Christ—the opinion, namely, that our Lord announced the approaching end of the world. The writer's conclusion is that "the rationalists, Loisy and others who wish to be called critics, attribute to Christ an error and a contradiction which would be repugnant not only to a legate of God, but to any man of sound judgment."

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Dec.): Paolo Rotta writes a careful and appreciative review of Spencer's work.——G. B. Mazzi continues the translation of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Marcella*.——L. De Feis contributes an obituary notice of General Cesnola, and draws attention to the saying of Balbo that a fine history could be written of great Italians outside of Italy.——E. Pieragnoli describes the success of his anti-tuberculosis crusade in the schools of Florence, the two great measures being segregation and instruction of the pupils.

Razón y Fe (Dec.): A special number—containing 250 pages—is issued in honor of the Jubilee of the Immaculate

Conception, and is devoted exclusively to articles bearing on that doctrine. L. Murillo writes on the passage in Genesis iii. 15, and says: "If we analyze impartially the tenor of the Bull 'Ineffabilis Deus,' and in the light of this analyze the text in question, it will be impossible not to see the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin foretold together with the coming of the Redeemer."——P. Villada shows how reason and faith accord in this matter, since the dogma of the Immaculate Conception can be arrived at by reason helped by faith working out the implications of the principle, Potuit, decuit; ergo fecit.——F. Fita devotes a short article to the Temple of the Pillar at Saragossa, a shrine which F. Fita shows to have been a monument to the Immaculate Conception erected by the Apostle St. James the Greater.——J. Aicardo devotes thirty pages to Calderon as the poet of the Immaculate Conception.

(Jan.): P. Murillo, continuing his critique of the new school of exegesis, writes upon the so-called principle of "freedom of exposition." At first sight it seems of no great consequence to admit that, in remote ages, the writers of Scripture explained events or ideas by incorporating into the real history complementary circumstances of their own invention. But if this admission be made in the case of the Old Testament, the same principle must be applied to the New, and for the same reason. For the reason why we stipulate that "freedom of exposition" in the case of the historicans of the Old Testament is their presumed ignorance of contemporary critical methods, and their employment of the processes used by ancient historians. That same reason, however, would avail for attributing an equal liberty to the evangelists, who certainly are not nineteenth century writers.

The Revue de l'Art Chrétien, edited by a distinguished committee of artists and archæologists, and published by Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., of Lille and Paris, appears every two months, and contains articles of great interest and of authoritative value on ecclesiastical art and sculpture and valuable bibliographies.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

OUTSIDE the Catholic Parish Schools of America there is a very large number of children who, for better or for worse, must get their religious instruction in the Sunday-Schools. It is estimated that there should be about three millions of children, out of a total Catholic population of fifteen millions in the United States. The recent statistics, compiled by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy for publication in the report of the Commissioner of Education, at Washington, D. C., indicate that the attendance in the Parish Schools does not exceed one million. Hence the need of organized effort to improve the methods, and to spend more money in the distribution of Catholic papers and books for children in the Sunday-Schools. While the ideal condition can be realized only by the Parish School, the necessities of the case require for an indefinite period the best type of a Sunday-School to safeguard the faith of the rising generation. Good literature easily accessible is a most powerful aid, and the best plan is to provide for it by a general collection from all the people of the parish.

Sunday-School teachers are largely indebted to the efforts of Joseph F. Wagner, No. 9 Barclay Street, New York City, for the following new books which he has lately published:

First Religious Instruction for Little Ones; with an appendix on First Confession. By the Rev. Albert Schaffler. *The Method of the Catholic Sunday-School.* By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. *Teachers' Handbook to the Catechism.* In three volumes. By the Rev. A. Urban.

Two books of standard value, published by Benziger Brothers, are: *The Art of Teaching Catechism.* For the use of teachers and parents. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing. *Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism.* By the Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead.

The Advanced Catechism. By the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, published by D. H. McBride Co., also deserves a place of honor for its valuable appendix and supplementary questions. Under the direct supervision of the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt a new Handbook of Christian Pedagogy has been published by the Dolphin Press. This work was designed according to the most approved methods of practical instruction, and was tested in advance of publication by experienced teachers.

The teaching of Christian Doctrine is an imperative duty, binding alike on clergy and laity. In many parishes the most important work for children must be done in the Sunday-School by volunteer teachers. The spiritual works of mercy rank first in order, as they promote the welfare of the soul, and among these the teaching of the ignorant the way of salvation is second to none other. Zealous Sunday-School teachers do valuable service for the church and for society. Like the Good Shepherd, they can seek and assist in saving the lost ones of the flock.

Priests see clearly that their efforts, to be profitable and far-reaching, must be helped out by many auxiliary agencies. And to such work more than ever are the laity at present called and fitted. It is by their individual

effort, by personal contact, by organized co-operation, that much ignorance is to be dispelled, the mind refined and enlightened, pleasant and pure surroundings secured, innocent recreation substituted for vulgar and evil communications.

Teachers of experience can do no more profitable work for the glory of God and their own spiritual welfare than to become shareholders in the Sunday-School, by giving time and energy to our young Catholics in need of instruction. The most interesting phases of child-study may be seen to great advantage while teaching the words of Christ to the little ones.

Is it hard to give time and labor for this meritorious work? Much depends on good will and zeal for the faith. The greater the effort required, the more abundant will be the reward.

* * *

Archbishop Farley recently approved the plans for a general meeting of Sunday-School workers which were submitted to him by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., on behalf of the committee in charge of the conference for teachers of Christian Doctrine at recent sessions of the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain. The scope of the proposed conferences was extended to directors of Sunday-Schools as well as teachers and parents. Subjects for discussion included topics relating to the organization and equipment of Sunday-Schools. Special attention was given to the consideration of plans for the advanced classes after the time of First Communion.

By invitation of the Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers, the Very Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., the meetings were held in the Sunday-School Chapel of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Avenue and West Sixtieth Street, New York City. Parents and teachers were invited to all the sessions, especially the opening and closing meetings, December 27 and 28, at 8 o'clock P. M. Two sessions were planned for general discussion, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M., December 28.

It is requested that all interested in this movement to improve the methods of teaching Sunday-Schools communicate with the Secretary, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, No. 10 Barclay Street, New York City. The general invitation was extended through the press, as there was no fund available for mailing circulars.

Points for Discussion: Hints and aids in securing regular and punctual attendance and perfect records; Duties of parents, children, and catechists; On recognizing merit, attendance, study, deportment, and talent; Sunday-School graduation and commencement exercises, prizes and diplomas.

Sunday-School reading; Sunday-School paper; Library, distribution of books, papers, and leaflets; Means of providing funds.

Speakers: Rev. James N. Connolly, Director of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, 230 East Ninetieth Street, New York City. Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, author of "Advanced Catechism," Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y. Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., Editor of THE LEADER, an illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls, published by the Paulist Fathers, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Sunday-School Material: Pictures; stereopticon; maps; charts; where supplies may be obtained; samples on exhibition; reports; value of diocesan conferences and conventions; need of teachers' meetings. A discussion on

city and country Sunday-Schools; Value of child study in the Sunday-School; Need of special preparation on the part of the teacher.

Progress of the New York Normal School for Catechists, by the Rev. John F. Brady, M.D., St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. Teaching Catechism among the Italians, by Miss Margaret E. Jordan, New York City. Work of the Laity, by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke.

Pedagogy and the Catechism; Correlation as applied to the work of the Sunday-School; Examples to show the process of the Apperception in the acquisition of religious knowledge; The Omnipotent Creator of the Universe as a subject of wonder for the child's mind; The animal world contrasted with the spiritual world; Natural interest of children not limited to things of the material world; Their appreciation of the eternal verities; Study of Christian Doctrine after Confirmation; Knowledge of the Bible and Church History. Discussion under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of St. Paul's Sunday-School, New York City.

The new paintings, recently completed by Mr. O. Pagani, were on exhibition during the Conferences. As representing the educational value of Christian Art, these paintings indicate a new departure in the decoration of Sunday-Schools.

Father McMillan read a letter received from his Grace, Archbishop Farley, which was as follows:

I regret that I cannot be with you at the meeting of the 28th, but send a most affectionate blessing to the work in which you and so many other zealous ones are engaged. The work of training the teachers of Christian Doctrine, of those who are to mould the minds and souls of children, is of supreme importance amongst us to-day. It is a marvel to you, no doubt, as well as to me, that we had not taken thought of such an important phase of educational work till recently; for surely if system and training in that system are deemed necessary for the more subordinate work of imparting secular instruction, the methodizing of Christian Doctrine instruction is supremely more important.

It was pointedly asked in a recent public debate on the need of religion going hand in hand with education, if you admit, as you do, that morality and religion must be the basis of all citizenship, why do you relegate to chance the instruction in so necessary an element in education, and make such elaborate provisions for the teaching of arithmetic and geography? I thank God that we have already inaugurated and to an extent perfected measures to meet this long-felt need in the religious training of our children.

* * *

Members of the Alumnæ Reading Circle, composed of graduates from Holy Angels Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., have arranged a course of Essays on Japan, together with special studies of the early missions in New York State, beginning with Father Isaac Jogues, S.J. Among the books suggested are: Brinkley's *Art, History, and Literature of Japan;* Murray's *Story of Japan;* Brownell's *Heart of Japan;* Knapp's *Feudal and Modern Japan;* Bacon's *Japanese Girls and Women;* Hearn's *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan;* Okakura's *Ideals of the East;* Mrs. Fraser's *Letters from Japan;* Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan.*

Essays assigned as follows: "Present Japan—Geography, Government,

Agriculture, Commerce," Mrs. Frances S. Smith; "Japan Primæval and in the Early Eras of History," Miss Maud Argus; "The Religions of Japan," Miss Georgia Holmwood; "Manners and Customs," Miss Blanche Kempner; "Japanese Art," Miss Josephine Lewis; "Education and Literature," Miss Martha Murray; "Early Catholic Missions and Missionaries," Miss Mary Graham; "Japan and Christianity in the Twentieth Century," Miss Grace Wechter.

* * *

At Ottawa, Canada, the January meeting of the d'Youville Circle was held in the Rideau Street convent lecture hall. The epitome of the world's most startling events, for the year 1904, was briefly presented, with attention fixed on the talk of peace and fact of war. The siege of Port Arthur was compared with other famous sieges. The oriental study was resumed, the reading of the second book of the *Light of Asia* was concluded, the comments were purely of the literary order. Rev. Dr. Aiken, of the Catholic University, is the special authority consulted for the religious and philosophical significance of Buddhism. He was quoted in reference to the groundless claim of some critics that the four gospels were largely based on the life and teaching of Buddha. The beautiful Angel's Hymn, in the first book of *The Light of the World*, entitled "Bethlehem," was read by Miss J. MacCormac, and Miss Anna Findlay read a Christmas story by Ben Johnson. It was observed that he was not as well known as he should be, in this devout composition. The lesson drawn from these readings was that: Wisdom and love in secret fellowship guide the world's wandering with a finger tip.

The review notes were devoted to the Abbé Klein's new book on *The Land of the Strenuous Life*. Of the clever Frenchman's book on America some very pleasant things were said. Some strictures were also expressed. Miss Gertrude Kehoe presented the note on Gilbert Parker, and the opinion was expressed that his *Ladder of Swords* may be a disappointment to those who measure Parker by the *Right of Way* and *Seats of the Mighty*. A special feature of this programme was a letter, signed Namport Key, to Mark Twain, on his delighthtful sketch of Joan of Arc. Namport Key very kindly allowed the autograph answer to this letter to be read, Mr. Clemens says: I thank you for those cordial good words, and I am very glad to have earned them; they have touched me deeply, their eloquence has gone to my heart.

The exercises were made very near to a personal communication by the relation of some anecdotes of the childhood days of Mark Twain, furnished by Mrs. J. Patterson, of New York, who was the guest of the evening. Mrs. Patterson was a little girl of eight when Sammy Clemens was a little boy of twelve and they were near neighbors, in the old-fashioned pleasant sense of the word. His favorite indoor pastime was the managing of theatricals in their basement, and the little girl's part was the pounding on the piano in the room above, to furnish the distant music.

To those who remember how the sense of historical reverence was shocked by some of his former writings, it seems hard to believe that Mark Twain could write that beautiful tribute to Joan of Arc, reprinted from *Harpers* magazine in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, under "New Books," for December, 1904.

Cardinal Perraud, the foremost figure in the French hierarchy, and a member of the French Academy, has written a letter strongly approving the American system of the independence of the church and state, indicating that the American system offers the basis for a reorganization of the French system when the forthcoming separation of church and state in France is accomplished. This is the prevailing view in the highest clerical circles, which have been attracted to the American system by the Abbé Klein's recent book, dedicated to President Roosevelt, in which the advantages of the American system are contrasted with the disadvantages of the French system.

L'Univers, the principal clerical organ, advocates the introduction of a resolution in the Chamber of Deputies, providing that the future relations of church and state shall be the same as those existing in the United States.

The Abbé Klein, in the course of an interview, said:

Separation now appearing certain, it will occur very soon if the present cabinet remains, otherwise, it will come after a short delay, for separation is inevitable. Therefore, we desire that the futute régime follow that of the United States in making the state entirely neutral toward the church. It is thoroughly practical to apply the American system to France, and we will seek to maintain schools, colleges, and churches at our own expense.

It is often a matter of great difficulty to ascribe any definite religious beliefs to many of the world's greatest men of action, says J. Holland Rose, of Cambridge University, in his new volume of *Napoleonic Studies*. The inmost convictions of Hannibal, Cæsar, and Charlemagne are almost unknown; while the two prominent religious acts of Alexander the Great, recorded by history, were certainly prompted by political motives. In the case of Napoleon, evidence as to his belief is thin and vague, and yet the uncertainty which has until lately rested over this side of his life is the best justification for undertaking an inquiry into the religion of so important and fascinating a personality.

Very noteworthy were the reasons with which Napoleon justified, in the face of France and the world, the course leading to that most momentous change in republican policy, the Concordat of 1801–2. Utterance was given to these reasons in an allocution to the clergy of Milan, just nine days before the battle of Marengo established his power. With characteristic boldness he defied the infidel sentiments of his army and of France, then, after remarking that philosophers had striven to persuade France that Catholicism must always be hostile to liberty, and that this was the cause of the cruel and foolish persecution of religion during the Revolution, he continued:

Experience has underceived the French and has convinced them that the Catholic religion is better adapted than any other to diverse forms of government, and is particularly favorable to republican institutions. I myself am a philosopher, and I know that, in every society whatsoever, no man is considered just and virtuous who does not know whence he came and whither he is going. Simple reason cannot guide you in this matter; without religion one walks continually in darkness; and the Catholic religion alone gives to man certain and infallible information concerning his origin and his latter end.

* * *

The affiliated organizations, and members of the International Catholic

Truth Society in the United States, will be interested in knowing that the Society has been definitely recognized by the Holy See, as will be seen by the following letter received from Rome by the president of the Society:

THE VATICAN, ROME, November 22, 1904.

Rev. Dr. W. F. McGinnis, President International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;

REVEREND DEAR FATHER: I am much obliged for your letter of November 7. It is gratifying to learn of the success of your Society in upholding the honor of the Holy See. I have much pleasure in confirming the arrangement of his Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, as to furnishing your Society with information. I do this all the more gladly as I profoundly appreciate the importance of the work carried on by the International Catholic Truth Society, and results show that it is administered with as great energy and ability as the work deserves.

The Holy Father sends his blessing to the work, to those who co-operate in it, and, in particular, to yourself. Believe me, Yours devotedly in Christ,

(Signed) N. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Dr. McGinnis, president of the Truth Society, when asked the meaning of the allusion to upholding the honor of the Holy See, said that it had reference to the recent action of the Society in translating and publishing "The Documentary Exposition of the Rupture of Diplomatic Relations between the Holy See and the French Government," and the sending of copies of the same to the editors of newspapers throughout the United States and Canada, and the presentation of copies to over 500 public libraries in this country.

Asked in reference to the information promised to be furnished, Dr. McGinnis said:

The reference to furnishing information means that the Society has now had confirmed by the present Cardinal Secretary of State, the arrangement made by his predecessor, in virtue of which the Society will, whenever necessary, receive by cable, information on any important point that may be required by the Society for an immediate refutation of false statements derogatory to the Church or Holy See, and that, coming from the Vatican, this information may be regarded by Protestants, as well as Catholics, as absolutely authentic and as representing the attitude of the Holy See on the topic at issue.

* * *

The New York Public Library has just been increased by a consolidation, which will add 71,000 volumes to its resources, and will greatly strengthen it in the interest and sympathy of the Catholic readers of the city. On December 23, at a meeting of the trustees of the Cathedral Free Circulating Library, of New York, it was unanimously agreed to consolidate with the New York Public Library, such consolidation to take effect on January 1, 1905. This library had a total circulation last year of 373,715 volumes, and was administered at a total cost of $22,053.22, of which it received from local taxation $17,274.96.

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120 West 60th Street, NEW YORK.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Feast of Mother Church. By Mother M. Salone. Pp. 269. Price $1.25 net.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, Columbus, Ohio:

Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the First Annual Meetings, St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 13, and 14, 1904. Pp. 196. Paper.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Mary, the Perfect Woman. By Emily Mary Shapcote. Pp. 240.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

A History of Education. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Revised, enlarged, and largely re-written. Pp. xi.-408.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of the American Republics. December, 1904. Pp. xxii.-703-1068. Vol. XVIII. *Twenty-First Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. 1899-1900.* By J. W. Powell, Director. Pp. xl.-360. *Twenty-second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. 1900–1901.* Part I. Pp. xliv.-320.

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin:

Catechism of the Instruction of Novices; or, An Abridgment of the Instruction of Novices, of the Venerable Father John of Jesus and Mary. Arranged by the Reverend Father Girard, of St. Teresa, D. C. Translated from the French by a Carmelite Nun. Pp. xv.-137. *The Last Irish King.* A Drama in Three Acts. By T. O. Russell. Pp. iv.-44. Price sixpence net. Paper. *Robert Emmet.* A History Play in Three Acts. By Henry Connell Mangan. Pp. 51. Price sixpence net. Paper. *Irish Schools and Their Managership* By Venerable Archdeacon Malone, V.G. and M.R.T.A. Price one shilling. Pp. 57. Paper. *The Temptation of Nora Leecroft.* By Francis Noble. Pp. 280 *For the Old Land:* A Tale of Twenty Years Ago. By Charles J. Kickham. New Edition. Pp. 384. *Irish Readings, 1902.* Edited by A. M. Sullivan, M.P., and T. D. Sullivan, M.P. Pp. 319.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Studies in Religion and Literature. By W. S. Lilly. Pp. 320. Price $3.25 net. *Der Index der Verbotenen Bücher.* Von. Rev. Joseph Hilgers, S.J. Pp. 638. Price $3.25. *Brother and Sister.* By Jean Charrnan, S.S. Translated by S. T. Otten. Pp. 381. Price $1.25. *In the Morning of Life.* By Herbert Lucan, S.J. Pp. 289. Price $1 net. *Rosa Mystica.* By K. Digby Best. Pp. 279. Price $6.

CHEVALIER & RIVIÉRE, Paris:

Les Catholiques Republicains. Par l'abbé Pierre Dabry. Pp. 752.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Portraits of the Seventeenth Century. Historic and Literary. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katherine P. Wormeley. 2 Vols. Pp., Vol. I., 461; Vol. II., 443.

M. H. WILTZIUS, Milwaukee:

Life of Pius X. By Monsignor Anton de Waal, Rector of the Campo Santo, Rome. Translated and adopted from the second German Edition, with permission of the author and the publisher, by Joseph William Berg. Illustrated. Pp. xv.-175. Price $1.25 net. *Lake Monona.* An Episode of the Summer-School. By M. A. Navarette.

THE WHITAKER AND RAY COMPANY, San Francisco:

California and its Mission: Their History to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. By Bryan J. Clinch. 2 Vols. With illustrations. Pp., Vol. I., 1228; Vol. II., 2538. Price $5 net.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

Principles of Sacred Eloquence. By John Placid Conway, O.P. Pp. 54. Price 50 cents. *A Complete and Practical Method of the Solemes Plain Chant.* From the German of the Rev. P. Suitbertus Birkle, O.S.B. Adapted and edited by A. Lemaistre. Pp. 150. Price $1.

Confraternity of St. Gabriel, Sursum Corda. Annual Record, No. 13, 1904. Worcester, Mass.

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PRINCIPLES IN SOCIAL REFORM.

III.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IN the preceding article reference was made to public opinion, as a great and indispensable power in reform work. The ease with which one may write and speak about it should not be permitted to mislead one into the belief that actual control and direction of it are easy. On the contrary, public opinion is elusive, indefinite, and complex, though not without certain stability in its negative as well as in its positive attitudes.

As regards new problems of social life, and the relation of public opinion to them, it appears that the public will develop an opinion only in proportion as it feels actually that it has a responsibility, or that its material interests are involved. Americans had hoped that universal suffrage would develop the sense of social and political responsibility in the masses, but to a considerable extent that hope has been disappointed. None are compelled by law to vote, as is done, for instance, in Belgium. Party organization guarantees a certain percentage of the vote ordinarily. But great numbers do not vote, or vote only occasionally; great numbers in the lower classes vote faithfully, but without any ethical sense to guide them, voting as they are bought or influenced. These latter numbers have made possible the political conditions which we see in American cities. Those who are not inclined to vote or act in public

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affairs, and those who vote with no judgment or care, give us in all a considerable number who avail little for reform work. Public opinion does not control them, as it does those who are frankly and unselfishly devoted to public interests. Even among this better and larger class not all is ideal, since the rigid formation of political parties, and the keen sense of partisanship which it engenders, lead the majority to look at public and social questions as partisans rather than as citizens. In his inaugural address, our strongest reform governor, Folk, of Missouri, recently maintained that the moment a legislator entered the halls of the state-house he ceased to be a party man and became a citizen pure and simple. Nothing in present day facts or tendencies permits one to believe that this is true, though it be surely right. Party organization, party interest, party view, remain permanently a hindrance to a clear, broad, disinterested estimate of problems and reform. This does not imply that parties are wrong in themselves, nor does it deny the services which they actually render. Whatever good they accomplish the student of reform judges them by their relation to his work.

Returning to the thought that there is great power in public opinion, and that reform should utilize it, the following suggestions touch on the manner of securing it:

1. In seeking to gain public opinion for a reform, one should appeal to old principles which are effective, rather than to new principles which are not yet assimilated.

One finds generally that a number of fundamental truths, sympathies, and impressions are worked out and applied by the people consciously in the ordinary course of life. They are the ordinary standards by which men and events are judged and related. This consciousness is a bond of union and mutual understanding among the people, and in it are fixed the roots of public opinion. As Newman says it: "Among all men, educated and unlettered, there is a tacit recognition of certain principles, as the cardinal points of society which very rarely come distinctly into view, and of which the mind is the less conscious because of their being immediately near to it" (Essays Critical and Historical, Reformation of the Eleventh Century).

The public changes its principles slowly, if in fact these are changed at all. Progress is as much in changing definitions

as principles. Duty, mercy, loyalty, remain fixed principles, but the course of life and change of institutions and classes modify slowly the definitions of relations to which they apply. Clash of definitions alone may make a revolution. Naturally, thinkers and leaders are much in advance of the people. They see more clearly, interpret more accurately, the tendencies of a time, discover new laws and see new relations, revise definitions and try to teach the adjustment of institutions to these. On the other hand, there are thinkers and leaders who remain stationary, cling to old definitions, aim to head off or suppress new sympathies and larger views in the people. Progress comes from the former of these two classes. A higher opinion is formed among its members, which sums up and formulates the better tendencies, and aims to make new definitions. In newspapers, magazines, books, organizations, in lectures, this newer opinion expresses itself aggressively and without interruption. Reform leaders are, as a rule, produced in this atmosphere. They appear with the new message, the new definitions and principles, and they appeal very nobly, very honestly, to the public; but the public is unmoved. The would-be leader speaks a language which it has not yet learned.

To illustrate. We find to-day that the following principles are accepted in these advanced circles: the integrity of the office-holder is the corner stone of democracy; the consumer has a moral responsibility to safeguard the interests of the laborer where production is competitive; social conscience, as distinct from individual conscience, is the chief asset of a self-governing country; the social duty of wealth and power is imperative. Such principles are not yet accepted by the public at large. Reformers are apt to be men whose thinking, association, and life experience have brought to them the sympathetic understanding of these newer principles. But no great truth of human existence is understood by the generation which discovered it. Propaganda for reform based on new truths will not succeed, when it does not touch any feeling which the public obeys, or any interest which it really understands.

Appeal to the people should be based on feelings and impressions which they obey, and on standards which they employ. The public seeks out and follows leaders; but these must be men who perceive and express the active, emotional life of the people which they themselves cannot articulate.

Such men have power, much as a poet has power who expresses what we feel in our deeper selves but cannot express. New principles must be taught, and new definitions must be made. Appreciation will come gradually, and when the new has been assimilated by the people, it will answer all appeals. The people love justice, but they do not yet define long hours and low wages to be an injustice; they love liberty, but they do not define the dependence of the laborer on his employer as oppression. Though organized labor fights for justice and freedom, the people define the policy of labor unions to be unjust and oppressive, and by a strange paradox condemn the unions, totally missing the historical justification and actual necessity, as well as the beneficial achievements of them. The public is more a slave to its definitions than we imagine.

A curious illustration of the relation of reform to the old and the new in public opinion is seen in connection with municipal corruption. One meets very good men who do not see wherein the iniquity of bribery consists. One meets some who see no harm in it, if done for a good cause; the end only condemning the means. Yet, in general, bribery is looked on as disgraceful. A test was once made among a representative number of well educated men and women, by asking this question: "If an alderman, for whom you had voted, proved to be corrupt and disloyal, accepting bribes and serving private interests, why would you be indignant at him?" In nearly every case the answer showed a purely *personal* consideration; in two instances only did a *social* thought enter. Some were "disappointed in the man"; others had been "fooled"; others hated "disloyalty"; others condemned him as "doing moral wrong"; others regretted having given a villain "a chance to do evil." Now, bribery is a social crime; its iniquity can be seen only by a principle of social ethics. It was not so regarded in the instances in question. If this test permit a generalization, one may say that not until the public can advance from such particular and personal judgments of bribery, to a social judgment of it, may we hope for a strong movement to suppress it. We may show that revenue is lost to the city through dishonest councils; that taxes are excessive; the city debt is beyond limits; pavement is poor and improvements are backward; that city bonds sell below

par and capital is afraid to come in. All of these are telling considerations, they may accomplish something, but the community which relies on them, cannot yet understand the real nature of the evil in bribery.

It would serve no purpose to go into this thought at greater length. Few might agree with aptness of illustration or accuracy of interpretation. The main thought is possibly clear enough for the present purpose. In order to win the people, we must appeal to what they already know and feel; new principles do not touch and awaken, until they become part of the consciousness of those whom they concern.

2. The role of public opinion is mainly that of support or condemnation; initiative and leadership are from individuals.

Ruskin, in speaking about the judgment of great works by the public, says: "The question is not decided by them but for them, decided at first by the few. . . . From these few the decision is communicated to the number next below them in rank of mind, and by these again to a wider and lower circle; each rank being so far cognizant of the superiority of that above it as to receive its decision with respect, until, in the process of time, the right and consistent opinion is communicated to all and held by all as a matter of faith, the more positively in proportion as the grounds of it are less perceived." (*Modern Painters*, Introduction.) While no hard and fixed law concerning the actual historical growth of public opinion on social truths need be attempted, Ruskin's words contain a suggestion which is not without value, as it aids us to fix the relation of the leader to the public.

The public is not speculative, the individual is; the public is not capable of discursive reasoning, or of detailed inquiry, the individual is; the public acts on impressions, and knows only as much truth as it can feel; it can follow, it cannot lead. The phenomena of leadership and following are co-ordinate. The public is an orderly, institutionalized, sympathetic mass, quick and powerful as far as it feels, unresponsive beyond that line, and willing to follow any leader who understands it. The American people fought for self-government, but they do not actually love it as we think they do. They are glad to place responsibility in the hands of representatives, and to leave these largely to themselves, while they

amuse themselves, earn their living, occupy themselves with varying pursuits. In this country, in federation, state, and city, we have government by representatives, not directly by the people; and by party rather than by representatives; and by machine rather than by party; and by boss rather than by machine; and ultimately by the interests which the boss serves. Similarly in our legislatures, we have government by committees, not by the legislature. The New England town will abandon the town meeting as soon as it can get a city charter, eagerly throwing away the single remnant of real democracy which we possess.

Now neither party, nor machine, nor boss created this trait of human nature. They merely discovered and utilized it. A boss in an Eastern state, which is known for its bad politics, once remarked in self-justification: "Some one has to run things; who can do it better than I?" The public seems to feel that it attains to intelligence, will, and self-direction through party, machine, and boss. We sometimes confound our scorn of method with scorn of motive. If the politician has discovered the way that the public will be governed, possibly reform might learn the lesson involved; that reform party, reform machine, and reform boss may accomplish results for which we have heretofore looked in vain. If the political boss is "a tyrant without constitutional background," as Munsterberg has called him, the reform boss might have ethical background at least.

At any rate, the relation of leader to the public is important. Up to a certain point the people are indifferent. The leader may be self-assertive and positive there. The public can deal with whole truths which it appreciates; the leader may arrange details and suggest definitions. He needs the sanction and support of the public, he must fear its displeasure, but the positive and constructive element in the making of public opinion will be found in the direction which the public receives.

The indifference of the public to its own institutions, and its late awakening to its actual loss of control of them, is seen in the United States at present. The demand for the initiative and referendum shows the effort to win back control of legislation, which control has been to a great extent lost. The effort to secure election of United States senators by direct vote is

inspired by the determination of the public to make the senate more representative of popular feeling. Recently a state legislature cited a senatorial candidate to appear and state his views on freight rates and tariff revision before he received the vote. A beginning is seen of an effort to make tenure in elective offices depend on popular approval, so that at any time the office-holder may be compelled to stand for re-election.

The people are not inclined to give confidence to leaders who are too deferential or too honest or tender. It is Newman who says: "In this world no one rules by mere love; if you are but amiable, you are no hero; to be powerful you must be strong, and to have dominion, you must have genius for organization." (*Athenian Schools*, p. 85.) Men believe in a partisan, they should be trained to prefer an honest partisan. A recent writer in the *Hibbert Journal* (April, 1904), shows that Gladstone's intellectual honesty kept him in a state of more or less marked indecision, and that, on this account mainly, the English public never fully trusted him.

The need of positive, one may say even bold and assuming leadership is increased by fundamental divisions in the consciousness of the people.

Three great conceptions of life contend for supremacy. The religious conception of the race presents an order of rights, obligations, and relations which gives us a co-ordination among men with corresponding fundamental principles and laws of service. The political conception of the race gives us a different view of rights and obligations. The industrial order gives us a third conception of human relations and of the social order. There are principles common to all, it is true, but they are unlike through their setting. Each order strives to be fundamental, to subordinate the other two to itself. In the Middle Ages the religious was supreme; later the political; now the industrial. The religious and the political vainly attempt to assert supremacy to-day against the industrial. The contention of socialists is that the industrial is absolutely supreme; the admission of most men is that it is far too well established. And efforts at reform, at legislation, at the reawakening of a spiritual sense—as we see these to-day—are all reduced to one mighty attempt to curb the power and modify the principles that accompany supremacy of the industrial order in society. This condition affects public opinion very extensively. As a rule to-day, the Christian who is in office

is a citizen more than a Christian, and the tendency is marked to become a business man and cease to be a citizen. Then divisions in religion, in politics, and in business; issues, parties, sections aid in distracting public consciousness, so that, even when many are agreed in intellectual assent to a proposition, they are so widely separated in sympathy, interest, and attachment that it is extremely difficult to secure united action.

Hence able leadership is required to overcome all this and to carry public feeling near to actual issues and attempted reforms, to hold it united and to express it so that its power may be utilized for the improvements in social life for which humanity calls.

3. The function of a reform law should be to express and direct public opinion, not to create or replace it.

Many who urge the enactment of laws think of them unrelated to public opinion. In a democracy, public opinion is the raw material, out of which institutions, customs, laws, and government are formed. With us, the presumption favors liberty and is against law. We look upon conscience, custom, social influence, public opinion, and religion as social factors, co-ordinate with law in regulating social relations. When these may not safely be trusted, then law is made. A law which is related to these, and based on them, is vital and effective; a law which is enacted regardless of these, is dead at birth. Hence the wisdom of developing law out of custom and of permitting contrary custom to abrogate a law. Bryce said somewhere: "You must not, however excellent your intentions and however admirable your sentiments, legislate in the teeth of facts."

The main impulse of reform is to ignore conscience, social good will, public opinion, the power of religion, and appeal at once to law. Hence the failure of so much reform law, its lack of relation to life, the need of inspectors and commissions and reports, and the persistently successful violation of it. No system of laws can be successful in spite of conscience. The many virtues which make life tolerable are not fixed in law. No civil law forces children to respect and revere parents, or compels youth to respect age, or compels men to have self-respect and to be honorable. No civil law has secured to woman the deference, courtesy, and power that she enjoys, to the honor of our civilization as well as to its refinement. No civil law made or sanctioned the thousand conventional arrange-

ments of society, which contribute so much to the comfort of our associated life. Whatever be the power that has secured these features of society to us, be it tradition, custom, teaching, conscience, public opinion, or religion, it is not law and it cannot be law. Reform has no need of civil law except when these other forces fail to perform their function. They do fail and they will fail, to some extent, inevitably, but also because not properly recognized and appealed to. Whether or not, as one might remark, law is invoked only when these fail, it remains nevertheless true that a reform supported by a civil law alone is useless. Nor does it enter as a matter of concern, whether or not it is the normal compelling duty of religion to keep conscience alive and morals pure, of the school to keep intelligence awake and standards high, or of our lawmakers to understand and direct public opinion. Whatever the duty and wherever the neglect, law without public opinion is of little value, and reform errs in giving to it so much confidence.

The current discussion of railway rates illustrates—if, indeed, illustration be needed—the helplessness of law when men will not to obey it. Rebates are condemned by the public, yet a common carrier can favor one shipper by rushing his shipments, and harm another by retarding his. Or a railroad can with ease, through pretended loss of goods, fictitious bills of lading, and similar tricks, convey the rebate which law so directly forbids. A law forbidding children under fourteen from working in factories is of little avail when parents will teach younger children to lie about their age, and no system of registration enables an inspector to verify answers. The Raines law is technically satisfied in New York when one sandwich is placed for the whole day on a counter as the companion of each glass of liquor sold. The law guarantees to each voter fullest liberty, and provides with elaborate care for secrecy in casting the ballot. But the employer of two thousand laborers can tell his men that the shops will be closed or wages will be reduced if a certain candidate is elected. To ask laborers to vote by conviction, when they believe that their wages will be lost if they do, is to ask of them a degree of heroism which few possess.

Hence the tendency of reform to overrate the value of law and to miss the value of conscience, public opinion, and other social influences, is one which should be corrected.

Every social group which has a stable existence, and develops any traditions, gradually produces a public opinion within itself, which concerns the associated life of the members. There is a public opinion in the Catholic Church, in any important school, in a political party, in a labor union. Men are at one time members of many groups, which are constantly interacting on one another. Taking our national life as a basis, we find American ideals generally prominent: regard for personal liberty is strong, encouragement of self-assertion is active, and self-help is almost a law in our public opinion. We find it greatly modified from two sides—from above, because thinking men, church men, and leaders see that these principles fail, to a great extent, of their promises; from below, because those in whom the failure is seen, realize that they are victims and they are discontented. Thus a contrary public opinion is in process of formation—one which disregards personal liberty in industry, and finds vain, efforts at self-help and self-assertion. This newer opinion struggles to expression in various forms of reform movement, from labor union to socialism. Further confusion arises because political parties divide both phases of public opinion, and unite these parts across lines. Then differences in religion enter to unite where other forces divide, and to divide where others unite.

A minority, strong in position, in wealth, in honors, in education, is on the defensive, and a majority, strong in numbers, in conviction, in determination, is aggressive. There is a sameness in our problems which cannot escape notice. Whether the problem be bribery, housing of the poor, drink, wages, work of children, the administration of charity, or the fate of salesgirls, the problem is one of human interests against institutional forms, wealth, and power. In present confusion, the distractions of public opinion prevent it from serving many good purposes. But we may hope for a time when issues will be clarified and positions will be made plain. If we may believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God, we may hope that it will soon speak strongly and effectively to bring to the weary and suffering the comfort which they need, and to the strong the discipline and direction which to-day they miss.

Some of the difficulties in the way of this are briefly referred to in the concluding article which follows.

THE LATEST DEFENCE OF DARWINISM.

BY EDWIN V. O'HARA.

A WRITER, to whose versatile pen the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have been indebted for many interesting articles, kindly undertook, in the December issue, to give an exposition of "what naturalists think to-day of Darwin's hypothesis of natural selection." By way of introduction the writer, speaking of Dr. Dennert's little work, entitled *At the Deathbed of Darwinism*, expressed his conviction that the book voices a vain protest, "crying down a theory which has been and still is upheld by many men of scientific attainment." He then went on to adduce a number of citations from scientific works and personal letters, ostensibly to show that Darwin's theory of natural selection still maintains its prestige among men of science.

In view of Dr. Dennert's position as a naturalist, as the author of scientific treatises, and as one of the most prominent religious apologists in Germany, it may not be without interest to inquire, briefly, what precisely is his attitude towards Darwinism, and whether his position is not capable of being defended. Dr. Dennert's purpose in the book referred to above, is to show that Darwinism is utterly unscientific. But what does he mean by Darwinism?

In his introductory chapter he states very explicitly: "Darwinism, as understood in the following chapters possesses these characteristic traits: (1) Evolution began and continues without the aid or intervention of a Creator; (2) In the production of variations there is no definite law—chance reigns supreme; (3) There is no indication of purpose or finality to be detected anywhere in the evolutionary process; (4) The working factor in evolution is Egoism, the war of each against his fellows; (5) In this struggle, the strongest, fleetest, and most cunning will always prevail; (6) Man, whether you regard his body or his mind, is nothing but a highly developed animal."

It should be clear from this statement, that by Darwinism Dr. Dennert understands a purely mechanical philosophy, the fundamental principles of which are utterly incompatible with a Christian view of the world. In "crying down" this theory, Dr. Dennert is not, we sincerely hope, "protesting in vain."

The scientific basis claimed for this mechanical world-view by its advocates is the Darwinian theory of natural selection, which, it is alleged,* explains on purely mechanical grounds the origin and development of organic species, and of adaptive or purposive structures in the organic world. Indeed, Dr. Dennert's critic seems at times to indorse this view of natural selection, for he quotes with evident approval the following passage from a work by Professor Verworn, a colleague of Haeckel at the University of Jena: "Darwin's immortal work consists in explaining naturally the surprising purposefulness in the organic world." A precisely similar statement occurs in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, and certainly should not have been omitted from this valuable catena of tributes to the selection theory. Such being the claims advanced on behalf of Darwinian philosophy, Dr. Dennert's method of attack is seen to be entirely unexceptionable. He sets out to undermine the mechanist position by showing that the majority of eminent naturalists no longer agree with Darwin in regarding natural selection as the central, as the paramount, factor in organic evolution. Its foundation gone, what is the Darwinian world-view but a castle in the air?

In opposing this anti-Christian philosophy from the standpoint of natural science, Dr. Dennert is *not* concerned to deny that many naturalists still look upon natural selection as "one element" of subordinate importance in the process of evolution. He does, however, strengthen his main position by producing a number of distinguished witnesses who discard the "Darwinian factor" altogether. Still, it is evident that one may repudiate natural selection as a philosophic formula, and reject Darwin's view that selection is the *chief* factor in evolution,

* For example: "It is no use mincing matters. Students of the Darwinian theory must be permitted to know the strength and weakness of their dialectic position. What that theory did was to complete a mechanical theory of the universe by including in it the organic world. The attempt to introduce directive force into the Darwinian theory is no new thing. . . . I hope I may be permitted to point out that 'directive power' is, as a matter of fact, 'the stroke of the pen' by which 'Lord Kelvin, in effect, wipes out *the whole position won for us by Darwin.*'" (Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer, "the most distinguished British botanist," May 13, 1903, in the London *Times*.)

without implying that selection has no function whatever in organic transformation. It is an abuse of language to confound the Darwinian theory of natural selection with the theory which regards "the Darwinian factor" as of quite subordinate importance among the many causes of evolution. With the latter view, Dr. Dennert has no quarrel.

It is, doubtless, unfortunate that the name of Darwin* has come to be associated with the "superficial, exaggerated, Godless" doctrines of Haeckel, which, it is asserted, Charles Darwin would not have countenanced for a moment. Still, even if we restrict the term to those doctrines which Darwin himself explicitly taught, it must not be supposed that Darwinism may be accepted by a Catholic as a body of scientifically established principles and facts. For, whatever Darwin's views may have been concerning the existence of God and the dogma of creation, he undoubtedly maintained in his *Descent of Man* (p. 126), that "the difference in mind between man and the higher animals, great as it is, certainly is one of degree and not of kind." It would be hard to show that this view of man—denying at once his spiritual nature, his free-will, and his moral responsibility—is not really at the bottom of the mechanical philosophy. For never is that philosophy so boisterous as when it proclaims in the name of science the determinist doctrine:

> "Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
> What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall read."

At all events, any controversy as to the propriety of applying the name Darwinism to this theory must be fought out with the aggressive school which has appropriated the name, and not with the opponents of that school.

To come now to the attitude of contemporary men of science towards Darwinism. The writer, to whose defence of Darwinism we referred above, quotes approvingly from a work by F.

* The veteran Catholic biologist, Father Erich Wasmann, in his recent valuable volume on *Modern Biology and the Evolution Theory*, distinguishes (Chap. viii.) four different senses in which the term Darwinism is used: (1) For Darwin's theory of natural selection; (2) For Haeckel's generalization of this theory into a philosophic world-view; (3) For Darwin's doctrine in regard to man; (4) Finally, for the general theory of genetic descent. Whilst accepting the theory of genetic descent, with certain restrictions, Father Wasmann rejects Darwinism in each of the first three senses as utterly unscientific. His position is substantially the same as that of Dr. Dennert.

W. Headley, the following definition which may be accepted as satisfactory: "Darwinism is nothing but this—the very probable hypothesis that the highest species of animals have been gradually evolved from the simplest forms, at any rate, *mainly* by the action of natural selection." Let us see if this theory is in high honor among naturalists outside the Haeckelian camp—where, of course, it holds undisputed sway.

To obtain an impartial statement of the case, we shall turn to a few recent works of high authority. In the second volume of Merz' *History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century* (published in 1903), we find a critical record of scientific thought during the past century. In the chapter dealing with the genetic view of nature, we read (p. 342): "Now, although 'natural selection' is a definite formula which allows us to understand and clearly define one of the many factors which are at work in the development, in the genesis and growth, of living beings, it is only one. It is not a *prime mover*, . . . it is a *check* upon the over-luxuriance of other existing forces of production and development." (Italics ours.) It is, therefore, no more the *main* cause of evolution than an automatic brake is the main cause of the motion of a railroad train.

Again: "Selection is not, as many 'Darwinians' have maintained, the true efficient cause of evolution. By *preventing motion* in one direction, selection may be said of course to cause advance in another, but it is apparent that this causality is negative and passive, or a *mere figure of speech.* Selection . . . is no more the cause of the developmental progress of the species, than the turns of the road are the motive power of the vehicle." (O. F. Cook, in an address before the Biological Society of Washington, March 19, 1904.)

Professor Reinke, of Kiel, in his recent *Einleitung in die Theoretische Biologie*, voices the sentiments of an important school in attributing evolution chiefly to internal forces of development. And though he concedes to selection a certain regulative function, he protests that its importance is vastly overestimated. "Selection," we translate literally, "can never explain the origin, the beginning, of any adaptation, but at best, its development in a limited number of cases within certain bounds. Adaptations can never arise by adding or subtracting non-adaptive (variations), notwithstanding the continual presence of selection."

An able writer in the January issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD called attention to another important witness to the decay of Darwinism; viz., Eduard von Hartmann, who wrote in a recent article: "In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that *the days of Darwinism are numbered*" (*Annalen der Natur-philosophie*, Vol. II., 1903). In the formidable array of authorities cited by the distinguished defender of Darwinism we find a corroboration of von Hartmann's statement. For instance, Professor Gratacap is reported to have said, in 1901, that fifty per cent. of working naturalists relegated the Darwinian factor to quite a subordinate position. Twenty years earlier the same could not have been truthfully affirmed of ten per cent. of working naturalists. This can scarcely be said to indicate that Darwinism is not a "passing theory." Moreover, the greatest revolt against Darwinism, lead by de Vries, has occurred since 1901. The personal letters cited, simply state that the Darwinian factor is "one element" in the evolutionary process. The citation of a letter from Professor Ames*, moreover, is extremely misleading in this context. Its first sentence proves that, by Darwinism, Professor Ames means not natural selection, but evolution in general.

With the exception of the citations taken from Haeckelian sources, the careful reader will discover, among the testimonies which are offered in defence of Darwinism, little evidence that Darwin's selection theory prevails very generally to-day. The general tendency of these witnesses—some of whom carefully avoid all reference to natural selection—would seem to be to regard natural selection as "one element" of subordinate importance in evolution. Professor Brooks, perhaps the most imposing name on the list, is classed by Romanes (*Darwin and after Darwin*, Vol. II., p. 14), among the Neo-Lamarckian school, together with Packard and Hyatt, Ryder and Dall, Cope and Osborn, and other prominent American naturalists.

It is simply a mistake to represent as unscientific the attitude of mind which is sceptical about the importance of natural selection as a "true cause at work" in the process of evolution.

* Professor Ames wrote as follows: "Certainly, so far as I know, all students of zoölogy and biology believe in the essential features of Darwinism. We have had here several Catholic priests studying zoölogy, and they all believed in Darwinism." To interpret Darwinism here in the sense of natural selection, is to imply that Professor Ames knows nothing of Eimer, Wolf, de Vries, von Wettstein, Fleischmann, Bateson, Korschinsky, Dastre, Morgan, Naegeli, Reinke, and a host of others.

On September 17, 1900, an address on the "Progress of Biology during the Nineteenth Century" was delivered before the Congress of Scientists, assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Oskar Hertwig, Director of the Anatomical and Biological Institute of the University of Berlin, and at present also Rector of that University. Speaking of the battle royal over the doctrine of natural selection, in which "Darwinists, Anti-Darwinists, Ultra-Darwinists, Neo-Darwinists, Haeckelians, and Weismannists mingled in the fray," Hertwig asks: "How shall we explain such a remarkable turmoil about a scientific question?" His answer follows: "It seems to me that not the least of the reasons was that the formulæ, 'struggle for existence,' 'survival of the fittest,' 'selection,' are *very vague expressions*. . . . With too general terms particular cases cannot be explained, or a *mere shadow* of an explanation is given, while the true causal connection remains as much in the dark as before. . . . While Weismann was announcing the 'omnipotence of natural selection' he found himself forced to admit: 'As a rule we cannot prove that any given adaptation is due to natural selection.' Now this is as much as to say," continues Hertwig, "in truth, we know nothing of the complex of causes which has produced the particular phenomenon." According to Hertwig, therefore, natural selection, far from being a scientific explanation of evolution, is a "very vague" formula which gives a "mere shadow of explanation," and notwithstanding which, even eminent men of science "know nothing" of the actual cause of a particular transformation.

At the annual meeting of the Association of German Scientists and Physicians, in 1901, three of their number were commissioned to report on "the present status of the theory of descent." The committee consisted of the botanist Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam, the paleontologist Koken, of Tuebingen, and the zoölogist Ziegler, of Jena—Haeckel's stronghold. In his report Ziegler, as became a disciple of Haeckel, insisted that science had transferred the idea of teleology to "the realm of mysticism," and was positive that the concept of creation was regarded as mythical by every mind at all "aufgeklärt." All in all, Ziegler gave an interesting account of what is "of faith" in Haeckel's dogmatic system. For the teaching of science we must have recourse to the reports of his colleagues.

Professor Koken, of Tuebingen, confined himself to the positive results obtained in his own field of investigation—paleontology—during the past forty years. After a few preliminary remarks on Darwin's merit in arousing interest in the study of fossil remains, he stated that "the purely paleontological method has separated us from Darwin to an extent that could not have been considered possible during the first decades after his work appeared." Professor Koken then went on to cite facts, witnessed by the geologic record, which indicate an abrupt transition between related organic species, and are incapable of explanation on the hypothesis of *gradual* transformation postulated by natural selection.

The report prepared by Hugo de Vries possesses a double interest. It proclaims the failure of Darwin's theory and brings forward a substitute for that theory. In speaking of the origin of a new species from a parent species, Professor de Vries stated explicitly: "For this (transformation) there is needed no series of generations, no struggle for existence, no elimination of the unfit, no selection." The positive theory which the Dutch professor propounds is antithetic to Darwin's selection hypothesis in almost every detail. The central idea in the theory of de Vries is that new species arise from existing species by sudden and permanent modifications or "mutations"—hence the name, Mutation Theory. This is opposed to Darwin's concept of gradual modification. Darwin regarded fluctuating variations as the first steps in the formation of species. De Vries denies that common fluctuating variability can ever lead, even by the most persistent selection, to any real transgression of the limits of a species. Darwin denied the stability of species; de Vries affirms that species are "like invariable unities." It is evident that there is no important point upon which the theories are not mutually exclusive.

The favorable reception which has been accorded this theory by naturalists of undisputed eminence, shows clearly that the selection hypothesis has not been substantiated by scientific observation and experiment. Let us cite a few of the many distinguished men of science who have declared for the theory of de Vries.

In the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1901, there appeared a paper on the "Mutation Theory of Professor de Vries," contributed by the paleontologist, Charles

A. White. Dr. White expresses the opinion that de Vries' work is destined to modify, in an important manner, the views of biologists on the method of evolution—and this, "because of its eminently scientific presentation." In this regard the new theory contrasts favorably with natural selection which, the writer informs us, "has necessarily always remained purely a theory, unsupported by any practical demonstration or experimental observations." After giving an exposition of the mutation theory, and of the experimental grounds upon which it is based, Dr. White continues (p. 636): "The author (de Vries) supports all his statements with the most minute account of his experiments, the results of which he also discusses fully. These facts and discussions are of such a character that it seems difficult to see how one can avoid accepting his conclusions without denying his facts. . . . Furthermore, by accepting that theory and admitting the facts upon which it is based, one must necessarily regard the question of the origin of species as thereby removed from the purely theoretical to the concrete; that is, from an undemonstrable hypothesis (*i. e.* natural selection) to a series of concrete propositions and practical demonstrations. . . . I may add that, for reasons I will state further on, I am much inclined to view this theory with favor."

"I have," continues Dr. White, "in my paleontological studies, been often confronted with facts with relation to both animal and vegetable fossil forms that seem to be quite inconsistent with the theory of their origin by the slow process of natural selection." The writer concludes by mentioning "a few of the many paleontological facts" which are incompatible with the selection theory, but support the mutation theory.

Our second witness shall be M. A. Dastre, Professor at the Sorbonne, in Paris. The citations are from an article contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 1, 1903. In reference to natural selection, Professor Dastre has this to say: "It may be noted that natural selection is not a single hypothesis; it is a linking together of three hypotheses. If we separate the links of this chain, we can show that not one of them will stand test. The first hypothesis is that of the advantage in the struggle for existence which is given to an animal by the possession of small adaptive variations; the second is that of a preservation, by transmission, of this acquired character;

the third is the progress, always in the same direction, of these profitable variations, which, accumulating, finally create a specific character. None of these hypotheses will support a searching examination." The writer then goes on to show wherein each of these hypotheses is opposed to facts.

Again, after distinguishing between the transformist doctrine and Darwinism, Professor Dastre continues: "Now it appears that while Darwin succeeded in establishing the idea of the continuity of living forms by means of generation—that is to say, transformism—he was much less successful as regards the means which he proposed. *To speak plainly, he failed.* There are but few naturalists at the present time who attribute to natural selection any rôle whatever in the filiation of species. . . . A Dutch naturalist, Hugo de Vries, who has a wide reputation among the botanists of our time, *has just given the finishing stroke to the theory of natural selection*, already much shaken, and has proposed in place of it another hypothesis, which he calls 'the theory of mutation.' . . . The doctrine is founded on observation and experiments which, by the sagacity, long and patient effort, and careful criticism of their author, deserve to be ranked with the admirable observations of Darwin. Moreover, it has been most favorably received by many naturalists." Professor Dastre then reviews the evidence in favor of the mutation theory, and after recounting the experiments of de Vries, concludes: "The care devoted to these experiments gives them a value which must attract the attention of naturalists. Their result furnishes a new and powerful argument in favor of the theory of mutation."

It would be easy to multiply testimonies to the same effect, for the general current of scientific opinion is flowing in the direction indicated by the remark of Professor Loeb: "It seems to me that the work of Mendel and de Vries, and their successors, marks the beginning of a real theory of heredity and evolution." It would seem, therefore, that as far as natural science is concerned, we are not obliged to accept the selection hypothesis. In fact, eminent naturalists deny to it every essential character of a scientific theory. Dr. White characterizes it as "undemonstrable"; Professor Hertwig says that its ablest advocate was forced to admit the impossibility of proving that the theory applied in any given case; if we may believe Professors Koken and Dastre, the paleontologists point

out facts which are "incompatible" with the selection hypothesis; the theory has no basis in direct observation or experiment, is the complaint of Professors Loeb and Fleischmann; Lord Kelvin refuses to allow such high antiquity to the organic world as is postulated by the selection theory; finally, Professor de Vries claims to give a better explanation of the facts —an explanation based on experiment and careful observation, and his claim is countenanced by a large and rapidly increasing body of naturalists.

It should be very clear then that natural selection, being itself a speculative hypothesis and of very limited application, is unable to provide a scientific basis for the mechanical world-view which dispossesses God of his universe and makes man a marionette of the cosmic process. Further than this the question concerns the religious apologist* not at all. If it be shown that environment, acting on individual variability, is "one element" in the process of evolution, he will yield assent without reserve; if the "mutation theory" renders this auxiliary hypothesis superfluous, he will feel no inclination to dispute the verdict of science.

* The attempt to interpret Bishop Hedley's article (*Dublin Review*, October 1898), in harmony with the mechanical view of natural selection, is singularly infelicitous, as the following citations sufficiently indicate. The venerable Bishop of Newport writes: "As regards the human soul, there is no liberty for a Christian. We must hold that each human soul is immediately and individually created by God" (p. 250). Again (p. 253): "It is quite certain that the Darwinian idea, that development depends chiefly on mechanical adjustment and accidental environment, has ceased to be the prevalent and dominating idea that it once was." Finally (p. 257): "Natural 'species' refuse to be proved freely mutable, or to remain permanently changed. Changes seem to occur with much greater rapidity than can be accounted for by mechanical adaptation. . . . These and other obstacles have checked Darwinism as a theory, and they sufficiently indicate that a *wider and deeper philosophy* is required before we can have anything like a true conception of the history of this universe or of its progress."

OF ONE LATELY DEAD.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HE was the incarnate spirit of youth and adventure and laughter and life. He was darkly handsome, with the eye of a gypsy, an eye that roamed from dull company to look upon free fields of adventure. He had the heart of a gypsy, and that he ever bent his shoulders to take on the yoke of duty must be counted to him as a pathetic heroism. By nature he was wild and free, not afraid of the night or the elements. Houses had no appeal for him. Broken boots or ragged clothing did not daunt him. His brothers and sisters, the wind and the rain, were free to work their will on him, and he trusted to their kindness of kinship.

Fate gave him duties and made him a member of one of the learned professions. He said to me once that the duties made him a solid spot of anchorage on this earth; and it was his fortune to have married a woman as sweet and dignified of nature as God ever made, else he had never had that anchorage. He would have been out with the gypsies on the hillside. He would have been blown about over the world by the will of the wind that was his own will.

He was friends with the whole world. In Ireland he knew almost every one from sea to sea. In that country, where laughter counts for more than the solid qualities, every one wanted him and held him as long as they might. It was a light-hearted world indeed in which he moved; but I think in his heart he had a great tenderness for the gypsies and roving spirits of the world. I remember that once he and I walked a few miles of a mountain road with a stalwart gypsy man. He was of a towering stature, with a shock of black hair surmounting a big, roguish, cunning, innocent face—the face of a nature's man who had never slept in houses. The gypsy talked and we listened. He was of a famous Irish tribe, famous especially as pipers. His father had carried off the first prize at

the Feis. He talked of music and religion and patriotism. These gypsies "go to their duty," and have Christian burial when they die. He talked of the Rebellion of '98 in whispers, glancing from side to side of the shadowy hedgerows where the autumn twilight was falling. The gypsies had fought from Vinegar Hill to Ross—on the right side, be sure. An old mongrel trotted at the gypsy's big heels. He had offered him to us for half a crown as a pedigree dog, knowing well that the dog would no more take to the life of houses than he himself would, and would follow and come up with him as soon as might be.

When we parted with him he carried off the last half crown of the gypsy in professional broadcloth. We watched him up the hill-road till the shadows gathered him. My poor fellow looked after him with eyes of sore longing. "Did you see the big boots of him," he said to me, "how they were cut down to give him ease in walking?" He looked at his own decent boots and sighed. "And the dog," he went on, "sure, an ancestor of that dog might have been nosing about among the dead at Oulart Hollow. They'll sleep out to-night in a cave of the hills among the dead leaves and bracken. The dead leaves 'll be smelling sweetly."

Another time I saw the strange look of longing in his eyes. He was leaning over a little roadside bridge, watching a mountain stream, brown as amber, singing over pebbles of gold and silver. Over there in the city, where the exquisite stream should presently slip into a polluted drain of a river, his professional duties awaited him. He looked at the stream and then back at the mountains whence it came. He had the furtive eye of one who meditates sudden flight and escape.

"I wish I had time," he said, "to follow it back to its source. I never saw a little stream yet that I didn't want to track it. Can't you fancy it just bubbling up in a little cup through the wet grass, and the lark singing above it? And further down in the glens it'll be stealing in and out round little green and brown boulders, and in the deepest pools under the boulders you'll see a little trout swimming on his side."

Yet for all his wild heart he had a great capacity for industry, so long as the work interested him, so long, one might almost say, as the work was done for love. In his young college days he edited the journal of an archæological society,

contributing to it largely himself, and giving it his time and his work unstintingly. Anything connected with the history and antiquities of his own country interested him passionately, as did its folk-lore. While he walked with you he would tell you legends by the score. I remember well those walks in the golden autumn days when he told me why the peasants hate the *dara-dioul*, the devil's beetle, and will always kill one when they see it; and of what Hugh O'Neill said to Hugh O'Donnell at the Battle of the Yellow Ford; and how a famous warrior of the North of Ireland came to be present at the Crucifixion; and many another story. His was a golden memory, stocked full of poetry and traditions, and ready to unpack itself for the one who really cared to hear.

"Why don't you write it down?" I used to say. But he was not much good at writing down. He wanted the stimulus of the faces and the eyes. Two or three of his folk-legends did indeed appear in the *Speaker*. But at this time all his energy was required by his profession, and he wrote no more.

That profession brought him face to face with his audience, and for the few short years it was his he made a meteoric success of it. A rising junior indeed. There was no question of his rising; he rose. There had not been a success so brilliant and immediate within men's memories. To be sure he loved his profession, and his love for it brought him to the quiet study and mastery of it. He was not only a brilliant advocate, but a fine lawyer as well. There he could not help himself that the money came to him, but he divested himself of it as rapidly and completely as he could. Never was any one so generous. He gave with both hands, his benefits falling on the just and the unjust. The study he would have thought least worth while would have been the study of finance. He was a child in everything concerning money. The only time he ever troubled himself about the thing was when money was to be collected for widows and orphans or friends in trouble. The charity of Ireland towards those whose bread-winner has gone is wonderful. The charity of the poor to the poor; it is, indeed, rather a guardianship than a charity. He was always ready to push his own pressing work aside so that he migh help in such causes. Never was such a one for gifts; he rained them upon his friends. One knew in what part of the country he was by the milestones of his gifts. Beautiful

generosity that irradiated the paths of others as well as his own.

One thinks of him with his giving hands and his laughter; now one feels that there is no such laughter left on earth. Everywhere he went he spread mirth, young, light-hearted, humane mirth. "Wherever he goes," said one who has preceded him into the shadows, "something is certain to happen." Gay and mirthful adventures did, indeed, crop up about his path. Everywhere he went he made friends and drew out the humor in others. You could not be with him in a public conveyance, but he was talking to the man at his side or opposite to him, discovering odd characters, having the quaintest encounters which should afterwards provoke one to aching sides. Who cared though he was late for dinner, or arrived towards midnight when he was expected to dinner, seeing that he came in and button-holed you to such stories that the house roared with them? He had an affinity for simple, roguish folk. The old beggarman of the country roads delighted him; and he would extract fun even from a tramp plainly marked "dangerous." One never knew what whimsical thing he would do next. Once in the old war-days he stopped a scarlet and gold regiment manœuvring about the green country roads: "If you please, sir," he said, with a winning innocence, to the amazed officer in command; "do you happen to be looking for De Wet?" It passed for a countryman's simplicity too.

One feels to-night as though laughter was dead with him. What a good laughter it was! In the thousands of merry jests I cannot remember one that one would wish away. There was nothing cruel, nothing to hurt the most sensitive in that exquisitive laughter.

He always came home singing. When one listened for him to come in the quiet country one heard him far off trolling a country ballad, one of the "come-all-ye's" of the fairs and market-places, with which his mind was well stocked. He lived to suffer much. Although he was young he had lived more than a hundred dullards, and to be sure he had used up his life before its prime. And still one thinks of him, singing and laughing. And all singing and laughter seems gone with him. One never knew how good it was while it lasted.

SOME CAUSES AND LESSONS OF THE FRENCH CRISIS.*

BY W. L. S.

OUR fellow-Catholics in France are at this moment prostrate before a storm of persecution as relentless and vindictive—save that, out of deference to modern feelings, it is free from bloodshed—as any that has ever before devastated the Christian Church. M. Combes† professes to be working merely for a "laicized state." But that euphemism disguises from nobody his real purpose of destroying religion and of creating a nation of infidels. There can be no other explanation of the elaborate devices of hatred and sacrilege which he is employing against the Catholicity of France. From the brutal driving out of helpless nuns into the streets, to the shameful spying upon public servants to see that none of them shall say their prayers, Combes has not only drawn upon the arsenal bequeathed him by his predecessors in the office of Grand Persecutor, but he has contrived new measures of his own for the ruin of faith, which for cruelty entitle him to a place not far from Nero, and for ingenuity raise him to a position by the side of Voltaire. History will present him to posterity as the man under whom ancient and Catholic France decreed that no virginal life, consecrated to the orphaned and the sick, was permitted to exercise mercy and display self-sacrifice on her soil, and that no man who knelt to his Creator should draw a salary from the state.

The causes which have fallen together to produce in our time such a man as Combes, and such a situation as the present crisis, are many and complicated, and take their rise not in to-day or yesterday, but far back in French history, and deep down in the character of Frenchmen. To unravel all these causes and trace them to their origin would be a long task, and perhaps for our generation an impossible one. But,

* *Les Catholiques Républicains.* Histoire et Souvenirs 1890–1903. Par l'Abbé P. Dabry. Paris: Chevalier et Rivière. 1904.

† This article was written before the resignation of M. Combes. [ED.]

whatever be the other elements behind the disaster, of one element we may be certain; and that is, that Catholics have exposed themselves to this attack by some deadly blunder, some fatal fault. On the face of available statistics the Catholics of France number 37,000,000. The professed infidels, who hate religion for religion's sake, are an insignificant minority of some few thousands. Yet to-day the believing multitude are lying prostrate before the unbelieving handful, crushed, humiliated, helpless, and hopeless. Something must have gone terribly wrong. Some deplorable futility must have been not only committed but persisted in. What is it? How has it been allowed to go so far? In no spirit of unsympathizing criticism, but with a sincere desire to direct the attention of American Catholics to a lesson from which they may have something themselves to learn, we shall endeavor to answer these questions in a frank manner and in plain speech. M. Dabry's newly published book, mentioned at the head of this article, will serve us as a guide.

When France closed her ruinous struggle with Germany in 1870, and set up her third republic, she was weary unto death of war and monarchy, and intensely desirous of democracy and peace. Peace from without she had just purchased at a crushing price; but peace within her own borders she could not, from the nature of the case, perfectly enjoy. For the old, noble, and wealthy families were monarchists, and, with a thousand years of kingly tradition behind them, they could not be expected to strike hands in fellowship with a government of the *canaille*. We, of course, cannot sympathize with the principles of these men, but we should show a measure of respect to their prejudices. They thought France in full career to destruction as a Republic. They looked back at her superb line of kings, and felt justified in disdaining a rule of the *bourgeoisie*, and in maintaining that their country's glory in the future could exist only where it had existed in the past—beneath the shadow of the sceptre. And so they held aloof from public life; they became voluntarily of no influence in the state; they looked upon the Republic as only an hour's fancy of a distracted people; they prayed and plotted for the re-establishment of the crown. Now on the side of these royalists were unfortunately arrayed practically all the ecclesiastics of the country; and there the great majority of them

stand to-day. Not that a French Republic is in itself a thing repugnant to religion. The churchmen had blessed the Republic of 1848, and had enjoyed its favor. But in 1870 the times were bad for converting conservatives to democracy. Democracy seemed to them then, far more than it does now, the spirit of an evil age; it meant revolution, violence, the destruction of venerable order, the rule of brazen mob-leaders and of unwashed *communards*. They laid at its door the fall of the Temporal Power; they regarded Pius IX. as its victim; and they were certain that it had been irrevocably banned by the Syllabus of 1864. Thus it came to pass that multitudes of French Catholics looked upon the Republic as an immoral usurpation, and ranged themselves in their traditional position around a broken and discredited throne. Yet every election, from 1871 until to-day, has been overwhelmingly republican. In every year of those three decades, the people have taken a new step toward definite and permanent democracy. Churchmen meanwhile have stood stock still looking toward the past. It need not astonish us that if they open their eyes on the situation to-day, they find themselves alone in a waste region that is depopulated forever.

In the elections of 1873 and 1877 the royalists made prodigious efforts to elect anti-republicans to the Chamber. In the former year the association of Notre Dame du Salut, presided over by a priest, flooded the country with monarchist leaflets. In the latter, triduums and public prayers without number were offered up in churches in the same cause. Marshal MacMahon himself had to rebuke the intemperateness of this dangerous campaign, and publicly freed himself from all suspicion of sympathizing with it.

Reprisal was sure to come. It began with the Ferry ministry of 1879, which suppressed military chaplaincies, laicized hospitals, and reduced the church appropriations. In 1880 the religious orders were attacked. It must be understood that up to this time, and indeed for a long time after, the greatest political power in the country was in the party of moderate republicans, who, while openly avowing their intention to restrict clerical influence, had little or no desire to persecute. The radicals, who did wish to persecute, and hated religion because it was religion, were too few to gain control of the state by themselves, but were constantly endeavoring to push

the moderates into adopting the radical programme. The obvious duty of Catholics was to prevent this coalition. And it was not in itself a hard task. All that was needed was that Catholics, on the one hand, should so conduct themselves in public affairs as to belie the radical charges against them; and should, on the other, conciliate the well-disposed moderates. If they had so acted, they would not have been long in gaining a commanding influence in the government of the country. But they followed darker counsels and perished.

A proof of the existence of a moderate spirit in France, ready to make favorable terms with religion if it had been encouraged, may be seen in the interchange of letters between Leo XIII. and President Grévy in 1888. The Pope complained to M. Grévy of the recent anti-Catholic legislation. The president answered that he deplored the extreme measures adopted by the Chamber; but pleaded that the anti-republican spirit of the Catholics was the cause of it. He besought the Pope to bring them to a more safe and tractable mind, and added: "I can do very little against the enemies of the church; but you can do a great deal against the enemies of the Republic."

Similar sentiments began to be expressed by Catholics themselves, many of whom saw the futility of the royalist programme, and declared themselves openly for the existing *régime*. In 1886 Raoul Duval, a loyal Catholic deputy, rose in the Chamber and warned Catholics that they were following a *politique du fétichisme*, which would lead them to ruin. In 1888 the Marquis de Castellane, a man who had every reason for cherishing his inherited love of monarchy, spoke in vigorous language to the same purpose. Still weightier voices were to follow, uttering the same message in words of more solemn warning. In 1890 one of the most venerated men of the nineteenth century, Cardinal Lavigerie, the apostle of Africa, said, in the course of a memorable speech in Algiers: "When the will of a people has been decisively expressed; when a government contains nothing which is in itself opposed to those principles by which Christian and civilized nations ought to live; when our country needs the uncompromising loyalty of her sons in order to be preserved from the disasters which threaten her; then the time has come to declare openly that our government is on trial no longer, that we must end our dissensions, and make every sacrifice which conscience and honor

command us to make for the welfare of France. Some among us are still outside the temple of fatherland, and refuse to enter. Such men are manifesting to the foes who are watching us, a spectacle of ambition and hatred, and are striking into the heart of France that despair which is the precursor of final ruin."

This address of the great cardinal created a sensation in France. As soon as the royalists recovered from the first shock of it, they began a bitter attack upon its venerable author. He was held up to ridicule and insult. Paul de Cassagnac, in his caustic style, decried him; Monsignor Freppel, a name honorable in scholarship, rejected his plea for the Republic with indignation; and in the Chamber of Deputies the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir led a concerted attempt to suppress an appropriation which would benefit the cardinal's evangelization of Africa.

This disastrous disunion, this *politique du fétichisme*, which exhausted in domestic strife the vitality of French Catholicity, and left the church defenceless before her foes, had long been regarded with anxiety and impatience by Leo XIII. For years the great Pope forbore to speak, lest he seem hasty in offending partisan feeling, and appear rude in dealing with so tender a sore as political prejudice. But with repeated reverses to religion because it had been harnessed to abandoned institutions, and with a new election only a twelvemonth away, Leo at last determined, in 1892, to disclose his full mind to the Catholics of France, and to read them a sharp lesson. In February of that year he published his celebrated encyclical to the church in France. It is a powerful plea for the Republic. The Pope reminds Catholics that a nation may justly and lawfully change its form of government—since only the church possesses a necessarily fixed *régime*—and that when a people has set up a new form of civil authority, it is the duty of all citizens to acquiesce in it and maintain it. As for the church, she is committed neither to monarchism nor to republicanism; but leaving to every state a free choice in the matter, she is, under whatsoever political form, the custodian of morality and the safeguard of civilization. Addressing himself to the very objection alleged by the royalists as the chief reason for their attitude, namely, that no friend of religion could conscientiously support a Republic which persecuted religion, the Pope solves the difficulty with a distinction. We must distinguish,

he says, between the state and the legislation of the state. If the legislation is at times bad, let all men of good will unite, and it will be an easy matter to mend it. But because some laws are wrong, it by no means follows that the established state itself is to be radically opposed or seriously threatened. He concludes with the hope that his recommendation will be dutifully heeded, and that it may be a ground of union and pacification whereon all good men may stand against the common enemy.

This wish of the Pontiff came certainly from his heart. He saw then what we see now, that upon the realization of it, depended not only the prosperity, but almost the existence of Catholicity in France. Probably the result of no other project of his entire pontificate was watched by him with so intense an anxiety as this appeal to a perishing church and nation. He made it in the name of France, glorious in her Catholic history; in the name of himself, whose whole life witnessed to his love for the fair land and noble people; and in the name of Christ, *qui aime les Francs.*

Bitter was his destined disappointment. Within a few months he wrote to the Bishop of Orleans and to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, complaining that the factional spirit among Catholics had brought his admonition to nought. He says to the Archbishop of Bordeaux: "We protest against and censure the efforts of some who, while professing to be Catholics and devoted to their faith, are so pertinaciously partisan as to spread abroad among the people impudent writings in which they attack dignitaries of the church, not sparing the Chief Pastor himself. These persons must be aware that they cannot by this means promote their political views. The sole result which they can flatter themselves with obtaining is that they are a hindrance and obstruction to our recommendations, and a vexation to peaceful men who are sick of discord and sigh for union. But rather than that harmony should be brought about, and harmony is now necessary for the very salvation of France, these disturbers prefer prolonging internal strife and domestic enmity which will work havoc for their country and their church."

We must examine how this open disobedience was brought about. The anti-republicans could not of course formally defy the February encyclical. But while showing edifying deference

to it, they managed to deprive it of all force. The papal letter was like certain brands of high explosive which are set off with tremendous shock by concussion, but, if a lighted match be applied to them, fizzle away and disappear without a sound. There was no concussion against the encyclical, no explosion, no disagreeable remains. But two lighted matches were applied to it, and it flared up, burned out, and injured nobody. The two matches were the campaign against Christian democracy and the agitation for a Catholic party. Let us explain.

Whenever the representatives of any religion oppose the legitimate aspirations and the lawful institutions of the people among whom it is established, it needs no great sagacity to conjecture what will happen. Those aspirations and institutions are going to stand, and those representatives of religion are going to fall. And, so inevitable is the unfortunate popular tendency to identify belief with believer, religion itself will also fall with its short-sighted spokesmen, if their *intransigeance* lasts long enough. It is easy to apply this principle to France. The people wanted a Republic. The majority of ecclesiastics anathematized the Republic and prayed for the restoration of the *ancien régime*. The result was the deplorable chasm between priest and people, which is one of the most terrifying features of the crisis to-day. There is now neither time nor space for the sad proof that such a chasm exists. The evidence is overwhelming that it does exist, that it is wide and deep, and that radical changes in men and methods must take place before a bridge can be thrown across it. The priest in France has become a man of the sanctuary and the sacristy; he has lost influence in the public and social life of the nation; he is accounted a relic of dead ages, a defender of abandoned theories; he is reckoned the one element of inertia and retrogression in an environment of energy, modernity, and progress.

To heal this schism is the first and most critical, in fact the absolutely indispensable condition to be fulfilled before we can even hope for better days in France. This was perceived years ago by a noble band of priests, most of them young men, though many were gray veterans in the ministry, and they gave themselves zealously to the task. "*Allons au peuple!*" was their cry. "We must go to the people. We must mingle with them. We must cease to be merely masters of

ceremonies and preachers of homilies. We must live the life of the common people and of the poor. We must study their social conditions; must attend their labor meetings; must support their movement for better wages, brighter homes, and every other needed and legitimate benefit of civilization. We must go forth from the sacristy and fling ourselves into the strife and struggle, the hopes and fears of the ordinary lot. And above all must we be one with our countrymen in maintaining the government which they have established and love." It was an apostolic programme, and venerated be the names behind it! Birot, Denis, Lemire, Klein, Dabry, Quiévreux, and a hundred others, who shall not be forgotten.

There was, alas! a formidable number of others who asked not "How can we help these men?" but rather, "How can we discredit and defeat them?" Since Leo's letter, and because of it, the *abbés démocrates* could not be censured outright, as Cardinal Lavigerie was, for republicanism. But there could be used against them a deadlier accusation, in the face of which many greater men have in the course of history been dishonored and laid low. They could be accused of heresy, and accused they were. The cry "Unclean!" was everywhere spread against them, especially in the columns of *La Vérité* and *L'Autorité*. We must digress for a moment on the former of these journals. It was founded in 1893 by a number of men, who withdrew from the *Univers* because this celebrated Vatican organ had decided to give cordial support to Leo XIII.'s appeal for the Republic. Auguste Roussel was made editor of the sheet so inauspiciously started, and so ludicrously misnamed, and the ecclesiastic who said the Mass to invoke heaven's blessing on the new enterprise was a man destined for later notoriety, the Abbé Charles Meignen. *La Vérité* was rigidly Catholic and papal whenever it could allege church censures against its opponents. But, by a contradiction not uncommon in history, it was notably anti-papal in cases where the Pope stood in the way of its own ideas. In 1895 Cardinal Rampolla wrote a severe letter to Roussel, to inform him that his paper was directly at issue with the Pope on the question of the Republic, and that it must change its tone and spirit if it wished to be considered a sincerely Catholic organ.

Such was the chief source of the heresy charge against the priests who led the movement for *ralliement*. They were de-

nounced as dangerous to faith because by their new apostolate of mingling with the people, studying social problems, and busying themselves with matters of the temporal order, they implicitly maintained the supremacy of natural advantages over the supernatural graces of church and sacraments. Their self-initiative was attacked as disobedience to the bishops. Their modern progressiveness was censured as stark liberalism.

Charges like these were whetted to the keenest edge by two celebrated events: the movement for priestly congresses and the agitation on Americanism. In 1896 a congress of priests was held at Rheims, and in 1900 another convened at Bourges. Hundreds of priests were present on each occasion; and in the spirit of fraternal union which predominated over all other feelings, in the vigorous independence of the discussions which took place, and in the sturdy plea for modern methods which was voiced in nearly every speech, these gatherings form, without doubt, the most hopeful indication of renascence and vitality that French Catholicity has displayed in fifty years. These apostolic men saw the needs of the time, and courageously went forth to meet them, caring little that they had to defy the traditions of men, and struggle against principalities and powers.

But the omen was evil for the *réactionnaires*. So, as the whole world expected, a furious assault was delivered in the name of religion against the participants in the Congresses. The bishops were warned of dangerous democracy among their priests. The people were implored to watch out for the *abbé démocrate*, as though this phrase had the sinister meaning of "fallen priest." The seminaries were watched with zealous vigilance, lest the young clerics of the country should be infected with the poison of modernity. Then, to make confusion worse confounded, came Americanism.

It was natural for the progressive priests of France to look for inspiration to the United States. Here they saw a priesthood that was at the same time strictly Catholic and enthusiastically in accord with our country and our age; that was perfectly obedient to episcopal authority, and still of sturdy independence and self-initiative; that was faithful to every sacerdotal duty, and also glad to share in public movements for the general good; that finally was held by people outside the church in sincere respect, and regarded by the Catholic laity

with cordial and sublime affection. And it was furthermore not remarkable that these energetic French priests should turn with admiration to the life and works of Father Hecker. He is a very prophet in the apostolate of this age. His robust democracy, his fearless zeal, his total submission to Catholic authority, and his profound spirit of interior prayer, make up the ideal preacher of the old faith to a modern and free people.

When this example of the American priesthood was proclaimed, the hostile party brought the charge of heresy against Father Hecker. In the course of the agitation two books appeared which illustrate the hopeless irreconcilableness of the *intransigeants*, show to what a depth of hatred for democracy and modern ideas, well-meaning men may sink. One is by the Abbé Charles Meignen, who invoked the Most High upon *La Vérité*. This man had long been an opponent of Leo XIII.'s pro-Republic encyclical; and in the columns of *La Vérité* and *L'Autorité* he had used as strong language as he dared against the Pope's directions. In the course of his propaganda he addressed to the Comte de Mun, the noble leader of the French Catholic laity, a letter so insulting that his bishop removed him from his chaplaincy. His book is called: *Is Father Hecker a Saint?* We have no intention of describing it. Suffice it to say that, for its intemperate fury against eminent and holy men, it was refused the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris. One is saddened in reading it, not because its charges hurt its victims, but because so venemous a spirit could exist beneath the habit of a priest.

The other book is venemous too, but the poisonous in it is so counteracted by the ludicrous, that we read it without hurt or pain. It is called *Americanism and the Anti Christian Conspiracy*, and was written by Canon Delassus, of Annecy. This marvelous work announces to the world the following burden of woe: In 1860 a certain Jew founded a Universal Israelitish Alliance for the destruction of Christianity. The chief agent in the accomplishment of this fell purpose was the Talmudic Messiah, Anti-Christ namely, which, however, was not a Person but an Idea; and the Idea is democracy. Now as the Jews alone cannot bring about the triumph of this Anti-Christ, they must have secret confederates within the church itself. *Voilà!* the conclusion is plain. The Americanists, Hecker, Ireland, Paulists, and the French *abbés démocrates* are all members, yea,

and high officers of the Alliance, Freemasons to boot; and, before it is too late, we must loosen their fangs from the throat of Catholicity, stamp out their lives, and deliver them over to the demon their sire.

The Abbé Dabry remarks drily that this book is the work of a *malade*—a very sick man. We think so too, and will, therefore, leave further consideration of it to the pathologists of monomania.

Thus the attack on Christian democracy was kept up, and it is clear that it was only a subtly disguised onslaught on the pontifical directions of Leo XIII. Those directions became every day more openly disregarded, and as a result, at the very moment when Catholics ought to have presented a united strength to their insolent enemy, they marched out upon the field of conflict, not only in scandalous disarray, but with bayonets at each other's breasts.

And the same story of disastrous folly is to be told of the movement for a Catholic party. In the elections of 1898 the Méline ministry was before the country for reindorsement. M. Méline was a man hated by the radicals for his open hostility to religious persecution. He was conservative and strong, and as good a premier as Catholics, all things considered, could expect. He himself went into the campaign of 1898 confident of receiving a large share of the Catholic vote, and feeling certain of doubling his former majority of fifty. It was imperatively the duty of Catholics to support him against the radicals, who were powerfully organized, and bent upon the complete discomfiture of religion if they gained control of the Chamber. Yet in the face of this terrible danger, *La Croix* started a fierce crusade to the end that Catholics should withdraw from all existing parties and stand alone—"Catholic Federation!" was the cry raised. It was a cruel blunder. For, of all forlorn hopes ever attempted, the election of a Catholic Chamber was the most utterly forlorn. In the first place the Federation preached by *La Croix*, had in its programme not a word on loyalty to the Republic. This alone foredoomed the movement to disgrace and death. And in the second place, it was an impossible time for a Catholic party in France. France as a nation is jealous of clericalism, and determined to keep it out of power. In consequence, the attempt at launching a distinctively Catholic party, in 1898, could result in nothing else

than forfeiting the bright promise of better times with which that year began, exasperating anew prejudices which had fairly began to subside, and precipitating into final and hopeless rout the reverses which men had reason to think were about to end.

Owing to this new exhibition of the *politique du fétichisme*, M. Méline was returned with a majority of only sixteen. No government could stand on so narrow a margin, and he soon retired. We need only name his successors to show the extent of the disaster: Dupuy, Brisson, Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes.

As was remarked in the beginning of this article, this sketch of the ruinous discord and irreparable folly of French Catholics, has no aim to criticize or censure. When a victim needs our support and sympathy, true charity does not stop to ask if he came to be reduced to helplessness by his own fault. It is the time now to give our suffering brethren the encouragement of good wishes and kind words at least, and to spare them any reminder of their mistakes. But it will not be amiss, we trust, to mention some of those mistakes, not to inflict pain on others, but to give caution to ourselves. Accordingly, in a concluding word, we venture to recall to American Catholics the lesson which the French crisis contains for us. It seems to be this: that we must beware of separating ourselves into a class apart; that we must suppress every tendency which would result in binding us together into a grievance committee; that we must assimilate the best spirit of America and be assimilated by it; and that we retain the utmost personal independence which is consistent with our traditional and noble instinct of obedience. French Catholics have been brought to their present plight by distrusting democracy, and by remaining in their country somewhat as a foreign substance remains in the eye. They have been in the Republic as foreigners who refuse to become citizens. We shall avoid their misfortunes if we love democracy heart and soul, cherishing and practising the independence on which it rests; and if secondly we defeat any purpose, which has already appeared or may appear, which would put us, as a body, outside the common interests of our country, and give ground for the reproach that we are of an alien spirit, of a temper more censorious than conciliating, and of a character in which whole-souled helpfulness is less conspicuous than intemperate criticism or unwarranted pugnacity.

ON BEING CHEERFUL.

BY THE REVEREND JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

"Be of Good Heart" (St. Matthew.)

WE live in a world of defects and limitations, where there is no character without a flaw, and no life without its tempering of pain. Only on the farther side of the river of death can unalloyed bliss be even hoped for; here, all is relative and imperfect; thorns hide amid the roses; bitter is mixed with sweet; and, sooner or later, the coarse, seamy side of men and things chafes every one of us.

To be cheerful means to make little of the hardships we encounter. The good-natured man looks on the brighter, sunnier side of his surroundings; he accentuates the pleasant and beautiful features of life; he smoothes over the rough places in the road; and, in a general way, the smiling aspect of things attracts him more strongly than their frown. Incorrigible optimist that he is, he fixes attention on the circumstances which give most joy and hope to the heart. In memory, as in speech, he keeps dwelling on the inspiring, encouraging elements of every situation, and on the amiable characteristics of every acquintance. In a life, his presence is a ray of sunshine; as a friend, he is a man of men.

Few people need to be told that cheeriness is a precious treasure; that the power to overlook or to smile away some of the distressing details of existence is a necessary condition of happiness; that in each life much must be ignored, and in each personality much forgiven and forgotten. There are attendant circumstances sure to impair the harmony of every situation, if dwelt upon. Unless a mind is able to disengage itself from the consideration of these, it rapidly becomes morbid and unhealthy —like the mind of Swift, who is said to have developed so aggravated a cynicism that he could see nothing fair without at once adverting to its hidden elements of ugliness, and could look on no beautiful face without imagining the loathsome

appearance it would present under the microscope. The man who is thus hypercritical and fault-finding soon becomes an object of dread to his acquintances. No matter how witty his mind and interesting his conversation, we quickly learn to fear him; we run away from the sound of his approaching footstep. We prefer the less sparkling, but more comfortable speech of the simple good—the people from whom we part with a renewed sense of trust in the innate worthiness and kindliness of human nature, the people who inspire conversation that leaves a good taste in the mouth. One type of this sort is described in the following quotation:

> "I allus did say," remarked Aunt Mary, "that Henrietta Wood had a real royal memory."
>
> Aunt Mary's niece looked up curiously. "A royal memory?" she repeated. "I don't believe I understand. Doesn't she ever forget anything?"
>
> "That's jest the point," Aunt Mary responded promptly. "I should say she forgets full as much as she remembers—mebbe more. That's part of what I call a royal memory. There's folks that don't forget anything; the way you acted the day everything went wrong, hasty judgments that you repented as soon as they was made, words that popped out before you knew your mouth was open—there's folks that don't ever forget one of them, nor let you, either. I have one of those memories in mind this minute; I allus feel like flyin' out the back door when I see it comin' in the gate.
>
> "But they ain't the only folks in the world; there's others that never seem to remember anything except the good in people. I'll warrant there isn't a man or a woman in Lockport so shiftless or good-for-nothing that Henrietta wouldn't remember some good about them. People allus freshen up when she comes round. I ain't ever heard it explained, but I have my theory. I believe it's because she allus thinks folks up instead of down, an' they know it an' sort of straighten up inside to meet it—that's my theory."
>
> The girl did not answer, but in her heart echoed those wonderful words, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What fitter name for such a gift than "a royal memory"! They who possess this characteristic are the best loved people in the world. And they are the most loving people in the

world, too; for as we cannot attract, neither can we be attracted to, those whose faults and weaknesses are set down by us with all precision. Only when we see through rose-colored glass can we truly be said to love; and, if we never view a soul through this medium of fond illusion, the chances are that we do not belong to the class of those who are privileged to love. Vain is the intention to be fond and sympathetic, unless we can allow for frailties in a friend; and hopeless the attempt to develop perfection, if we faithfully record each fault of a pupil; and futile the effort to revive a waning affection, except we find it in our power to forego our fancied right to reproach. No human heart can be won by harshness or scolded into tenderness. As in the old fabled contest between the wind and the sun, the buffeted traveler wraps himself tighter in his cloak as the blast grows stronger. The genial warmth of fault-forgetting love will always triumph over the drastic criticism of the fastidiousness hard to please; only in the presence of the loving look and the excusing word, do we consent to stand revealed in all our weakness, to humble ourselves, and to enter upon the way of amendment. No; he who desires to teach, or who hopes to be loved, must indeed have something of "a royal memory." Thus equipped, we shall find that people will gladly pardon us the oversights we are guilty of, when there is question of our neighbor's faults; and that our success will in the long run be none the less for our having forgotten many of the weaknesses of men.

The foregoing implies that the difference between the cynic and the optimist is in the main a difference of mental dispositions. And so, of course, it is. A man's sourness is to be traced less often to his actual experiences than to the view he takes of life. Other women, in the position of "Mrs. Wiggs," would have been incorrigible grumblers, and their lives immeasurably less happy than hers. Our general view of the world and its worth, our estimate of the relative proportion of good and bad in men, our final sense of content or dissatisfaction with life, depends chiefly on our temperament, and on the habitual policy we voluntarily adopt. It is well for us to understand this, and to appreciate the large measure of subjectivity in our happiness and unhappiness. After all, pleasure and pain are necessarily relative and personal; in great measure, a thing is distressing or not, accordingly as we do or do not

give in to the inclination so to regard it. What hurts the civilized man is smiled at by the savage; what depresses the child of fortune, raised in the lap of luxury, has little influence on the self-made toiler, for whom the air has never been tempered, from whom no protecting shield has warded off rude criticism, and to whom, therefore, there has come a certain degree of indifference to ordinary blows of adversity. Again, a man's impressions depend much on the state in which he finds himself at the moment of a given experience—on whether he is at ease, or in a condition of excitement and nervous tension. These elements all contribute to the forming of his judgment about the general pleasantness or unpleasantness of a situation or a life; and beside all these, each one has still his purely personal fund of underlying emotional consciousness tending to flow over to this side or that, at the first impulse, and to intensify his sense of content or dissatisfaction. The temperament extends a sort of standing invitation to moods of a certain type; and once the mood has come, it tends to diffuse itself, and to re-enforce the strength of the sentiment which invited it. Thus we see how at bottom much of our misery may be, or rather actually is, an effect of organic sensitiveness, a matter of nervous and muscular tissue. Hypersensitiveness to pain is thus the source first of the disproportionate attention, then of the unduly strong impression, then of the tenacious imagination, and finally of the abiding general sense of misery and unhappiness, together with the accompanying amazement that our neighbor, who has been through similar experiences, is not as wretched as ourselves.

Unless we exert ourselves to stem the tide, and drive our wills strongly in the direction opposite to our natural bent, most of us will find that we are living at the mercy of a set of tendencies which drift us down toward an unhappy and sour view of life; usually, we incline to lay overdue stress on unpleasant events, to paint in heavily the details which tell against a bright and cheerful general effect.

First of all, it seems plain that what is evil and threatening attracts attention more imperatively and irresistibly than what is good. Possibly this is a wise provision of nature to secure the preservation of man in the lower stages of existence, where it is more important for him to overlook nothing harmful than to perceive all the good; since in the one case a single instance

of insensitiveness would spell destruction, whereas in the other there might remain many opportunities of retrieving the error. Whether or not we thus class the tendency among nature's protective illusions, certain it is that men's thoughts swing more readily toward the present evil than toward the present good. The breaking down of a single preacher is likely to impinge more sharply on the mind than many successful sermons; the one hearer who makes his exit draws more attention than the contented thousand who remain; the long series of correct constructions attracts less notice than the first grammatical slip. This is the lesson we learn by observing others. When we introspect, the story is no different. Our own hurts and dangers, the affronts and the disappointments we experience, penetrate deeper into our consciousness, and dwell more indelibly in our memories than the strokes of good fortune and the little courtesies which, in point of fact, are neither less frequent nor less significant. It is the old tale told again—evil springs from any defect whatsoever, *malum ex quocumque defectu;* but good demands a situation without even a single flaw, *integra causa.*

Now the same things which bespeak our attention thus successfully, also loom largest in consciousness, once that they have succeeded in entering in. On this account, they get a disproportionate value; they keep cropping out in conversation; and so they repeat and intensify the original impression. It is hard for us to rid our minds of them; meanwhile, the obscure little good is hiding away out of sight and out of mind as well.

Take for instance, the impulse to turn thoughts and conversation into the channels of criticism and fault-finding; is that not much more dominant in the average man than the interests of accuracy would dictate? Look around and observe how what is noticed first, what is talked about most, what sticks fastest in the mind, is ordinarily something in the nature of an evil, a blunder, or a fault. Note the newspapers, which are at once the stimuli and the reflectors of the public mind. Does not a casual glance at the headlines of the least sensational of them at once flash a vision of crimes and disasters before the imagination? Here and there we may, indeed, discover the record of an act of heroism, or the account of a life

"Serene, and resolute, and still; and calm, and self-possessed."

But who will pretend that, on the whole, the two elements—the good and the bad—are presented in anything like a fair proportion? How many a hitherto happy family is unheard-of until the "interesting" moment when it ceases to be so, because one of its members has gone astray! To devote equal attention to the good and the bad would, of course, not be journalism; it would not be giving men the news they want. So the press must serve up for our daily contemplation all the startling and ugly details of current history which it can ferret out; and, for the most part, happy people may be let alone. The very fact that the public appetite demands pabulum of this sort proves that, antecedently, men's minds have a predominant set toward the less cheerful aspect of things; and, undoubtedly, the nourishment they daily absorb helps along the prevalence of an untrue, because ill proportioned, view of life.

Note again, how our ordinary daily behavior confirms the judgment given above. The absence of some trifling comfort to which a man has been accustomed, excites more distress than his luxuries cause joy; his ills and aches always speak louder to him than his escapes and his lucky windfalls. And as the evils impress him more forcibly, so too, they dwell longest in his memory, and echo strongest in his speech. All in all, then, it seems fair enough to say that the average man is accustomed to lay far less emphasis on his pleasant than on his unpleasant experiences.

Thus far we have been concerned mainly with recalling that truer valuations would result from an effort to control, and in some measure to repress, the prevalence of impressions which naturally swarm into consciousness. There is this further consideration to be made, that the interests of action still more imperatively demand some such interference with the spontaneous drift of things. And—to waive for the moment the issue whether or not such interference brings us nearer the truth—this much is undeniably certain, that if we allow our minds to be a free pasture for ill omens and for depressing thoughts, we shall be comparatively inactive and lifeless; the edge will be taken off our interest in life; pessimism will wax strong in us. Darwin is a keen enough observer to be trusted, and a good enough authority to be quoted, when he points out that of all the emotions fear is notoriously the most apt to induce

trembling and helplessness, to numb activity, and to block the exercise of reason. The usual and obvious signs of fear imply organic derangement; and disturbing thoughts are the beginning of these signs. The amount of pleasure nullified by a sudden fright, or the great cost of restoring the system afterwards to a condition of equanimity, might be used as a standard for measuring these deleterious influences. In everyday affairs people practically recognize this deadening influence of cheerlessness; and in consequence they carefully endeavor to ward off ideas which suggest the possibility of failure. They assume as a matter of course that discouragement implies depression, and that depression involves a diminution of power and a lessening of the chances of success. Conversely, they take it for granted that confidence is an element of victory. The athlete leads up gradually to his supreme test of strength by first undertaking the lesser tests where success is certain. Not only the physiological, but also the psychological predispositions for a record-breaking feat are secured in this way; and if a candidate fails in his preparatory trial, the "coach" takes care that the real test is not attempted until confidence has been restored by a victory of some sort or other. As for public speakers and singers, it is proverbial how carefully their attention must be diverted from every depressing or ominous incident, when they are called upon for their best work.

The reason for all this is obvious enough. Following the general law of mental representations, unpleasant images awaken corresponding emotional disturbances of a devitalizing kind; the painful idea suggests and induces depression. Like every emotion, this depression in turn reacts upon and re-enforces the kindred mental images; it attracts into the field of consciousness the unpleasant thoughts which harmonize with gloomy moods; it repels whatever is hopeful or bright. Thus the general set of the mind is toward the prospect of failure, and disaster becomes a foregone conclusion. Once the mind has been thus depressed—and especially if in the first instance failure or misfortune has actually followed—the mind henceforth finds it harder, or perhaps actually impossible, to expel gloomy ideas and to calm disturbance. There ensues an almost superstitious subjection to the sovereignty of the evil and hateful elements of life. It seems useless to strive; and so one yields to the stress of circumstances, and becomes their verita-

ble slave. Perhaps the invalid who is thus progressively losing strength may never attempt to walk again, unless there happens along a physician who will actually drive and bully him into making an effort to exercise muscles so atrophied from disuse that groans accompany their every movement.

St. Paul tells us that "We are saved by hope"; and the spiritual teachers of the Catholic Church have always laid the strongest emphasis on the fact that cheerfulness makes for godliness. St. Philip Neri and St. Francis de Sales, for instance, talk of the need of being merry and glad and cheerful, as if it were an undeniable and indispensable requisite of true Christian perfection that a man should struggle against thoughts which tend to make him fearful and depressed. The church, it is true, preaches the virtue of fear, too; but every one acquainted with the type of sanctity she holds up for the imitation of her children, and with the standards by which her religious orders determine vocations, and with the principles her ministers make use of in the guidance of souls, and with St. Ignatius' famous rules for the discernment of spirits, will be ready to affirm that Catholicism is as far away from the gloomy ideals of Calvinism as it is possible to be without falling into exaggeration at the other extreme. The highest motive of all therefore, the pursuit of the supreme ideal of spiritual perfection, impels us to the cultivation of a cheerful temper.

The common tendency to dwell upon depressing things is fortunately not dominant in every soul. We can find models for our imitation in the persons of those who rise above the reach of life's ills, little and great, and are always either absorbing or giving out fragrance and music and sunshine. They know the secret which transforms evil into good, and pain into joy; and on the great mass of their experiences they exercise an influence which makes discomforting things amusing and commonplaces delightful. Possessing as it were a great surplus store of cheerfulness, they can, by a sort of divine alchemy, plate dross with gold, and transform into a pleasure what to another would have been a matter of indifference, if not of suffering. To bear thankless burdens and undertake odious responsibilities, and suffer unjust reproaches, to serve the neglected and the impatient, to act as oil on the troubled waters, to be as a buffer when collisions are impending, and a break-

water when the waves run high—these are not trials, but privileges to some people; or, at least, they are duties easily and gladly performed. An inconvenience or a slight is, for the most part, but an occasion for the exercise of ingenuity in discovering excuses and explanations. Apart from the new opportunities of spiritual growth and happiness which they enjoy, they have this other advantage, that their reaction against the common inclination to emphasize the ills of existence, helps them to a more objective view than the average man ever attains.

It is idle, of course, to spend time or energy in wishing that we had been gifted as these souls have been, but we may hope to profit somewhat by the consideration of their example. They show what a determined will can do toward securing a happy disposition and perennial peace of mind. It is true that most cheerful men have been born so; but equally true is it that many have achieved cheerfulness. Not until a man realizes this, does he possess a proper sense of the opportunities which are constantly gliding by. But when the awakening comes, then, at least, it is to be hoped, he will be inspired with the firm determination to be more cheerful, more lovable, and more happy in the future than in the past; for surely no one should permit his cheerfulness to be cut down without making a determined resistance.

There is one point, more than all others, which needs to be impressed on those who, as yet, possess no power to smile away misfortune; namely, their own ability to acquire this power and, by its exercise, to brighten very considerably their own and their neighbors' lives. It is not possible, at the present moment, to go into the whole question of the volitional development of character, but neither is it necessary; for every one recognizes that persistent effort can do much to affect the habitual temper of the mind. A system voluntarily toned-up is, within certain limits, capable of throwing off the depressing influences to which, in a less buoyant mood, it would have offered an inviting entrance. To some extent, a resolute will can do by effort what a cheerful disposition effects spontaneously. Obviously this is the case, at least with our choice of topics of speech; we can avoid the unpleasant, the critical, the discouraging. It may require a little self-restraint, at first; but we can succeed if we are willing to pay the

really inconsiderable price. Then, too, we may do something by means of inhibiting the outward expression of unpleasant emotions; for it is recognized generally by physiologists that an emotion is raised or lowered in intensity, accordingly as the physical manifestation of that emotion is forbidden or allowed. It is in this way that we often restrain our emotions of anger, jealousy, vanity, and fear. Menacing pain would goad the will to the conquest of an untimely exhibition by summoning up a violent emotional wave calculated to counteract the first impulse; and in some degree, the same office may be performed by a determined suppressive volition.

The voluntary control of emotion by restraint of this last sort is, in a way, more direct than the control we exercise over emotion by means of our thoughts, yet, as it supposes the emotion to have already been aroused, it necessarily implies that the task is going to be more difficult; for to quell a mutiny is harder than to prevent its outbreak. Preventive steps can be taken by the exercise of control over the contents of the mind. We can modify, alter, quicken, or retard the current of images and ideas continually flowing through consciousness; thus we can foster or repress the thoughts apt to beget cheerlessness. In this regard, the power of the will over ideas is threefold: first, we can interfere with the natural association of thoughts, and by sheer force shunt the mind off on another line than that which it was following; that is to say, we can deliberately swim upstream, we can sail outside the channel, we can pursue the less trodden path; again, we can voluntarily elect to form new associations of images, by linking ideas in such a way as shall serve the interests of cheerfulness, forming and reforming the connection until a groove has been made, a habit set up, and a new current created which will make for our elation as the old made for our depression; and finally, even though unpleasant images be forced into consciousness, we still have something to say about the amount of attention which shall be given them, and we can make the voluntary attention simply *nil*, by concentrating it, with all our power, upon some other object.

It would be idle, of course, to pretend that ability of this sort is ready to every man's hand, or that it can be developed in a moment; the important point is that it can be developed, if we are earnestly resolved to acquire it. A strong determina-

tion and persistent effort will soon give us some power in such matters, no matter how rudimentary our faculty may at first appear to be. As to the means we should employ to carry out a course of self-development in cheerfulness, the question may be looked at from many points of view; we can get suggestions from the hygienic, the pedagogic, the ethical, and the religious fields. When all counsellors have had their say, it seems to remain clear that each of them attributes a good deal of efficacy to the exercise which the Catholic Church has for ages recommended and practiced under the name of "meditation," namely, the methodical presentation to the imagination and intellect of pictures and ideas calculated to awaken beneficent emotions, healthy affections, and good resolutions. Among the curious sights presented to us nowadays, is the vindication of many a good old Catholic practice by means of the new principles which, to so great an extent, have been supposed to discredit the Church. Meditation is one such practice; and we find it recommended now by the representatives of modern psychology as a fine instrument for mental formation and character-building.* Among the specific uses it may be put to, is the development of a spirit of cheerfulness; and when this is undertaken, we shall have at least one good result—men will be using their energy in the right direction and on an efficacious means. Even though it be but the human side of the process which appeals to them, they will surely be in some way the better for it, and, therefore, necessarily nearer to the kingdom of God.

* See for instance *La Meditazione*, di G. Colozza. Naples, 1903.

RICHARD CRASHAW.*

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

MARVELOUS is the fecundity of nature, producing an orchid upon the dry bark of a fallen tree, or the delicate edelweiss amid the snow-tipped peaks of the Alps; but history has like phenomena. One of them is the persistence of the Catholic note in English poetry, with all the "powers of the world" uniting to drown it. We can hardly imagine a less promising soil for things Catholic than England of the late sixteenth and middle seventeenth centuries—yet it is a fact that the most intensely religious poets of both these eras were of the Old Faith. The latter part of Elizabeth's reign was so barren in devotional poetry that the palm goes quite unhesitatingly to the martyred Robert Southwell; and his successor's claim, although on more disputed ground, is equally assured. For Richard Crashaw, if possibly less of an apostle than Father Southwell, was even more of a poet—so deeply and transcendently a poet that, in his own field, he need fear comparison with no English writer before or since. Yet from what a strange and troublous background his picture stands out! On one side was the Established Church; recognized as so much the bulwark of conservative English policies that Charles I. rose up, when about to receive the sacrament from Archbishop Usher, to declare publicly his intention of maintaining "the true reformed Protestant religion as it stood in its beauty in the happy days of Queen Elizabeth."† On the other hand, Puritanism was at that time a tremendous force in national affairs. And naturally both sides had their representative poets; but real fervor and intensity of religious feeling is almost as rare with Herbert or Cowley as with Milton. Yet the fire of sincerest devotional poetry did burn on, tended most lovingly by its gentle high-priest; nor did the light and warmth fail to guide Crashaw back to its true altar-source, the Catholic faith.

* *Poems by Richard Crashaw.* Edited by A. R. Waller. Cambridge English Classics. New York: Macmillan Company. 1904.

† Lingard's *History of England*, Vol. VIII., chap. i.

Students of heredity may find some curious pros and cons in our poet's story. His father, William Crashaw, was a clergyman and scholar of pronounced Puritan tendencies—very active in the production of "Romish Forgeries and Falsifications," and anti-Jesuit treatises in general. His imagination also ran into the fields of poetry; his most interestlng work (to us) being a "Complaint or Dialogue betwixt the Soule and Body of a damned man. Supposed to be written by St. Bernard." These literary labors do not seem, however, to have brought much remuneration, for we find Queen Elizabeth once proposing the elder Crashaw for a Cambridge fellowship, having learned of his "povertie and yet otherwise good qualities."* Richard was born in London in the year 1612-13; and one of the pathetic incidents of his life is its almost entire lack of a mother's care and love. Just when she died is not known—nor, in fact, who she was; but as early as 1620 Archbishop Usher preached the funeral sermon over William Crashaw's second wife—praising her, we are glad to read, for "her singularly motherly affection to the child of her predecessor." Of the subsequent life in this lonely Puritan home few details have come down; we know that Richard was educated at the Charterhouse on the nomination of two noblemen, friends of his father; and that the latter died in 1626. But for the most part his boyhood is a blank.

It is at Cambridge University, where Crashaw entered in 1631, that the first clear light is thrown upon his life. The dreary loneliness of his youth was over at last; and here, in the more friendly High Church atmosphere, among friends and tutors alike congenial, our poet's nature blossomed out like a flower in the sunshine.

The death of two fellow-students called from him a number of graceful laments, and he contributed several occasional poems in Latin to the University collections—a distinct witness to his already great talents. In 1634, probably his twenty-first or second year, the University press published anonymously his remarkable *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*, containing nearly two hundred Latin epigrams, including the oft quoted one on the miracle at Cana;

"Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

* *Dictionary of National Biography*, "William Crashaw."

It was probably in early youth, also, that he composed those charming "Wishes to His (Supposed) Mistress":

> "Whoe'er she be,
> That not impossible she,"
> That shall command my heart and me";

for the ascetic turn of our poet's mind soon excluded even the supposition of an earthly sweetheart. Richard Crashaw's whole life was a romance, but we shall search in vain for any recorded love story.

In 1636 the young man passed to Peterhouse, and we must thank the anonymous editor of his first poems for many valuable details of his life there. "He was excellent," we learn, "in five languages (besides his mother-tongue), viz.: Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof were his own acquisition." Among Crashaw's other accomplishments, "as well pious as harmless," he mentions music, drawing, graving, etc.; and last but not least, comments upon his "rare moderation in diet." The poet's religious life during these years seems to have been almost monastic. Once again we turn to the editor's words: "In the temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St. Mary's Church, near St. Peter's College; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day." There was very little of earth in this life at Peterhouse; but his poems—many of them composed in the quiet chapel—show how much of heaven. Lines like these speak for themselves:

> "Each of us his lamb will bring,
> Each his pair of sylver doves;
> Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
> Ourselves become our own best sacrifice."

A subsequent editor* asserts that Crashaw "entered, but in what year is uncertain, on holy orders, and became an ardent and powerful preacher." Undoubtedly he did contemplate such a step, but there is no evidence that it was ever taken. The increasing sway of Puritanism in the English Church would naturally have repelled and unsettled him; moreover, about this time many causes were uniting to lead our poet to a more

* Rev. George Gilfillan.

Catholic outlook. One of his associates at Peterhouse was the gentle Dr. Shelford, whose *Five Pious and Learned Discourses* bore a prefatory poem by Crashaw. Both of these souls protested against the unloveliness of Puritan worship, and the bitterness of Puritan feeling; they were even so radical as to question whether considering the Pope as Anti-Christ were an essential point of faith. "Whate'er it be," said our young poet,

"I'm sure it is no point of Charitie."

And he often used to ride over to Little Gidding, to commune with Nicholas Ferrar and his ascetic companions. This "Protestant Nunnery" was a rock of offence to the Puritans, but Richard Crashaw, and the more devout Cambridge men, found it a very haven of inspiration. Ferrar's household made no pretence at being a religious order; it was merely a pious family-community of about thirty members; but the pervading atmosphere was decidedly (although not avowedly) Catholic. "If others knew what comfort God had ministered to them since their sequestration," Ferrar used to say, "they might take the like course." *

Meanwhile the mystic lines of St. Theresa, over which Crashaw poured in loving ecstasy, were burning their way into his very soul. It would be hard indeed to overestimate the influence of this newly-canonized Spanish nun, upon his literary and spiritual life as well; for he seems to have paid her the devotion of a lover and a religious enthusiast. Strange and awesome are the ways by which a soul draws near to the Source of Life; we count the visible milestones, but dare only guess at the mysteries of that inner guidance. So with Richard Crashaw; we may not too closely trace the gradual steps which led him further and further from his past, and on to the very gates of Peter's Stronghold. Once there, he paused, waiting doubtless for strength to proceed; like Dante's Beatrice, he had "attained to look upon the beginnings of peace"; but its consummation was not yet!

The cannons of the Civil War were destined to awake our dreamer; cruelly indeed, but kindly in the end. Crashaw had woven the glory of his own visions about the Church of England; he was soon to see her quite stripped of all her beauties. A few days before Christmas, 1643, Manchester and his

* *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Nicholas Ferrar."

soldiers began their "reform" of Cambridge, and the lovely chapel there was sacked and desecrated. One of the official reports describes with evident elation how the Puritans came to Peterhouse "with officers and soldiers," and "pulled down two mighty great angells with wings, and divers other angells, and the foure Evangelists, and Peter with his keyes, and divers superstitious letters in gold."* A few months later the parliamentary commissioners presented the Solemn League and Covenant to all fellows of that university; Crashaw with four others refused to sign, and were formally ejected. The shock to a nature like our poet's must have been terrific—the very ground seemed cut from beneath his feet. For twelve years Cambridge had been his home; now its doors were closed to him forever. Worse still, he saw his church shaken like a very reed before the wind. The two following years of his life are veiled in much darkness. He is said to have resided for a while at Oxford University; and later he must have been in London, where the first edition of his poems, *Steps to the Temple; With other Delights of the Muses*, was published in 1646. But one event is quite certain—the morning star of his bitter night! Before leaving England, Richard Crashaw had been received into his soul's true home. Thenceforth he was a Catholic.

This step was, of course, disastrous to his prospects in England. Even the admiring editor speaks of him as "now dead to us"; and some words of Prynne's, regarding Crashaw's "sinful and notorious apostasy and revolt," show what a passing over to "Popery" meant to the Puritans. So the young convert tried his fortunes for a while in Paris; and here, in 1646, Abraham Cowley discovered him—in poverty, it seems, if not actually in want. There is something very touching in this reunion of the former college mates, both exiles now from their unhappy fatherland. Their intimacy was renewed, and from this time date Crashaw's modest little lines "On Two Green Apricocks sent to Mr. Cowley." Very characteristic, too, is our poet's answer to his friend's verses on "Hope":

> "Dear Hope," he cried, "by thee
> We are not where we are nor what we be,
> But where and what we would be!"

* Grosart's *Life and Poetry of Richard Crashaw.*

Moreover Cowley—being officially connected with the suite of the exiled English queen, then also in Paris—was able to help his brother-poet quite influentially. Henrietta Maria received Crashaw with all graciousness, and when, a few years later, he determined to visit Rome, she gave him letters to several prominent people there. More than this she was no longer able to do. It is probable that most of Crashaw's later poems—those of the *Carmen Deo Nostro*—were written in the French capital. They were entirely religious in character, and Crashaw himself prepared almost a dozen characteristic illustrations for them; but the publication did not take place until 1652. The dedication of this volume to the Countess of Denbigh reveals a "friend and patron" of our poet, whom we would gladly know better; but even Dr. Grosart has been able to discover little more than that she was probably Susan, the sister of Buckingham.* It is interesting to learn that this lady did eventually enter the Catholic Church, for in one of these poems, "Against Irresolution in Matters of Religion," Crashaw very beautifully exhorts her to take that step which has cost him so much.

About 1648 or 1649 Crashaw went to Italy; and, possibly through the influence of Maria Theresa, became private Secretary to Cardinal Palotta, the governor of Rome.† This "good cardinal" evidently won—and merited—our poet's sincerest admiration; but the official life was stormy and uncongenial. Dreamer, mystic that he was, Crashaw had little place amid the sin and noise and conflict of the world. In time, moreover, he discovered flagrant corruption in the governor's own suite, and fearlessly reported it to his Eminence. This expostulation seems to have been entirely just, but it drew down upon the young Englishman's head the whole wrath of the offending Italians; in fact, the feeling grew so bitter that Cardinal Palotta was obliged to find some other refuge for his protégé. So Loreto, the scene of many a pious pilgrimage, was selected, and Crashaw appointed sub-canon of the Basilica church there.

This last scene in our dreamer's tragedy has been so picturesquely described by Edmund Gosse‡ that I cannot refrain from quoting his words:

* Grosart's *Essay on Life and Poetry of Richard Crashaw.*

† These and other details in *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Richard Crashaw."

‡ *Seventeenth Century Studies.*

> We can imagine with what feelings of rapture and content the world-worn poet crossed the Apennines and decended to the dry little town above the shores of the Adriatic. . . . As he ascended the last hill, and saw before him the magnificent basilica which Bramante had built as a shelter for the Holy House, he would feel that his feet were indeed upon the threshold of his rest. With what joy, with what a beating heart, he would long to see that very Santa Casa, the cottage built of brick, which angels lifted from Nazareth out of the black hands of the Saracen, and gently dropped among the nightingales in the forest of Loreto on that mystic night of the year 1294. There the humble Casa lay in the marble enclosure which Sansovino had made for it, and there, through the barbaric brickwork window in the Holy Chimney, he could see, in a trance of wonder, the gilded head of Madonna's cedarn image that St. Luke the Evangelist had carved with his own hands.

But a still greater rest was at hand. Making his journey from Rome, in the summer of 1650, the poet contracted a fever which quickly broke his constitution; only a few weeks he lingered before the altar, then the church which was to have been his sanctuary, became his tomb.

> " How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
> And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
> In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
> And richest offering of Loreto's shrine! "

So sang his friend Abraham Cowley, feeling that peace had dawned at length for one who had sought it most earnestly, but whose earthly life had known very little. Born in earlier ages, it is easy to picture Crashaw going to martyrdom with a smile and a hymn of praise upon his lips; or, in the quiet of a monastic cell, he might have worked lovingly upon those heavenly verses—a poetic Fra Angelico. But the thundering questions of Cromwell's day woke little echo in his nature. All about him men were demanding if king or parliament should rule England; he cared little, providing the Counsels of Perfection ruled his own life; and dreamed on while others fought. Crashaw was not, perhaps, a leader of men; but he was most indubitably a follower of God. And he could act as

well as dream when the crisis came—he could and did act with such an uncompromising fidelity to truth and his own ideals, that the old world's story is brighter for its record.

In the literary estimate of Richard Crashaw it is generally the custom to mention George Herbert; a comparison which was begun by that editor of 1646, and has persisted ever since. Superficially it seems reasonable; their writings were almost contemporaneous; they were said to be of the same "school"; both were sincerely religious; the very titles of "The Temple" and "Steps to the Temple," imply propinquity. But in truth, one might almost as well compare Jeremy Taylor with Ignatius Loyola! In Herbert's work we have the piously beautiful fancies of a poetic English clergyman; in Crashaw's, the burning dreams of a genius and a mystic. Speaking of this from a wholly literary standpoint, Dr. Grosart declares our poet's work "of a diviner 'stuff,' and woven in a grander loom; in sooth, infinitely deeper and finer in almost every element of true singing, as differenced from pious and gracious versifying."* But, of course, the stream *was* fed by tributaries. The influence of the Italian, Marino, is witnessed not only by Crashaw's translation of the "Sospetto d'Herode," but by his style in general; in fact, this elaborate fancifulness of writing is noticeable in all the poets of the day. There is more than a touch of John Donne's subtlety in our poet also, but little of his ambiguity. As for Robert Southwell, I think we cannot doubt his influence on Crashaw, and his real congeniality of temperament; he is, perhaps, the only other Englishman in whom we find this peculiar blending of "conceit" with deep sincerity—of emotional tenderness with ascetic mysticism. But most potent of all were the writings of the great Spanish contemplative, St. Theresa. "From thence," Crashaw declares,

> "I learn't to know that Love is eloquence,"

And again:

> "Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
> (Fair flood of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame
> I took from reading thee."

The Rev. Mr. Gilfillan was not the most illuminating of our poet's critics, but he was really happy in pointing out

*"Memorial Introduction" to Grosart Edition of the poet.

that "in soaring imagination, in gorgeous language, in ecstasy of lyrical movement, Crashaw very much resembles Shelley, and may be called the Christian Shelley:

> "His raptures are
> All air and fire."*

Yes; it is the air of the rose-garden, but the fire of the censer! In his religious poems Crashaw rises altogether above terrestrial limits, and bequeaths us half-intoxicating draughts of fiery, tender beauties. That famous "Hymn to the Name and Honor of the Admirable Sainte Teresa" thrills with unearthly loveliness.

> "Scarce has she blood enough to make
> A guilty sword blush for her sake;
> Yet has she heart enough to prove
> How much less strong is Death than Love,"

he writes, alluding to her childish desire for martrydom; and later breaks into that wonderful outburst:

> "Thou art Love's victime; and must dy
> A death more mysticall and high.
>
> His is the dart must make the death
> Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath;
> A dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
> Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
> Upon the roof of Heav'n, where ay
> It shines; and with a sovereign ray
> Beates bright upon the burning faces
> Of soules which, in that Name's sweet graces,
> Find everlasting smiles."

There is no English poet, it seems to me—except possibly Rossetti at his best—at all comparable to Crashaw in the enchanting beauty of his religious emotion. And listen to the subtlety of lines like this:

> "Wake, in the name
> Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,
> Or, what's the same,
> Are musicall."

* *Life and Poetry of Richard Crashaw.*

To be, in Richard Crashaw's mind, was to be *musical;* life was a hymn! And, like St. Francis of Assisi, he included all creatures in this universal harmony, the little and weak as well as the great.

> "Nor yields the noblest nest
> Of warbling seraphim to the eares of Love
> A choicer lesson than the joyfull breast
> Of a poor, panting turtle-dove,"

he tells us, in that glorious hymn "To the Name Above Every Name."

Crashaw's secular poems are particularly interesting as a test of his poetic versatility. The brightest gem is probably "Musick's Duel," truly "fraught with a fury so harmonious" that it would make the reputation of any lyrist. But whether we consider the dainty loveliness of his "Wishes," the tender simplicity of that "Epitaph on a Newly Married Couple,"

> "Peace, good reader, do not weep,
> Peace, the lovers are asleep,"

or the beauties of "Love's Horoscope," we are sure to find cause for the highest appreciation. If the title of "poet's poet" had not become so hackneyed, it would be particularly applicable to this gentle and imaginative Catholic laureate; it is much for one writer to have taken into his debt such different men as Milton and Rossetti, Pope and Coleridge.*

If it were necessary to characterize Crashaw's poetry by three words—happily we are not so limited—I think the points to dwell on would be his spirituality, his ingenuity, and his emotion. In at least the last two he has sometimes fallen into excess. This is very evident in poems like the "Weeper"—a production that has been much criticised, and sometimes ridiculed, even by our poet's admirers. But if Crashaw's metaphors are occasionally strained, we must admit that they are beautiful. So also with his extreme sensibility; it is rather un-English, and possibly distasteful at times to the colder English mind; but it is certainly not "swooning" or "languishing," as Mr. Gilfillan once complained. Crashaw's nature was as sensitive to each passing emotion as the strings of a harp to the musician's touch; and when a note was once struck, it vibrated indefinitely.

**Dictionary of National Biography*, ut supra.

In fact, as being part of his own life and personality, Crashaw's poems have a place quite apart from their position in literary history. Strength and weakness there may have been, but strength predominated in both the man and his work. Our poet was rarely autobiographical, but the seal of his individuality is always stamped upon his verse. Its beauty is of a very rare and exquisite kind, but it is never glaring or insistent. In his own day Crashaw was often misunderstood; and even now it is possible for the unsympathetic to misunderstand the poetry he has left. It may sound parodoxical to say that we must love him a little in order to appreciate him, but it is none the less true. And once known, he is quite unforgettable. However extravagant his fancies, we may be sure they are the flashes of a mind rushed on by the whirlwind of a boundless imagination—never the mock-heroics of a mere rhetorician. For Richard Crashaw was sincere—tremendously sincere! And when his verse soars up to heights celestial, among fragrant nests of seraphim and fair, adoring saints, his own soul breathes in the ecstasy. Can we not hear his voice ringing down the years, as he appeals with characteristic self-abnegation to his beloved Theresa?

> "O! thou undaunted daughter of desires,
> By all thy dowr of lights and fires;
> By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
> By all thy lives and deaths of love;
> By thy larg draughts of intellectual day—
> And by thy thirsts of love, more larg than they;
> By all thy brim-fill'd bowles of fierce desire;
> By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
> By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
> That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
> By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him,
> (Fair sister of the seraphim);
> By all of Him we have in thee;
> Leave nothing of myself in me;
> Let me so read thy life, that I
> Unto all life of mine may dy."

And once having heard could we, by any chance, confuse this voice with another's?

DR. McKIM AND THE FATHERS ON DIVORCE.

BY THE REVEREND BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

I.

I REMEMBER seeing in a comic paper some five years ago a cartoon entitled "The Confused Heathen." It pictured the poor, ignorant savage of mid-Africa bewildered at the contradictory Gospels preached to him by the missionaries of the various Protestant bodies. The artist possessed of that sense of humor which characterizes a person or an institution in a few words, that remain forever in the memory, thus summarized the message of the missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church: "My dear pagan, I will not disturb your religious convictions in the least."

The *Living Church*, of January 14, voiced the same opinion a few weeks ago in the following story. Two Washington ladies were discussing one day the relative merits of their respective denominations. One of them, the daughter of a Methodist minister, who was fully alive to the "comprehensive" character of the High, Low, and Broad Church parties in the Episcopal Church, said: "My father always said that if I got religion, I would have it in its mildest form. Of course, he meant I would be an Episcopalian."

In Milwaukee Cathedral one evening, after a lecture to non-Catholics, I heard two Episcopalians—one High Church, the other Low Church—arguing with considerable warmth for and against such fundamental Christian doctrines as the Real Presence, the Mass, the priesthood, and the like, while later on a member of Mr. Lester's Broad Church congregation shocked all around her by questioning the divinity of Christ, the trinity, and the existence of a personal deity.

No form of Protestantism so illustrates the spirit of compromise, no form of Protestantism is so utterly at sea with regard to the teachings of Jesus Christ, as this English denomination, known among us as the Protestant Episcopal

Church of America. And the pity of it is that many of its members, instead of deploring their lack of unity and authority, boast of it under the name of "comprehensiveness," and "intellectual freedom." As if, forsooth, man were free to deny the fundamental principles or facts of Christianity; or as if a true Gospel could embrace so many contradictory teachings.

We were, therefore, rather astonished the other day* to find Dr. McKim, the late president of the Protestant Episcopal Convention in Boston, resent so earnestly the following words of Cardinal Gibbons some two months before: "The recent convention in Boston apparently made an endeavor to compromise on the subject (of divorce)."†

Dr. McKim declared that the result of the convention's action was not a compromise on the divorce question, but "the distinct reassertion of the right of an innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery to marry again." It is not at all necessary to enter into a detailed account of this convention. We have only to quote a Protestant Episcopalian writing in one of his church papers,‡ who, according to the "comprehensive" spirit of his denomination, happens to agree with the cardinal. The communication is headed strangely enough: "The COMPROMISE CANON of Marriage and Divorce." The writer says:

"Now the new canon on marriage and divorce defines the lawful conditions under which a man or woman may be married, *and yet expressly states* that a priest (minister), without becoming thereby liable to censure or discipline, may lawfully refuse to give the marriage benediction to those who comply with the provisions of the canon. Surely this implies that the priest thus refusing to marry divorced people may have some legal or scriptural right to make such refusal, apart from his own personal ideas. Thus, by implication, the canon throws doubt on the validity of the very conditions it enacts, and to this extent defeats itself. Why should any canon of the church define conditions under which a layman may rightly demand the benediction of holy matrimony, and then expressly sanction the clergy in refusing the demand?" No wonder this writer hopes that "the *present irrational compromise* may at the next convention be displaced by a canon more in harmony

* New York *Sun* of January 8, 1905. † Baltimore *Sun*, November 4, 1904.

‡ *The Living Church*, November 26, 1904.

with the law of the church as expressed in the prayer book."

In a word, if a Protestant Episcopalian clergyman deem that his church is inimical to Christ's Gospel in allowing adulterous unions, he can satisfy his conscience by refusing to perform the marriages of the innocent divorced party. "How, in view of this," said one of them to me the other day, "is a man to learn the teaching of Christ on this point, when his own church says plainly: *I do not know what to teach.*"

The Catholic Church as a divine teacher and interpreter of Holy Scripture does not leave her children in doubt about a matter so vital to the welfare of the individual and society. Her doctrine is thus declared by the Council of Trent, Sess. xxiv. c. 7:

"If any one asserts that the church errs or has erred when she teaches or has taught, according to the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Apostles, that the bond of matrimony cannot be dissolved because of the adultery of one of the two married people; and that neither of them, not even the innocent party who has not committed adultery, can marry again during the lifetime of the other; and that he who puts away his adulterous wife and marries another commits adultery, as well as the wife who leaves her husband because of his adultery; let him be anathema."

Dr. McKim, of course, will not acknowledge the authority of the Council of Trent, but he seems perfectly willing "to go back to the Gospel" for light on the subject. In this he is true to the Protestant principle of private interpretation. He believes that the words of Christ, "except it be for fornication" (Matt. v. 32; xix. 9), allow remarriage after divorce; but many ministers and bishops of his own church see in them only the right of separation from bed and board. With no supreme court possessing divine authority to decide, a Protestant must ever be uncertain about the Savior's meaning.

We will reserve to another article the full discussion of these words in St. Matthew's Gospel, calling attention to the fact, however, that Dr. McKim says nothing of the clear prohibition of remarriage made by our Savior and St. Paul in Mark x. 2–12; Luke xvi. 18; Rom. vii. 2, 3; and I. Cor. vii. 10, 11.

It is our purpose, at present, to show that the Catholic interpretation is the interpretation of the first five centuries of

Christianity; and that the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers brought forward by Dr. McKim are not "in plain support" of the Protestant theory.

We naturally expect that the first two writers, Hermas and St. Justin Martyr, who mention the subject would be ignored by the reverend controversialist, for they were good Catholics on the marriage question. The Pastor of Hermas was read publicly in the churches of the first three centuries, and, before the formation of the canon, was regarded by many as part of the inspired scriptures. In his second book,* Hermas has a special chapter on "putting away one's wife for adultery." He says: "And I said to him (*i. e.* the shepherd, or angel of repentance) what, then, is the husband to do, if his wife continue in adultery? And he answered: Let the husband put her away, and *remain by himself;* but if he has put his wife away, and married another, he also commits adultery."

Justin Martyr, writing his apology from Flavia Neapolis, testifies to the same teaching in Syria. After quoting our Lord's words about the malice of lustful thoughts (Matt. v. 28), he quotes his words against divorce: "Whosoever shall marry her who is put away from her husband, committeth adultery" (Luke xvi. 18). Then he adds: "So that all who by human law commit bigamy, and those who look on a woman to lust after her, are sinners in our Master's sight."†

But Dr. McKim attempts to bring forth a great army of early Fathers and writers to support the Protestant position. He says "It is certain that utterances in plain support of the position that such marriage is lawful are to be found in the writings of Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, Origen, Epiphanius, and St. Basil. Lactantius is emphatic in the same sense."

Let us consider each of these writers in turn, and first of all Tertullian. We will quote first a passage from his *Single Marriage*,‡ which clearly prohibits remarriage after divorce. He writes: "But these arguments may be thought forced and founded on conjectures, if there were no teaching of the Lord in regard to divorce, which, permitted formerly, he now prohibits, first, because 'from the beginning it was not so,' like plurality of marriage; secondly, because 'what God had joined together, man shall not separate,' for fear, namely, that he go against the Lord. For he alone shall separate who has joined

* *Mand.* IV. † *Apol.* I. xv. ‡ Chap. ix.

together, and he will separate, not through the harshness of divorce, which he censures and restrains, but through the debt of death. . . . A divorced woman cannot marry legitimately; and if she commit any such act without the name of marriage, does it not fall under the category of adultery?"

Dr. McKim endeavors to discredit this testimony, by reminding us that this treatise was written after Tertullian had become a Montanist heretic. And yet just a moment before he himself had cited some disjointed passages from the treatise of Tertullian against Marcion.* Has the learned doctor forgotten that Tertullian's treatise against Marcion was written after he became a Montanist heretic?† He is not the first Protestant who has fallen into the same error. We know that as a Montanist, Tertullian held that all second marriages were unlawful. If, then, we find him clearly forbidding remarriage after divorce in his *Single Marriage*, is it not natural to interpret the obscure passages in his *Against Marcion* in the same sense?

In the passage quoted, Tertullian says not a single word about remarriage after divorce. On the contrary, he quotes the clear words of Christ (Luke xvi. 18) against it, and declares that the Mosaic bill of divorce was contrary to the primitive law of marriage. His words can be interpreted as referring to divorce in the sense of separation from bed and board, and in that case we can readily admit that Christ "permitted divorce (separation) when the marriage is spotted with unfaithfulness"; or that "divorce (separation) when justly deserved (*i. e.*, for adultery) has even in Christ a defender."‡

We might mention in passing another writer of the close of the second century, Clement, the head of the famous catechetical school of Alexandria. In his *Miscellanies* he writes:§ "That the Scripture counsels marriage, and that it *never permits the marriage to be dissolved*, is clearly contained in the law: 'Thou shalt not put away thy wife, except for the cause of fornication'; and it regards as adultery the marriage of either of the separated parties while the other is alive. . . . And he who marries the wife that is put away commits adultery." Here we not only have a clear statement of the Catholic doc-

* *Against Marcion.* Book IV., chap. xxiv. † *Ibid.* Book I., chap. xxix.

‡ *Against Marcion*, IV. xxiv. Read *To his Wife*, I. vi.; II. i.; "On Patience," chap. xii.

§ Book II., chap. xxiii., "On Marriage."

trine, but the Catholic interpretation of the parenthetical clause, "except for the cause of fornication," as in no way dissolving the marriage bond.

Origen's commentary on St. Matthew is brought forward as affording clear proof that remarriage after divorce was considered legitimate. But Dr. McKim carefully refrains from quoting the following words:* "Certain bishops permitted a woman to marry while her husband was living, *against the law of the Scriptures;* they acted *in direct opposition to the Scriptures*, which teach: 'A woman is bound as long as her husband liveth'; and again: 'Therefore she shall be called an adulteress if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man.'" This unscriptural way of acting is, therefore, heartily condemned by Origen, who, a little further on, plainly stigmatizes such marriages as adulterous. "For a woman is an adulteress, *even if she seem married* to another man, while her former husband is living; so also the man, *who seems to have married a divorced woman*, must in the Lord's judgment be called not her husband, but an adulterer."

No one disputes the witness of St. Cyprian, the martyr bishop of Carthage. In his treatise on the divine precepts to Quirinus he says, clearly quoting I. Cor. vii. 10, 11, "that a wife must not depart from her husband; or if she should depart, she must remain unmarried.†

The Council of Arles convened by Constantine has been very properly considered a general synod of the West, for bishops were present from Italy, Sicily, Africa, Gaul, and Britain.‡ We will quote the tenth canon, which has been so frequently brought forward in the present controversy.

"Concerning those baptized Christians, who are also young men, and are forbidden to marry, who detect their wives in adultery, it is decreed, that counsel as strong as possible be given them, that, so long as their wives live, although in adultery, they are not to marry others."

Here is Dr. McKim's comment: "Now as to the clause 'who are forbidden to marry,' this certainly does not refer to the action of the Council. The Council could forbid or advise. It could not do both in the same breath. In fact, it advised against remarriage. Petavius, though a defender of the Tri-

* Origen., *Tract VII. in Matt. xix.* † *Test. ad Quirinum. Lib.* III. n x c.

‡ Alzog, *Ch. Hist.*, Vol. I. p. 514.

dentine decrees, believed that the true reading was: 'Are *not* forbidden to marry.' However that may be, it is well said by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth: 'What ancient Christian synod would ever have prescribed *dissuasion* of sin? What council could ever *advise* any man to abstain from killing, or stealing, or from the remarriage in question, if this were generally held to be equivalent to adultery?'"

We willingly grant Dr. McKim that the clause "who are forbidden to marry" does not refer to the action of Arles, but to an existing law of Christ's church. These words are never given their full value, by the defenders of remarriage after divorce, and yet they are most important as telling us of the law forbidding remarriage spoken of above by St. Cyprian, Origen, Tertullian, Justin, and Hermas. Petavius, as Dr. McKim points out, was the one logical man who saw this difficulty, but by what rule of textual criticism is a man allowed to add or subtract words at pleasure. There is no evidence in any manuscript whatsoever to justify Petavius in his arbitrary procedure.

How then must we understand the canon? There was a pre-existing law forbidding marriage that the bishops at Arles well knew. Certain young men, obliged to separate from their wives because of their infidelity, were pleading that an exception be made in their case, because of their youth. Instead of granting their petition to go counter to the Gospel of Christ, the council reiterates the law, and then urges the bishops and priests of the time to carry it out. The very titles of the canon which are found in all the ancient manuscripts bear witness to its meaning: "That he whose wife has committed adultery, may not remarry during her lifetime." *

As for Bishop Wordsworth's argument, it is simply puerile; it would apply equally to the words of St. Paul to Titus, "Young men, in like manner, exhort that they be sober." † No one would dream of arguing that because the Apostle did not use the word *command* instead of *exhort*, that therefore young men were at perfect liberty to become intoxicated.

Although some defend Lactantius, ‡ we are willing to grant him to the other side, § but he has never been looked

* Perrone, *Mat. Christ.*, Vol. III. p. 286. † Chap. ii. 6. ‡ Perrone, *ibid.*, 277-279.
§ *Div. Inst. Lib.* VI., chap. xxiii.; *Epit. div. inst.*, chap. lxvi.

upon as a Father of the Church, or of much authority.* Besides, as the tutor of Constantine's son, Crispus, he may well have fallen in with the court views of the day, and have accepted the Roman law of divorce.

St. Basil's witness is absolutely against remarriage. He writes: "A man who has put away his wife is not allowed to marry another; nor is it lawful for the woman who is put away to remarry."† The text cited by Dr. McKim to the contrary is as follows:

"Wherefore, she that forsaketh (her husband) is an adulteress, if she have gone to another man; but the abandoned husband is worthy of pardon, and she who lives with him is not condemned. But if the husband, who has left his wife, has gone to another woman, he himself is an adulterer, because he makes her commit adultery, and she who lives with him is an adulteress, because she attracted to herself the husband of another."‡

This whole passage is rather obscure, but a little study will make it clear. Some have supposed that he is discussing the question often put in the early church, whether a man or a woman becomes guilty of adultery by continuing to live with an adulterous consort. Unlike the second century writer§ Hermas, St. Basil answers in the negative. The text quoted above supposes that the wife has separated from her adulterous husband; but if she marry another man, St. Basil terms her clearly an adulteress; if, however, she forgive her adulterous husband and be reconciled to him, she ought not be condemned as an adulteress, if she cohabit with him.‖

Others have explained his words as having reference to the civil law of the time, which permitted divorce, and declare that he is not speaking of the church law on the question. According to all the laws of textual criticism, ought not an obscure text be interpreted in the light of a clear one?

St. Ambrose is another Father wrongfully accused of allowing remarriage after divorce, although we notice that the learned doctor does not quote any particular passage.

* Jerome, Epis. lvii., *Ad Paulinum.* † *Reg.* lxxiii. ‡ Ep. i. Can. *Ad Amphilochium*

§ Pastor Hermas. *Lib.* II. *Mand.* IV.: "If a man shall have a wife that is faithful in the Lord, and shall catch her in adultery, doth a man sin that continues to live with her? . . . He shall become guilty of her sin, and partake in her adultery."

‖ *Amort. Dem. Critica. rel. Cath.* Part I. *qu.* xv. p. 86 *seq.*

Listen then to his commentary on the words of our Lord (Luke xvi. 18):

"Do not put away your wife, lest you deny that God is the author of your marriage bond. For if you ought to put up with and conceal the conduct of strangers, much more that of your wife. Hear what the Lord has said: 'He who putteth away his wife, causeth her to commit adultery.' For the desire to sin may find its way into one who may not marry again while her husband is alive. . . . Suppose that after being divorced she does not marry. Ought she then to lose your favor for remaining constant to you, an adulterer? Suppose she does marry. The crime to which necessity urged her is owing to you, and what you regard as marriage is nothing but adultery." *

Again: "If you are married, do not try to break the marriage bond; for it is not lawful for you to marry, while your wife is living. For to seek another wife when you have your own, is the crime of adultery." †

Dr. McKim, however, may refer to a commentary on the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which in the Middle Ages used to be attributed to St. Ambrose, although modern scholars assign it to Hilary the Deacon (Ambrosiaster). The words in question are: "because a man may marry, if he has put away a sinning wife; because the husband is not bound by the law (*i. e.*, civil Roman law) as the wife is; for the man is the head of the woman."

We know that our Savior applied the law of separation to men and women alike, as St. Basil says in his letter to Amphilochius cited above. But the Roman civil law did not, ‡ as we know from the edict of Constantine on divorce in 331 A. D. If we understand, therefore, that Hilary is speaking of the civil law, the present text presents no difficulty.

The only passage in the many writings of St. Epiphanius that is quoted as approving remarriage after divorce is the following:

"But he who is not content with one wife after she has died, when she has effected a separation because of fornication, adultery, or other crime, if he marry another time, or if the woman marry another man, the Sacred Scriptures do not hold

* In *Luc. Lib.* VIII. † *De Abraham, Lib.* I. Cap. vii.

‡ Perrone, *Mat. Christ.*, Vol. III., p. 304.

them guilty of crime; nor declare them outcasts from the church or life eternal, but bears with them because of their weakness. *Not, however, that he has two wives at once—the first still surviving*, but that separated from the one, he may, if he choose, lawfully marry the other. Wherefore the Scriptures and the Church of God have mercy upon such a man; especially if he be devout in all things else, and his life be in accord with the law of God."*

To understand this difficult text, we must remember that St. Epiphanius, the great apologist bishop of Constantia, in Cyprus (A. D. 367), was writing against the Novatians, who refused to receive back the lapsed to penance, and who also denied the validity of second marriage, contracted after the death of either husband or wife.

Both these errors are combated by St. Epiphanius, who while asserting that deacons and priests are not allowed to marry a second time, declares that the laity "because of their weakness" are to be allowed that privilege, even if one of the married parties had committed adultery or any other crime. We can understand this last phrase more easily, if we know that the penitential discipline of the West† excommunicated all penitents who presumed to remarry on the death of their first husband. All his words, therefore, refer to the one case mentioned at the outset, separation *by death*, and to the lawfulness of second marriages even for sinners undergoing canonical penance.

The words therefore "when she has effected a separation" refer to the separation made prior to her death on account of her husband's adultery; and the words "but that separated from the one he may lawfully marry," means separated *by death*, for he clearly says in the preceding clause: Not, however, that he has two wives at once, *the first still surviving*."

Two passages of St. Chrysostom are brought forward by Dr. McKim. The first is from his XVII. Homily on St. Matthew. The learned doctor takes good care not to quote the words which precede his excerpt, although he might have known that other Episcopalian scholars quote them as expressive of absolute condemnation of the remarriage of the divorced. Commenting on the Savior's words, "He that putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery, and he

* *Haer.* lix. † *Council of Arles.* Can. 21.

that marrieth a divorced woman committeth adultery," St. Chrysostom says: "The former, though he take not another wife, by that act alone hath made himself liable to blame, having made the first an adulteress; the latter again is become an adulterer by taking her who is another's. For tell me not this 'the other hath cast her out'; nay, for when cast out she continues to be the wife of him that expelled her. Then lest he should render the wife more self-willed, by throwing it all upon him that cast her out, he hath shut against her also the doors of him who was afterwards receiving her. . . . For she who hath been made aware that she positively must either keep her husband, who was originally allotted to her, or being cast out of that house, not have any other refuge—she, even against her will, was compelled to make the best of her consort."

The words cited by Dr. McKim, "but in another way also he hath lightened the enactment; for as much as even for him he leaves one manner of dismissal, when he saith: except it be for fornication" can, when read with the preceding, be readily understood as allowing separation for the cause of adultery, but do not at all imply the right of remarriage. The Catholic doctrine could not be expressed more clearly or forcibly.

With regard to the words of Homily XIX. in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, "after the act of infidelity, the husband is no longer a husband," St. Chrysostom shows clearly that he did not mean, as Dr. McKim insinuates, that the marriage bond is broken by adultery, for in the preceding paragraph, which the learned doctor conveniently omits, he had advised that if there be any separation at all, it should be only *a toro*. "It were better that such things not be at all, but if they should take place, let the wife remain with her husband without cohabiting with him, *so as not to introduce any other to be her husband.*"*

No one of the Fathers wrote more fully on the subject of marriage and divorce than St. Augustine, and his witness is overwhelming in favor of the indissolubility of the marriage bond. I will quote a few passages: "It is not lawful for you to have wives whose former husbands are alive, nor may you

* For St. Jerome's clear testimony, read Epis. lxxvii., *Ad Oceanum;* and Comm. in S. Matt. xix. 9, iv. 87.

women have husbands whose former wives are alive. Such unions are adulterous, not by the law of a human court, but by the divine law. Neither may you marry a woman who has been divorced from her husband, whilst he is alive. For fornication alone may you put away a wife, and while she lives it is not lawful for you to marry another." *

Again: "Wedlock, once contracted in the city of our God, where also, from the first union of two human beings, marriage creates a sort of sacrament, cannot possibly be dissolved, save through the death of one of them." †

Again: "No woman can begin to be the wife of a second husband unless she has ceased to be that of the first; but she ceases to be the wife of the first if he be dead, not if she commit adultery." ‡

As for the passage in the *De Fide et Operibus*, betokening doubt on the question in later life, it seems that Dr. McKim does not know that this work was written in 413 A. D., whereas the *De Conjugiis Adulterinis*, which defends the Catholic doctrine at great length against Pollentius, was not written until 419 A. D.

To conclude, therefore, we may state the Fathers are morally unanimous on the absolute indissolubility of Christian marriage, and that the passages quoted in favor of divorce are either repetitions of our Savior's words, and therefore capable of the same interpretation, or may be understood to refer to separation rather than divorce.

After citing the Fathers, Dr. McKim says: "Some writers (Pusey, Bingham, Cranmer) also affirm that the Apostolic Constitutions (III. 1), plainly allowed the right of remarriage, and Pope Gregory III. (A. D. 731–741) and Pope Zacharias (A. D. 741–752) allowed remarriage to the innocent."

Whether or not the Apostolic Constitutions "plainly allow the right to remarry" we allow the reader to judge for himself. The words are: "But if any younger woman, who has lived but a while with her husband, and has lost him by death or some other occasion, *and remains by herself*, having the gift of widowhood, she will be found to be blessed," etc.

We beg to remind Dr. McKim that the letter to St. Boniface,

* *Serm.* 192, *Ad Conjugatos.* † *De Bono Conjugali*, vi. 556.

‡ *De Conjugiis Adulterinis*, vi. 686.

the Apostle of the Germans, was written in 726 A. D., and as Pope Gregory III. did not become pope till 731, we must needs attribute the letter in question to Gregory II. The case proposed was simply one of impotency, and the pope declared the marriage for that reason null and void. "Quod proposuisti, quod si mulier infirmitate correpta non valuerit debitum viro reddere, quid ejus faciat jugalis? Bonum esset, si sic permaneret, ut abstinentiæ vacaret. Sed quia hoc magnorum est, ille qui se non poterit continere, nubat magis."

The authenticity of the decree attributed to Pope Zachary has been denied by many scholars,* for it distinctly contradicts his teaching elsewhere. In a letter written to the bishops of France, he quotes the following from the Apostolical Canons, a document of the third or fourth century. It says: "If a layman should put away his own wife and take another, or one divorced by another man, let him be excommunicated." †

Next month, we hope to take up the other objections put forth by Dr. McKim in his two communications to the New York *Sun*, and discuss at some length the meaning of the obscure texts of St. Matthew's Gospel.‡

* Perrone, *Mat. Christ.*, Vol. III. p. 364.

† Canon xlviii.

‡ Matt. xv. 32; xix. 9.

A CATHOLIC AND THE BIBLE.

II.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

—— UNIVERSITY,
November 19, 1904.

MY DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

Your letter, for which I thank you heartily, has been a genuine boon to me. . . . Our circle here takes a deep interest in the subject. Some will not accept your proof that the church herself never taught anything about the age of man as sufficient to exempt her from condemnation. Professor M—— says that Catholics may, perhaps, get out of one tight place by creeping through this loop-hole in the case of chronology; but they are no better off; for the church, from Galileo's time, has committed herself, all along the line, to the veracity of the Bible as science and history, and, in consequence, has fought and persecuted, as far as her waning powers allowed, every scientist and critic who demonstrated the absurdity of both the science and the history.

He spoke of Sir George Mivart, whom he knew personally. Mivart, he says, was excommunicated because he refused to make an act of faith in the fables of Genesis. He has a collection of letters and articles that appeared at the time. I enclose a list which he gave me of sets of passages in the Bible which flatly contradict each other. It is, perhaps, unfair to make such heavy drafts on your time. I trust that the assurance I can give you of good to come from your kindness will be, in your eyes, ample recompense.

Believe me, Reverend dear Father,

Very gratefully yours,

X. X.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is pleasant to receive the assurance that my previous letter has been of service to you, and has caused your non-Catholic friends to return a verdict of *not guilty* in favor of

the church, charged with teaching error regarding the age of mankind. Let us now see whether, from the teaching of the church concerning the authority of the Bible, there results for Catholics the obligation of accepting as true spurious science and false history..

If instead of saying that the Catholic Church, your friend Professor M—— had said that a long line of eminent official and non official theologians committed themselves to the view that all the science and all the history to be found in the Bible must be accepted as in exact correspondence with fact and reality, the task of refuting him would be a much more difficult one than that which you have proposed to me. If, however, modern knowledge has led our present day scholars to modify, very considerably, traditional principles of biblical interpretation, what becomes of the charge that Catholics shut their eyes to scientific progress? While maintaining as resolutely as did any of their predecessors everything contained and implied in authoritative Catholic doctrine concerning revelation and inspiration, the new school of Lagrange, Prat, Schanz, and many other leading scripturists, has abandoned a great deal of outlying and adjacent ground that was formerly supposed to lie within the sacred precincts of faith. Why they have inaugurated this departure, or whether they are right in doing so, is no concern of you or me just now. You want to know, and I propose to inform you, of the attitude of accredited Catholic scholars towards the biblical problem as it has developed in recent years.

The mass of arguments advanced against the inerrancy of the Old Testament may be divided roughly into two classes; those which deal with the scientific, and those deduced from the historical parts. The latter, again, may be subdivided into those questions that relate to the Mosaic books, and those that arise from the latter, or, as it is called by critics, the official Hebrew history.

The first point to be observed with regard to the leaders of the new school is that they jealously safeguard the dogmatic teaching of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, and "hold to the form of sound words" found in the encyclical *Providentissimus* of Pope Leo XIII. Their leading principle of interpretation is* that divine inspiration guarantees everything

* *La Bible et l'Histoire*, pp. 19-20.

that is categorically affirmed and taught by the sacred writers; and that to judge rightly how far the writer's guarantee and responsibility extend, it is necessary to consider carefully what kind of literary form he employs to convey his teaching. Now in the Bible many literary forms, differing widely in character, are to be found—fable, parable, poetry, edifying history, ancient history, tribal or family tradition, strict history, etc. Each of these forms has its own standard of truth, and is to be judged only by the one proper to itself. We do not, as Father Prat says, expect the same accuracy, for example, in a poetic work as we demand from a scientific treatise. And here comes the crucial question: Does the Bible profess to teach science? Father Prat's reply is less diffuse than Father Lagrange's; so we may let him answer: "No inspired work is a book of science. Not but that the Bible may, and actually does, contain affirmations in the scientific order; but the Scriptures could not be, *ex professo* and primarily, a manual of physics or geology, without ceasing to be, *ex professo* and primarily, a religious, or inspired, work."* The Bible, then, is not written in the scientific form. Hence as the poet or the popular writer, in describing physical facts, may with propriety use language that in a strictly scientific book would be false, so may the Bible. "As its object and *raison-d'être* is not science, it may employ the usual language, with no pretension to scientific exactness, describe a phenomenon just as it appears to the senses, whatever may be its real nature, and thus preserve, through the ages, despite the incessant progress of knowledge, some immutable truth." The biological classifications found in the Bible have, since the days of Voltaire, furnished sneering infidelity with stones to throw at Moses, in whose defense orthodox commentators have displayed a wonderful, but frequently unsuccessful, ingenuity. The better way is staked out in the following passage:† "Since he does not pretend to write a scientific book, an author, even though he is inspired, may class the cetacea and the crustacea among the fishes, call the planets stars, put the bats among the birds, monkeys among the bipeds or the quadrupeds, hares and rabbits among the ruminants, to the great scandal of naturalists. These are mere popular ways of speaking, and, except in scientific writings, are not errors. They are warranted by

* P. 20. † *Ib.*

everyday language. The mere fact that we use them does not make us sureties for their accuracy." This argument is very reasonable. When our daily newspaper tells us the hour at which the sun rises and sets on the current day, we scarcely fancy that the editor needs a lesson on the text, *e pur si muove.*

Let us turn to Father Lagrange, in whose pages the doctrine stands forth with ample clearness through the penumbra that prudence has cast around it.* "It is impossible," he writes, "that God should teach error; hence it is impossible, not that the Bible, in which all sorts of people speak in turn, should contain error, but that an intelligent examination should result in the conclusion that God has taught error." Again he observes that everything the sacred authors teach God teaches, and it is therefore true.† "But," he adds, "what do they teach? Everything that they affirm categorically. Now, it has been long ago stated that the Bible is not a collection of categoric assertions. There is a literary form in which absolutely nothing is asserted as to the truth of the facts; they are merely used to convey a moral lesson, as in the parables." Interpret, then, each kind of writing according to the standard of truth proper to it, and the difficulties raised against the veracity of the Bible disappear. If a story is used merely as vehicle for a moral or religious instruction, then, provided that instruction is truly moral or religious—and in the Bible the religious and moral element is always true—the author's veracity is unimpeachable. In illustration of his principle, Father Lagrange cites a passage from the pen of his confrère, Father Lacôme, which had the high approbation of the still more distinguished Dominican, the famous Monsabré, a conservative of the conservatives:‡ "To its prophets exclusively this little people (Israel) was beholden for its elevation above all others. Through them its idea of God was soon purged of all error. But, with the exception of this concept, it was not the prophet's affair to meddle with the ideas of his people, and he did not; he took them as he found them, inconsistent as the ideas of a child, false pictures of the real, notions fatally incomplete, as will always be human conceptions. The Spirit of God, however, moved over the surface of our illusions, never adopting the errors so as to make them his own. He rested on them, or rather glided across them, as the sunbeam across a bad

* *La Methode Historique*, p 92. † P. 94. ‡ P. 95.

mirror, or a muddy pool from which it contracts no stain." Apprehensive, probably, that some objection based on a particular passage in the papal encyclical might be urged against him, Father Lagrange anticipates criticism, by reminding us that the pope's encyclical affirms also that the Holy Ghost, speaking to the sacred writers, did not purpose to reveal anything about the inner nature of the visible world; as such knowledge would not contribute to salvation.

The Dominican, then, and the Jesuit agree that the Bible writers employed, without guaranteeing their scientific accuracy, the crude notions in vogue among the primitive Hebrews, just as the *savant* often uses everyday language in matters where he knows it to be, scientifically speaking, absolutely incorrect. This method of interpretation is not open to the reproach incurred, very frequently, by the older one, which was sometimes reduced to strange expedients in order to maintain that the science of Genesis is, in the strict sense of the word, true. An instance cited by Father Lagrange is worthy of note.* An eminent writer,† with pathetic loyalty to the ancient ways, contended, some time ago, that "the Bible, relating, for example, the formation of the *firmament*, the *stoppage* of the sun, speaks according to appearances, and, consequently, is *true*." This will never do. "It is more correct," writes Father Lagrange, "to say that on these points the Bible is neither true nor false. For we must remember that the ancient authors had no more knowledge than they exhibited. When I employ one of these propositions, I know, and everybody else knows, it is false; and, for that very reason, its falsity vanishes in a metaphor. But in the times of the sacred authors nobody had any inkling of the scientific truth. May we say that an author who regards the sky as a solid vault, and uses words that conveys this impression—for otherwise we should not have learned it—expresses himself in language that is exact and true, though not rigorously scientific? Can we, in this matter, draw a distinction between science and truth?" Then an evident objection presents itself. These and many other like propositions are just the elements that opponents have used to prove that the Bible is full of childishly erroneous notions which make its claims to be a divine and infallible book ridiculous. If they are not true they are false, and then what becomes of the veracity of the Bible?

* P. 105.

† P. Brucker, S.J., *Études*, 1895, p. 502.

"It is quite a simple affair," replies Father Lagrange; a proposition is either true or false, to be sure; but in these cases the sacred writer asserts no proposition at all." He is at one with Father Prat in holding that the incorrect scientific views in the Bible are not taught by the Bible.

It would be vain to disguise the fact that the method of the new school is little less than a revolution in even our recent methods of scriptural interpretation. When the modern sciences could no longer be treated as mere unproved hypotheses, and had to be reckoned with, apologists and exegetes set themselves to devise interpretations that would demonstrate how, after all, the discoveries of geology, biology, paleontology, and the sister sciences were in harmony with Moses; nay, even that Moses had anticipated the physicists of the nineteenth century. System after system appeared; each one in turn was prematurely decorated with some such consoling title as *The Bible Vindicated*. But none of them would hold water; and the advocates of one were usually the destroyers of the other. Each new champion on his arrival in the lists might have been heralded as another case of

> "The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain."

Labor in vain, says the new school. Father Prat and his coworker review, somewhat sardonically, the various theories that came out in the course of the last century, and still hold their honored place in our text-books. Father Prat consigns them to oblivion with the verdict:* "There is no science revealed except so far as is necessary for the salvation of man and the economy of faith. Hence scriptural interpretations professing to be scientific—I will not say *savant*—of the Holy Scriptures are an error and a danger, for they imprudently entangle the Bible in questions to which it should remain a stranger." Father Lagrange is equally outspoken, and recalls, with a suspicion of what the French call *malice*, how it was fashionable, when he began his studies, to dilate upon the extensive acquaintance with modern science that had become indispensable to the biblical student.

He ends his observation by reaffirming his principle:† "The

* P. 25. † P. 137.

interpretation of the Bible is to be made with an eye not to modern science, which deals with reality, but to the ancient notions as they are found in the Bible itself. 'What! even if this ancient science is imperfect, insufficient, even false? If it fancies that the waters of heaven are divided by a solid vault from the waters below; if it takes the stars to be little luminaries suspended from that vault; if the rains of the deluge fall in torrents when the sluices of the vault are opened; if the earth is immovable at the centre of the sky—must all this be taken as divine teaching?' No; not at all. God has not revealed these things which men have inferred from a hasty observation of phenomena; he has not meant that because they appear in the Bible they should be proposed to us as coming from him, said by him, dictated by him. Consequently the Bible contains no scientific teaching." On receiving the news of the battle of Austerlitz, Pitt is reported to have said, in a tone of tragic despondency, that the map of Europe might be rolled up and put away for twenty years. Somewhat similarly the dissemination of the ideas characteristic of the school of our present scholars is a signal that, not in sorrow, but with a sense of profound relief, we may reverently consign many classic tomes of apologetics to the shelves reserved for the quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore.

The idea that the Bible does teach science was long dominant. From the time of the Council of Trent, at least, the doctrine of St. Jerome and St. Thomas was lost sight of. Protestantism had made the Bible, literally interpreted, its sole rule of faith. Catholic polemists, in order to fight the enemy on his own ground, accepted the postulate for argument's sake; and, although the doctrine of verbal inspiration never had the sanction of the church, the hypothetical character of the footing it had obtained in theology was gradually lost sight of, with the result that our apologists found themselves saddled with the burden of defending, for example, the literal veracity of Josue's sun at Ajalon. You have mentioned Galileo, who, like the head of King Charles, always manages to get into the memorial. The root of that unfortunate—and fortunate—affair was, precisely, the prevailing belief that the Bible, and therefore God, did teach a system of the world. When Galileo proposed his new theory theologians, even the enlightened Bellarmine, hastened to declare that all the Fathers of the

church unanimously interpreted Josue and other cognate biblical passages literally, therefore the new theory must be contradictory to the Word of God. The defenders of the old opinions won the day, and a Roman congregation branded the heliocentric theory as heretical, that is, as theologians explain the import of the stigma,* directly contradictory of truth revealed by God, and proposed to men by the church. We need not dwell on the consequences of this official decision. Father Lagrange strengthens his position by recalling it and its results. He rightly remarks that the authority compromised by it was the authority of an official congregation of theologians, not that of the infallible church. The blunder, though prolific of disastrous consequences, contains also a precious lesson that perhaps is worth all it cost.† "Nobody now takes seriously this primitive science, or rather this childish lisping of ancient curiosity; the pseudo science of old times is gone, and if religion were not something else it would disappear along with it." But the independence of religion in regard to science was not recognized in the seventeenth century, which had inherited, not from the early days, but from the Middle Ages, a legacy of philosophical and scientific beliefs that had usurped a dignity to which they had no just claim. ‡ "It was an immense error fraught with incalculable consequences to suppose that the Bible contains a scientific system of the world. It was an error that took its origin in the prevailing attachment to Aristotelianism, which, not only on the philosophic, but also on the scientific side, had been welded to Christian doctrine. . . . For many minds modern science begins with Galileo, and there religion vanishes, for no religion can survive the destruction of a cosmogonic system to which it has been tied." There is, the learned Dominican observes, no surer way to ruin religion in the eyes of men justly devoted to science than to represent religious doctrine as bound to scientific notions. Fortunately the mistake over Galileo could not be hidden, and was not forgotten; but it did not entirely dissipate the old mentality. Until lately, exegetes and apologists have displayed extreme reluctance to acknowledge any advance of discovery that conflicted with traditional interpretations relative to such questions as the

* See, *e. g. Prælectiones Dogmaticæ*, auctore Ch. Pesch, S.J., Tom. I. p. 335.

† P. 140. ‡ P. 139.

age of mankind, the formation of the earth, the deluge, the tower of Babel, etc. Some writers were very injudicious, not to say intemperate, in their resistance to each new advance of science, and thereby unintentionally helped the cause of unbelief. Others, as I have already said, spent their time in composing schemes of concordance between modern knowledge and the contents of the Pentateuch. They did little to increase the respect of scientists for theology. "A reference to these facts," says Father Lagrange,* "suffices to recall a series of hesitating gropings, of triumphs without any morrow, of poorly disguised defeats, of concessions made with a bad grace. Apologetics may blush for this, but it cannot blot out the memory. It would be well now to accept the situation in its entirety. Let us loyally preserve the memory of past mistakes, so as to turn them to profit by recognizing their causes."

Painfully and slowly, then, through many a chastening experience, Catholic thought has drawn off from other positions to intrench itself on this new impregnable base. Recognize that the Bible teaches no science at all, and you establish it serene on the spiritual heights from which religion contemplates with indifference the ant-like industry of scientists accumulating below an ever-growing treasure of knowledge concerning the world of matter. We may, I think, quit the topic with a final quotation from our guide.† "In affirming that the Bible contains no scientific explanation of the universe we maintain religion on a plane from which science never can dislodge it, for if it is easy to smile at the lispings of Hebrew science, it is not easy to show how science satisfies the aspirations of the soul."

You will, I am sure, have perceived that the historical problem is to be solved, without any difficulty, on much the same lines as the scientific one. The principle of solution is essentially the same in both matters; nevertheless it must receive some qualification and limitation when we approach the seemingly puzzling questions of Bible history. Because "although we may affirm that the Bible teaches no science, it would be more than paradoxical to maintain that the Bible contains no history, for it is the history of salvation." Still we but follow the directions given by Leo XIII. when we look for the key to the enigma in the same principle; his encyclical states that

*P. 132. †*Ib.*

what St. Augustine teaches concerning the knowledge of nature found in the Bible is equally applicable to history. Fortified by this venerable authority, Fathers Prat and Lagrange proceed to open, through the maze in which so many commentators have entangled themselves and their followers, a way so broad and smooth that not even the blind man can err therein.

Both our authors premise that as God has not taught any science, neither has he revealed any history, except so far forth as such a revelation was required for the edifice of faith, that is, for the sake of moral and religious truth. Now both our expositors observe* that to constitute a document history it is not enough that the writer should have thrown his thoughts into the historical "form"; and that† "the value to be attached to statements which appear to affirm or deny depends entirely on the complexion of the literary form in which these seemingly categorical propositions are found." As you have seen from my first letter to you, Father Lagrange rejects the view that Genesis contains anything that can be called, strictly speaking, a history of early mankind.

How, then, are we to interpret the various accounts in Genesis that have been laid hold of by hostile critics to ruin the supernatural claims of the Scriptures? The answer is that most of the biblical narratives which, in many a fierce polemical conflict, assailants and defenders alike have assumed to be professedly strict history, are nothing of the sort. The historical form is but the vehicle for the conveyance of some ethical or religious teaching, just like the parables of our Lord in the New Testament. Apologists rose in arms when scientists declared that many of the Bible stories had their parallels in the records of the surrounding peoples. The new school finds no difficulty in the way of admitting this claim. But our scholars part company with the rationalistic wing of the higher criticism which, from this correspondence, would infer the Bible to be as purely a human production as the religious literature of Babylon or Egypt. For, as Father Lagrange puts it, with iteration, while the legends in Chaldean or other pagan documents are invariably saturated with immoral and polytheistic ideas, the sacred writer invariably purges them of such

* Prat, p. 29; Lagrange, passim. † Lagrange, p. 185.

corrupt elements, and thereby makes them not unworthy caskets for the reception and preservation of the spiritual truths which God inspired the writer to impart or record. To sum up in a sentence or two Father Lagrange's carefully weighed exposition would not be easy, and might be misleading. A few typical passages relative to some crucial topics will illustrate sufficiently his principles and method. He raises the question whether the term *myth* may legitimately be given to episodes in the Bible:* "If there is a page in the Bible which literally resembles a Babylonian page it is the episode of the deluge. Now the Babylonian deluge is not a page of history. It forms part of a poem, it is saturated with mythology—in it we are in another literary form; so if we wish to establish a parallel between the Hebrews and the Chaldeans it is ready to hand and in a very symptomatic fashion." And he institutes the parallel:† "The official history of the Hebrews coincides fairly well with the official history of the Assyrians; the most ancient tradition of the Hebrews concerning the first great chief of their race fits with the account of the great Chaldean monarch." On the other hand, passing from the region of official history into primitive history, Hebrew primitive history, "which could easily have borrowed so many facts common to Assyrian and Egyptian documents, connects with the Babylonian tradition only in a few instances; in the Babylonian traditions these episodes have at least the appearance of religious myths." The suggested inference is put interrogatively: "May there, then, be myths in the Bible?"

The word is enough to make the cry of "To your tents, O Israel!" be raised from Dan to Beersheba. But thought marches rapidly nowadays. Let us listen to this member of that distinguished order, which enjoys the hereditary privilege of having the Master of the Sacred Palace and the General of the Inquisition chosen from its sons, as he answers his own question:‡ "The common opinion rises against this thought and will not hear the word mentioned. A number of Catholic authors, becoming more numerous every day, insists upon drawing a distinction. Naturally they do not stickle for the word, if the word is offensive. Yet they find it suitable for expressing the resemblances existing between the myths and

* P. 200. † *Ib.* ‡ P. 200.

the primitive history. But, they are careful to add, the mythological elements found in the Bible are sedulously 'purified of their polytheistic coloring, they serve to clothe only lofty religious thoughts.' This is the formula of Dom Hildebrand Höpfl, a Benedictine monk, in a brochure directed against the rationalistic drift of the higher criticism."

Waiving aside the question of words and terms, Father Lagrange invites his readers to examine the *thing;* and he takes up the story of Lot's wife. In the first place, he criticizes the explanation offered of this passage by Father von Hummelauer, S.J., "the celebrated exegete," who conceives that the poor woman, having been carried away by a wave, and drenched in intensely saline water, was covered with salt and foam, and thus to the eyes of her perturbed husband looked like a slab of salt.* "Gentlemen," says Father Lagrange, "this is rationalistic criticism, pure and simple. It is the method employed by Paulus in the end of the last century (eighteenth) to demolish the Gospel miracles; they were always natural facts badly observed and grossly exaggerated. According to the learned exegete the wife of Lot was not changed into a pillar of salt."† On the contrary, argues Father Lagrange, the meaning of the biblical words is that Lot's wife, body and soul, was turned into salt; the absurdity of the statement is for him peremptory proof that the sacred writer in relating the legend had not the remotest intention of affirming its veracity.‡ "I see no reason," is his solution,

* P. 203.

† NOTE.—It is only justice to Father von Hummelauer to notice that he has recently joined the school of Father Lagrange, and in his lately published *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage* defends the new system on strict theological grounds. In the English *Month*, for January, Father Sidney F. Smith gives an outline, accompanied with a cautious but unmistakable recommendation of the system as advocated in this brochure. The following passage indicates that he expects to hear a note of protest from quarters into which no knowledge of the present crisis has yet penetrated. He asks a favorable reception for the new doctrine for two reasons: "One is that, as has been said, the difficulties of establishing an absolute agreement between the inspired writings themselves is very real and affects so many points that, unless we can discover some new line of solution, there seems no course left to us save to take refuge in St. Augustine's *ego non intelligo*. It is true that there is a section of theologians amongst us who make very little indeed of all these difficulties, are perfectly content with the artificial replies to them that do duty in so many text-books, and can see no other reason for the propounding of new theories of solution such as that we are discussing, save that their authors are men of perverse mind and lovers of the *bizarre* for its own sake. But this is, perhaps, because the critics in question move in too restricted a circle of ideas and have an insufficient knowledge of the facts." (*The Month*, January, 1905, p. 53.)

‡ P. 206.

"why there may not be in the Bible erroneous views upon the nature of things, provided that such views are there on the same footing as is Hebrew science, that is to say that they are not taught. That the struggle of God against evil, and his supreme dominion over matter, should be described as a victory over the monsters Rahab and Leviathan, creatures of ancient popular fancy, is, as far as I can see, no impropriety. But, just as the Greeks began very early to doubt the reality of the myth, the prophets of Israel were not duped by these allegories; and, to return to Lot's wife, the author no more believed in the truth of the story than he did in the incestuous origin of Moab and Ammon which he relates." Similarly, several other episodes, which were formerly taken to be strictly historical accounts of tremendous events in which Jehovah visibly and almost palpably intervened in human life, suffer a like reduction. The stories are legendary; but they carry a lesson; and they possess a dignity of character to which the pagan myths are strangers. The account of the deluge is no mere baseless myth;* "the general character of the biblical legend indicates rather a real inundation, the religious significance of which, by the way, far outweighs the historic importance. And the tower of Babel is not a pure fiction. The biblical author, undoubtedly, had in view the unfinished gigantic temple of Borsippa, which Nabuchodonosor prided himself on having completed after it had fallen into ruin through the defective condition of its gutters. To regard Babylon as a proud city in which all languages were spoken is not a mere chimera." A final instance. After citing scientific authority for the opinion that the subsidence of the southern end of the Dead Sea took place during an epoch when the earth was already inhabited, Father Lagrange argues that, therefore, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is not to be treated as a mere myth, signifying the sublime desolation of the country around the Dead Sea. The upshot is that these and similar biblical accounts are not proposed by the inspired writer as history in our sense of the word.

When this system of interpretation is accepted the thousand and one arguments leveled against the Bible, from the point of view of historical criticism—arguments that have re-

* P. 214.

duced former interpreters to fall back on refutations that demanded for their acceptance a large dose of good will and uncritical piety—at once become meaningless. At the same time the doctrine of inspiration is amply protected. "It is enough for us that nowhere else do we find the same sobriety; that mythology, properly so-called, is excluded; and that it is impossible for any one who looks at the matter in the right light to fall into error."

I must reserve for another day some important cautions regarding the fall of man and original sin. Then, too, we can dispose of the syllabus furnished by your friend, Professor M——. I should be glad to learn whether, after you have made him acquainted with the gist of this letter, he will continue in the opinion that Catholic eyes and ears are closed to science, or if he has in his scientific arsenal any weapon that will reach the Bible on the ground where it has been placed. You can assure him that his list of errors will offer no difficulty; it bears, by the way, a remarkable resemblance to one embodied in an article from a Catholic pen, published in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1894. The remarks relative to the late Professor Mivart may be touched upon when we come to consider the allegation that the Catholic Church has been the foe of science. Believe me,

Fraternally yours,

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SHAMROCK DAY'S CHILD.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

A BLARE of trumpets and the measured tread of many feet, as a contingent of the St. Patrick's Day procession marched on its way to join the great parade on Fifth Avenue, heralded the entrance of Sarah Ellen Maloney into the world. The kind-hearted neighbors had just left. Sarah Ellen's mother clasped the little stranger closer to her breast, as her eyes wandered round the scantily furnished room on the top floor of a tenement house, and burning tears rolled down her pale face as her thoughts wandered to the golden-thatched cottage nestling midst the Wicklow hills, where her childhood days had been spent. And then came the sadder thought of the husband who had not lived to see their child. Sarah Ellen lay in her snug shelter unconscious of the bitter memories that stirred the heart of her mother. The noise and racket would have disturbed most babies, but Sarah Ellen seemed to like it. By and by it ceased, and quietness reigned, broken only by the faint tic-tac of a little clock on the mantel above the wretched fire. The hours passed; shadows filled the room. Now and again came a low cry from Sarah Ellen—then a strange silence. Later on a neighbor, coming in from her work, found her way into the room. One glance at the still figure on the bed was enough; Sarah Ellen's mother's troubles were over, and Sarah Ellen was wailing disconsolately, as if she understood.

Sarah Ellen's life was gray from the beginning; later on the atmosphere was black. Almost from babyhood she had to earn her own living. She was named Sarah Ellen by the neighbors, in accordance with the express wish of Mrs. Maloney, who had confided to the next-door roomer that her only sister, who lived in Ireland, was called Sarah Ellen. The wish was remembered, and the child was taken to the nearest church and baptized without pomp or ceremony. Other babies had flowers and lace robes and christening cake; but these were not for Sarah Ellen. The want of them didn't seem to bother

her in the least. It was only when a tender-hearted Irish girl, who was in the church at the time when she was carried from the baptismal font, went forward and placed a tiny wreath of shamrocks on her baby brow that she showed the least sign of feeling. A smile flickered over the little puckered face, and her tiny hands instinctively clasped the thumb of the stranger.

It was decided by the neighbors that the little orphan should not be sent to the workhouse. So each of them took a turn at bringing her up. "She kind of growed," like a weed, with nothing special to nourish her. She was scarcely more than a baby when she was sent out to sell matches; then she reached the dignity of shoe laces, two for a nickel; until finally, when she was about twelve years old, a good Samaritan took pity upon her, and engaged her as maid of all work. This was the first time in her life that Sarah Ellen got enough to eat, and was clothed any way decently, in the cast-off garments of 'Melia Winkle, a niece of the good Samaritan. Sarah Ellen hated 'Melia, because the latter would turn up her snub nose expressively and call out, "Here comes Cast-Offs," when she met her in the street. The iron rankled early in the soul of Sarah Ellen.

It must have been from her Celtic mother that she inherited her vivid imagination, for Sarah Ellen dreamed strange dreams, in which music and flowers and sunny skies and gorgeous figures played their parts, and retired after leaving fairy-like impressions on her brain. She had never experienced any of the things she dreamed; her life had been so commonplace and sordid; and yet they seemed like second nature to her. Sometimes it frightened her, these deep plunges into space in which her soul revelled, and she was usually aroused from these flights of fancy by the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Winkle: "Sarah Ellen, have you made the beds?" or, "Sarah Ellen, have you swept the stoop?" and sundry other questions, all bearing on the one important theme—work.

"I was meant to be a lady," she often thought dejectedly.

The years went round monotonously; childhood passed, girlhood came. At this period her dreams were usually of a hero who moved about with lordly grace, a sword hanging by his side. She never met a soldier but her heart leapt, and wars and battles raged through her brain. In her dreams her hero was always a soldier, and she was the heroine, and was usually carried off in the hero's arms, a limp rag with long

streaming hair. Yet, despite her romantic tendencies, she reached the mature age of twenty-five and had never had a lover. Other girls with not half her opportunities had moved off, made good marriages, and settled down into happy wives and mothers, but Sarah Ellen remained. At night she had tragic dreams in which she figured as an old maid with corkscrew ringlets and hair plastered down the middle and a big tabby cat beside her.

The truth was, Sarah Ellen's personal appearance was against her. She was tall, thin, lanky, and generally woebegone. As a neighbor remarked, she looked like one that "didn't get her feed." Perhaps it was the soul-hunger that showed so plainly. Once she thought something was going to happen. It was when 'Melia Winkle's sailor-brother came home for a short time. She was seventeen then, and she had walked out with him, and her heart had thrilled when he squeezed her hand tenderly, and asked her if she was tired. No one had ever shown her that much attention before. But, alas! her dream was rudely dispelled, for 'Melia Winkle, when she heard of the episode, had said spitefully, under the pretence of good advice:

"I advise you not to be taken in with Josiah, he was kind of born with those flirty ways. Every one knows how his heart is set on Liza Jones. She is a dressmaker, and makes such stylish things, too. Josiah, he just wants to make her jealous. It's for your own good, Sarah Ellen, I'm talking. I know you are easy imposed upon."

And Sarah Ellen had hastily disclaimed the soft impeachment, declaring hotly that she had never had a thought of him. In secret she shed bitter tears, and when she met Josiah looked the other way. And so ended the little romance. That was eight years ago, and nothing had ever happened since. It wasn't that she had not as fine clothes as the other girls; her social status had improved, and she was able to dress well. She could wear a long ostrich feather in her hat now, and pink roses which contrasted none too well with her sallow skin. The only thing remarkable about her was her eyes. They were haunting eyes of dark gray nearly black, with black lashes which cast shadows on her sallow cheeks—eyes which mirrored every passing thought of her soul. Despite her twenty-five years she had the innocent heart of a child, yet also she had a woman's natural longing to be loved.

They say that into every life some sunshine as well as some rain must fall. One day a broad, bright sunbeam came into Sarah Ellen's life, and made it beautiful. She was twenty-six years old, and her life had been so colorless, that when the glory did come, it almost overwhelmed her. When she came to think over it, why it almost took her breath away, it was so unexpected. To think that her hero, the soldier of whom she had dreamed, should come into her life, and in such a romantic fashion as to satisfy all her yearnings. In her wildest dreams she had never imagined such happiness. That Donal O'More, a soldier in the United States army, should cast his eyes on her, and it all happened so simply, in her humility she could have wept. Who would have thought that day when she was coming down stairs dust-pan in hand, and her foot had caught in a doll's carriage belonging to one of the children, that she should fall into the outstretched arms of a big, tall fellow, standing at the bottom. It was a device of little Master Cupid to bring two kindred spirits together.

When Sarah Ellen recovered from the confusion, incidental to her somewhat awkward introduction, she blushed rosy red and for the moment looked handsome. Like magic the electric flame which governs the world was lighted. From that day her life was resplendent with the most gorgeous colors, untouched by a tiny particle of black or gray. It spread before her a fairyland of beauty, and her prince, tall, straight-limbed, and stalwart, glowed on her horizon like a star shining steadily, a beacon light to her adoring eyes.

Donal came from Ireland, and wasn't she proud to be able to tell him that Ireland had been the home of her parents. It was a theme that strengthened the link between them. Donal vowed that as soon as it was in his power he would bring her to see the beauties of the Motherland. With flashing eyes and impassioned speech he held her enthralled with the story of Erin. Sarah Ellen's one sorrow was, that she had not the good fortune to be born there. Donal with mirthful eyes told her he would crown her with shamrocks on St. Patrick's day to make up for the deficiency.

In all the wide, beautiful world there was no happier young woman on the morning of her wedding. Love, the great beautifier, had transformed her. A faint flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes no longer wore the look of the soul-

hunger, but were sparkling wells of contentment mirroring her happiness. 'Melia Winkle was to be bridesmaid. 'Melia and she were fast friends now; the childish spite of long ago had vanished. 'Melia was in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and 'Melia in her secret heart had a soft spot for Jim.

On that day of days Sarah Ellen wore a warm red dress, which lighted up her pale face, and a big bunch of shamrocks nestled at her throat. And instead of the proverbial orange blossoms shamrocks crowned her dark hair and lay in the folds of her veil as in a snow wreath. Just as she had given a shy peep in the mirror at her own radiant reflection Donal arrived, in all his bridal bravery, accompanied by Jim. Such a happy quartette!

Jim whispered slyly to 'Melia: "What would she think of having a double event?" 'Melia's happy, flushed face and starry eyes seemed to satisfy him, for the pair sat together in a happy silence.

How is it that happiness is so evanescent. God knows Sarah Ellen had it in full measure for the short time it lasted! But, alas! alas! Afterwards 'Melia could never explain how the whole thing happened. It was just after the ceremony, and Donal was walking down the cathedral steps proud and happy, Sarah Ellen on his arm. Suddenly a band of music coming up Fifth Avenue struck up, and she noticed Sarah Ellen crane her neck forward and give a startled exclamation, then dart from Donal's side. The next few seconds were the most terrible that ever 'Melia experienced. There was the hoarse roar of a crowd, a woman's scream, the thud, thud, of a runaway horse, mingling with the gay mockery of the tune; the sound of a child's shrill cry, and shouts of sympathy and horror as a white-veiled figure lay beneath the prancing hoofs, while a mother held in tight embrace the child who, through the heroic effort of Sarah Ellen, had escaped death.

But Sarah Ellen, alas! alas! Donal, with heaving chest and eyes despairing in their agony, was the first to raise the slight figure. "Sarah! Sarah!" was all he could say, and a pair of eyes, beautiful even in their death agony, were raised to his. "God's will," murmured the pale lips. "God's will." And the soul of Sarah Ellen went forth.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,

Head of U. S. Consular Service.

A BOOK bearing the above title has just been issued by the Division of Consular Reports, Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C. It is from the pen of Mr. Ernest C. Meyer, Deputy United States Consul at Chemnitz, Germany. Mr. Meyer is also the author of an excellent work, indeed the standard authority, on *Primary Elections and the Primary Elections Law.* The present volume is the result of some advice given to Mr. Meyer before his departure for Europe by an old consular officer, and few books of the year have a better record of faithful work behind them, and no book of the year has better work ahead of it than awaits the pages of *Industrial Education in Germany.*

Mr. Meyer begins with a bird's-eye view of the entire system of education in the German Empire. He does this to enable his readers to grasp the system of industrial education in its true relation to the system of general education, and to create in the mind's eye a correct picture of the entire edifice of industrial education, "from the lowest continuation and trade schools, its base, to the technical high schools, its crown." Exercising excellent judgment, Mr. Meyer selects for his outline a system that is to be regarded as a general type rather than as a specific form. This selection is made because the educational systems of the different States of the Empire are by no means all alike. While there are degrees of great resemblance, there are also degrees of difference. To secure all that is best in the resemblance, and to avoid all that is objectionable in the differences, ought to be the object of all those interested in the solution of educational problems. Mr. Meyer's book is bound to be helpful in both directions. It certainly succeeds in selecting much of what is best in the one, and it is careful to point out, in passing, what, in the author's judg-

ment, are the highly objectionable features in the other. The work is done in such a way as to wound nobody. After a brief introduction, the book describes carefully the primary education. At the very beginning, possibly with no ulterior design of doing so, Mr. Meyer calls attention to what some say is the weakest point in the entire system of German education. I refer to the laminated system of primary education. He says: "Through social and financial distinctions the Volksschule (at the base of the German educational edifice) has been divided into three parallel (not consecutive) classes, the lower, middle, and higher. The lower class is attended by children of the poorer families, as the tuition fees (Schulgeld) are smallest in this division; the middle class, in which a somewhat larger tuition fee is paid, contains children from richer families; and the higher class, commonly known as the Bürgerschule (citizens' school) is attended by the richest class of children. All classes, however, are taught by equally well qualified teachers, and are given good opportunities. Sometimes, also, a private school takes the place of the Volksschule."

The tenth year in the German child's life is taken as the turning-point towards a career. If too poor to aspire to the higher lines of life the boy or girl is left to plod along with the work of the primary or Volksschule. If the child is to go upward he leaves the Volksschule for a gymnasium or real-gymnasium; in other words, he enters a secondary school qualified to fit him for the classics or the sciences. The weakness of the system, it seems to me, is found in the fatal distinctions, drawn even in childhood, between the classes.

The work in the secondary schools, whether in the sciences or the classics, is covered by six or nine years' courses. Here again the distinctive differences due to wealth work a seeming iniquity, for "while the child is pursuing his course in the secondary school another decision must be made which involves not only the means of the parents, but also the natural aptitudes and abilities of the child." If the means are limited, then very likely a course in a six years' secondary school will be pursued by the child, beginning with his eleventh year; possibly he may pursue a course in a trade or technical school, one that will fit him to follow a trade. He may desire to be a mechanic, an engineer, a dyer, bleacher, spinner, or weaver. Law, medicine, theology are still reserved for the few rather

than for the many. As a matter of fact, a very noticeable falling off is recorded in the theological faculties, and a more than corresponding increase in law and medicine.

Education, in the Empire, is compulsory. There is no connivance on the part of those selected to enforce the law with those anxious to break it. Boys and girls are compelled by law to be at school on all school days, unless excused for sickness or some such legitimate cause, from their sixth to their fourteenth year. There is no doubt or deception in regard to age, for each child is, or has to be, provided with a copy of its birth registration or certificate. Even then the ends of compulsory education have not been reached. Boys and girls, in most parts of the Empire, are bound by law to attend what Mr. Meyer and English writers call continuation schools—the German *Fortbildungschule*, or, further-developing-schools, a term which, to my way of thinking, more aptly describes the process of education enforced upon the children after their fourteenth year. An interesting peculiarity of the system, in some parts of the Empire, is the shifting of the responsibility of seeing that the pupils attend school, from the shoulders of parents and natural guardians, to the shoulders of employers. These have to see to it not only that the boys and girls have time to attend the continuation schools, but that they do attend.

The primary object of the continuation schools is to prepare boys and girls in the best way possible for their work in life. To this end a choice may be made by the boys and girls, or their parents, between a general continuation school and a particular industrial school. Indeed a trade school may be selected and put in the place of a continuation school. What the state wants, and works hard to secure, is the very best possible education for the people.

It is important to note that the child first comes in contact with the system of industrial education after graduation from the Volksschule. In some states it is permissible to substitute a special trade school (gewerbliche Fachschule) for a continuation school, particularly for persons preparing for a profession. Furthermore, a primary commercial school, a primary textile school, or school for mechanics, or for locksmiths, etc., may be substituted for the continuation school. As a rule, however, these special trade schools, even, if elementary, require the completion of some continuation school

for admission, to insure proper maturity of mind in the study of a profession.

Here, then, is the end of the educational career of a child destined for nothing more than a primary education. The Volksschule course, plus a compulsory, or sometimes optional, continuation school course, or, in substitution, some industrial continuation or trade school course, is the sum total of a primary education in Germany, which is completed at the age of fifteen, sixteen, or at times seventeen years, according to the period prescribed for attendance at the continuation school. It must be born in mind that the continuation schools, as well as all the elementary trade schools, are evening schools, enabling the young boy or girl to get an education while earning a living during the daytime. The completion of the evening school cuts the last bond of his educational career, except in rare cases when a specially ambitious young man takes such opportunity as may offer to attend a more advanced evening school, such as a master's school (Meisterschule or Meisterkursus) in which the masters of a trade gather to discuss the more advanced phases of their profession.

Passing on to the subject of Secondary Education we read that at the attainment of the tenth year the child destined for a better education, either secondary or higher, enters a secondary school, classical, semi-classical, or non-classical, according as both Greek and Latin, Latin, or neither Latin nor Greek are taught. These secondary schools may have either nine years' or six years' courses.

The Realschulen are of comparatively recent development, their history going back only about half a century. Their rise was contemporaneous with the commercial movement in Germany, and they have experienced their greatest development, as have German commerce and industry, during the last few decades. Though bitterly opposed by an unreasonable and fanatical prejudice, on the part of the philosophical adherents of the ancient classics, these schools, on the sheer strength of their merits, have won their way to the front, aided, also, in no mean degree, by the farsighted and broad-minded commercial policy of the present Emperor, who has bestowed on them his unconcealed favor.* To-day they offer an excellent

* The Emperor has gone so far, in his fondness for the scientific side of education offered by the so-called *real* schools, as to put the famous technical school at Charlottenburg in precisely the same position in regard to the granting of degrees as that occupied by Bonn-Heidelberg, Leipzig, or the University of Berlin.

opportunity for a broad and practical education as a foundation for a business career. It follows from this that the young man who seeks to enter some commercial or industrial career, or who intends to complete his education in some industrial high school, will attend in his tenth year, as a rule, a secondary non-classical school, either the Ober-Realschule or the Realschule.

If the means at the disposition of the student are limited, and he must end his educational career in the secondary schools, he has three general courses open to him. He may enter some secondary trade school, usually with a three or four years' or, less frequently, with a two years' course; he may choose a six years' course in a Realschule or Real Progymnasium, or Progymnasium; or, if he can afford a longer course, he may enter a nine years' school. Since a lack of funds to secure an advanced education generally implies a necessity to earn one's own livelihood, the father or adviser, if he is wise, will probably send the son to a special trade school of secondary rank, or to a Realschule or Ober-Realschule instead of permitting him to cram into his head what to him are useless rudiments of Greek or Latin.

Mr. Meyer does good service in telling us that the so-called "real" schools are not industrial schools in the true sense of the term, but supply rather a practical preparation for an industrial career. It follows that the German system of industrial secondary education, in which we are particularly interested, touches the system of general secondary education solely through the secondary trade schools, such as the higher schools for the textile industry, higher engineering schools, higher institutes of technology, higher commercial schools, etc.

Few persons at all familiar with the facts in German school life were without knowledge of this distinction; but to many the term was deceiving. The nearest approach to its signification, in English, is in the prefix scientific when applied to schools or to education. The "real" schools are supposed to deal with life's realities; they are largely responsible for the phenomenal progress of the past fifty years. Without them the industrial and commercial development that has gone on so rapidly and successfully would have been impossible. Mr. Meyer does not say so, nor does he even intimate it, but my own belief is that the German "real" schoolmasters were

behind Bismark in the war with Denmark about Schleswig-Holstein, at Sadowa, or Koeniggrätz in 1866, in the war against Austria and her Saxon allies, and at Sedan and Paris in the war of 1870–71.

Mr. Meyer goes on, in his introduction, to deal with the education of German women. He says: "Attention may here be called to the fact that the secondary schools, as a rule, close the educational career of German girls, though to-day sentiment is rapidly growing in favor of their admission into the higher institutions of learning, which in a number of instances has already been accomplished. In the universities they are generally admitted as "Hohrer" (listeners), if not as full students, in which case they are privileged to attend prescribed courses of lectures. The same is true of technical high schools, where courses like economics, history, industrial art, etc., are open to women.

In a long paragraph, to which readers are referred, Mr. Meyer points out pertinently the connection between German secondary education and higher education. He hints at the former's value as a preparation for a boy's or a girl's life work. It is here that one finds a fascinating field of thought. That which is only glanced at in the introduction is dealt with at great length in the pages following.

No nation has ever entirely solved the educational problem. Perfection has never been obtained, and the causes of this are deep down in human nature. Attained ideals ever give place to other higher ideals. In education this is particularly true. Hence no system of secondary education will ever be perfect. To attain perfection is to stand still, and to stand still is to stagnate.

German higher education is referred to by Mr. Meyer only for the purpose of furnishing a symmetrical skeleton of the entire system Luckily his pages are devoted, after the introduction, almost exclusively to the forms of education which he regards as essential to industrial, commercial, or economic success. He writes that the boys destined for the higher lines of professional life, law, medicine, theology, begin work in the higher schools in their nineteenth or twentieth year. Boys destined for the higher lines of industrial life, engineering, chemistry, commerce, finance, architecture, scientific agriculture, etc., etc., enter an industrial high school such as a

mining academy, of which the Empire has several, a commercial high school, of which four or five have been opened in Cologne, Frankfort, Berlin, Leipzig, Sorau, etc., etc. During every day of his work in the commercial high school, or the technical high school, the student is putting on the best armor that modern professional education can provide, and is receiving the benefit of instruction in the most advanced technical thought that science and persistent application have developed.

A cursory view of the entire system of education in Germany, as presented in a general type, has now been completed, and we are ready to begin a study of the system of industrial education in particular. In conclusion, a word may be said on the points of contact of the general system of education with the system of industrial education.

Joined to the general primary schools are the general industrial continuation schools, the commercial continuation schools, and the countless lower trade schools, such as the schools for locksmiths, blacksmiths, butchers, shoemakers, toy-makers, millers, gardeners, dyers, bookbinders, printers, textile workers, wood-workers, mechanics, plumbers, druggists, clock-makers, etc., though some schools teaching these trades and callings offer advanced work of a secondary rank.

Joined to the general secondary schools are all the "higher" industrial schools (hoehere gewerbliche Schulen), such as the higher textile schools (hoehere Textil-Schulen), higher commercial schools (hoehere Handelsschulen), higher engineering schools (hoehere Maschinenbauschulen), higher institutes of technology (hoehere Technika), etc. Practical industrial experience is also introduced as an intermediate three years between the six-years' realschule and entry in some industrial high school.

Finally, side by side with the universities stand the great technical high schools, the commercial, agricultural, and technical high schools, the schools of the future. These are the present peers and future rivals of the institutions of ancient classicism in Germany—rivals, but obviously not destroyers; rivals, because they will attract a large share of public favor, but not destroyers, because the classics are essentially the indispensable leaven of the highest culture in modern civilization, an integral part of every cultivated people's education.

With such a system of education is it wonderful that the

Empire has forged steadily to the front? When one is told that the nation is comparatively poor, that its soil is, for a large part, sandy, that it has to buy all its cotton, silk, wool, hides, etc., outside, that it is forced to import many foods, some coal, some iron, etc., and thousands of the raw materials of commerce, one instinctively asks: "How is it possible?" Mr. Meyer and those who believe as he does in this magnificent yet common-sense system of education, point quickly but proudly to the industrial, industrial art, and commercial and technical schools. With all one's heart one has to give them the old Latin wish so often heard in their halls on festive occasions: "Vivat, crescat, floreat."

And to that wish I will couple another, that we, aiming high, working for high ends and lofty ideals, will soon add some such system to the schools of our own country. What we are without them should not satisfy us; we should reach out to what we would be with them.

My purpose in these pages is to point out the marvelous opportunities offered to, and the great possibilities possessed by, our people. Americans, as a rule, are wonderfully endowed. The jack-knife genius of the past is still ours. Eye, hand, and mind have lost little if any of their cunning. Such schools as are here outlined are worthy of emulation; I might add imitation, although I am radically opposed to imitation on principle. Once we realize the results that have been won with such schools, once we realize what they *may* mean, what they *must* mean to us, by studying carefully their contributions to the success of others, we will wait but a little while before adding them to the public school system of the country. In another final article on this subject I expect to furnish CATHOLIC WORLD readers with a most remarkable, unsolicited, unexpected confirmation of all that was said about the Mosely Commission in the CATHOLIC WORLD of January, and about German education in the present article. It is from the pen of Consul General Mason, at present serving his country at Berlin, but destined for Paris.

Current Events.

Russia.

While in Hungary, France, and Germany events of some importance have taken place, Russia has been the scene of occurrences which have surpasssd in interest all others. Riots have taken place in which the blood of innocent men, and even of women and children, has been shed, and the Grand Duke Sergius has been assassinated. A strike of workmen took place and, with that pathetic confidence in the goodness and the power of the Tsar which is so strong in Russia, and which forms so strange an exception to the rest of the world in its attitude towards its rulers, the strikers and many thousands of the people tried to approach the Tsar in order to lay their requests before him in person. They came without arms, and preceded by the emblems of their common faith, *icons* and crucifixes and banners and priests in their robes. They came as suppliants, and how were they received? They were shot down almost in cold blood. Accounts vary as to the numbers of the slain; all agree, however, that the official account, as is the case with most of the Russian official accounts, is altogether unreliable; on the other hand, the numbers given at first by the newspapers were greatly exaggerated. The truth seems to be that some 300 were killed and 1,100 wounded. If there had been only one, not to say killed but merely wounded, the Tsar would have gone beyond his rights in according such a reception to peaceful suppliants. His duty is to govern for the well-being of his people, as he himself professes, and especially of the weak, for whose sakes governments are established—the strong being able to protect themselves. Especially is this duty incumbent upon the Tsar, for he has received from the vast majority of his subjects child-like reverence and submission. He is to them both pope and emperor; for he is the head of the Church as well as of the State. But he proved himself unworthy of his trust; instead of coming to listen to their petition, he secreted himself—where no one knew, except those within his own immediate circle. All power to deal with the crisis he gave into the hands of the most bitterly hated, the most thoroughly mistrusted, man in Russia—his uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Commander-

in-Chief of the army. The reputation of this Grand Duke is so bad that when the funds, collected for the care of the wounded in Russia's army in Manchuria, were a few months ago appropriated by him no wonder was felt; the only feeling was one of surprise that an opportunity should have been given to him to touch the funds. He is looked upon, too, as the chief cause of the war with Japan, he having acquired estates in Manchuria which he wished to protect. For the weakling Tsar he has an undisguised contempt, and the belief is widely spread that he not merely wishes, but has even taken steps to supplant him. For he has one redeeming quality—he is a brave man and a thorough soldier; hated by the people, he is popular with the army; and for many years to come we fear that it is by the army that the form of the Russian government will be determined.

As to the effect which will be produced by the recent riots, and the still more recent assassination, upon the projects of reform, of which we gave an account in the last number, it is difficult at present to form an estimate. On the one hand, the prospect is very dark. The principal persons who favored these reforms have lost power. The Minister of the Interior, Prince Svietopolk-Mirski, the best representative of the reforming spirit, has resigned. His successor, M. Buliguine, represents the traditions of repression in their most unqualified form. Dictatorial powers have been given to General Trepoff over St. Petersburg, as its Governor-General; all local and civil authorities and educational institutions of all kinds are made subject to him in all matters which affect the maintenance of civil order and public security; the military are placed under his control so far as he may wish their aid; all government factories and workshops are to be subordinate to him; he is empowered to prohibit individuals from staying in his jurisdiction; a strict censorship is imposed upon the press, and he is empowered to make obligatory regulations regarding matters affecting public tranquillity and order. Such are some of the powers entrusted to a man whose only claim to them is based upon the arbitrary (and yet not successful) character of his rule at Moscow, of the police of which city he was the chief. Such is the immediate outcome of the riots, and it does not promise well for the future.

On the other hand, it has been definitely announced that

nothing which has taken place will stand in the way of the carrying out of the reforms promised by the Tsar. The Committee of Ministers is at work drawing up the details necessary, in order that these reforms may be practically realized. Moreover, the demands made by the strikers were primarily made for the bettering of their own condition as working-men, and some of these demands were extravagant, and such as would not have been granted in any part of Europe or America. The country has been reduced to extremity from an economic point of view, famine has become chronic, the masses are condemned to labor which is beyond their strength, and to a continual lack of the first necessaries. Living under the absolute rule of officials whose only care is of their own interests, the people, who alone know their own wants and how to provide for them, have been deprived of initiative, and little is the wonder if they make mistakes. Political requirements were, indeed, associated with these trade demands; it was, however, primarily a labor question rather than a revolt or revolution. The brutal treatment of the working men will undoubtedly have a great effect, and will tend to disillusionize the people at large; the blood of the innocent will call to heaven for vengeance, and may, in time, lead to the establishment of a reasonable form of government. We very much doubt whether the riot will have any more immediate effect. And it is well that it should not. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This is the way in which nature works, and it is the only way in which institutions which shall last can be established. It may be years before Russia will have a constitution placing restrictions upon this one-man rule; the most that can be hoped for is a gradual approach towards this end. These riots form an indication of the feeling of the working-men who live in the cities, and the cities form a very small proportion of the Russian people, of whom at least 80 per cent. are peasants. Of their feelings and views we know practically nothing. Were the factory rioters to triumph, it would, we fear, be only the victory of one class over the other classes, and although this would undoubtedly lead to a better state of things than the one which exists at present, it would be so far from perfect that it is better to wait until the larger part of every class are made gradually fit for a fuller measure of self government. The assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius

is not only a crime but a blunder, and there is every reason to fear that the reform movement will collapse.

The character of the present Tsar, and his system of government, should contribute greatly to this education of the Russian people, if the Grand Dukes, by whom he is surrounded, allow him to live. For he is one of those men who have so high an opinion of themselves and of their abilities, as to imagine that they have a mission to reform and guide all of their fellow-creatures. Illogical and mystical, his own adviser and his own government, he is blind to the effect of his actions. The war with Japan was known to be inevitable by all except himself. He took or allowed to be taken every step which led up to it, seizing his neighbor's property, while believing that he would never be brought to account. And so he became, and is being recognized by his people as, the cause of the slaughter and bloodshed of so many human beings, each of whom is far better than himself.

This, too, is in harmony with his character, for under an appearance of gentleness and benignity, and notwithstanding many expressions of good will and kindness, he has a heart of stone. The Tsar caused his warmest congratulations to be conveyed to the monster who rules Turkey on account of the most atrocious of his deeds—his massacre of the Armenians in 1895. Possessed with the notion that he is supreme on earth, he has over-ridden the rights of the Finns, not to violate whose constitution he took a solemn oath on his accession, and the Armenians he has despoiled of their schools and churches; he has treated the latter so harshly that they wish themselves back under the Turk. As to his own people, he regards himself not as the trustee and minister of good for their well-being, but as their owner and lord. All that some 120,000,000 of people have to do, in his eyes, is to obey. Even though he may mean well by each and every one of this vast multitude, if he is incompetent—and it appears clear that he is—this incompetence will reduce the nation to such straits as to necessitate a thorough change in the present system of government.

"No person shall be deprived of the rights of his social standing, nor shall such rights be curtailed otherwise than by a tribunal and for a crime." This is one of the provisions of the law of the Empire. Yet members of every class of society

are arrested, banished, imprisoned, without the least regard to this provision. The Tsar violates it, and has the right to do so, being an irresponsible, absolute monarch, head of the Church and State alike. The best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it; the Tsar is making this attempt, and let us hope it will result in such a system being abolished. "Russia is too large and its wants are too various and numerous for officials alone to be able to rule it. . . . The people alone know their own wants." This is what the working-men of St. Petersburg declared on the 22nd of last month. When the whole nation shall have seen this truth, the end will have come peaceably. It is worthy of notice that where despotism rules the power of the church is non-existent; the Catholic Church has to struggle hard for bare subsistence in Russia.

Germany.

In Germany also the principal recent event worth noting has been a strike—that of the miners—and it is interesting to contrast the course of events in Russia and in Germany. The workmen, the miners of the Ruhr district of Westphalia, seem to have broken their contracts and to have left work without giving the legal notice. On this account their employers, the mine-owners, sought to win to their side the public opinion of the country; the miners, however, were able to make it clear that for a long time their employers had been departing from the terms of the contract by increasing the length of time of work, paying inadequate wages, and importing foreign laborers, and by the taking away of long-established privileges. At first the mine owners took a high and lofty line; they would not even negotiate with men who broke contracts. The government sent a Commissioner to investigate, but did not attempt to use force. In the Prussian Chamber and in the Reichstag Catholic members came forward in behalf of the miners, and Cardinal Kopp, Bishop of Breslau, and Archbishop Fischer, of Cologne, have sent subscriptions to the fund which was being raised. The mine owners' refusal to negotiate with the miners has rendered it necessary that, like the kings of an older *régime*, a limit should be placed upon their powers; their arrogance has been its own nemesis; they have fallen under universal condemnation; and a Bill has been introduced to restrict their powers and to safeguard the rights of those

whom they employ. The German mining laws afford a basis for this intervention, inasmuch as the laws which give to mine owners rights, also impose correlative duties. The declaration of one of the mine owners, "My capital is my own, and I can do with it what I like," raised throughout the Empire a storm of indignation. The Bill introduced by the Government into the Prussian Chamber proposes to regulate by law the hours of labor, to establish compulsorily workmen's committees which are to co-operate in the administration of certain funds; to regulate the shifts of work; to abolish the chief abuse which caused the strike; to limit the exaction of certain fines. Thus although Germany is far from having a constitutional government, strictly so called, yet the voice of public opinion in support of the rights of the working-man knows how to make itself felt.

In another matter, too, the voice of the public has been heard. The rising of the natives in Southwest Africa has involved a large expenditure of money, and this the government made on its own responsibility. Parliament assembled and no appeal of Indemnity was sought for by the Government. This was an infringement of right which could not be passed over in silence. A Catholic member of the Reichstag led the way in declaring the absolute necessity that the Government should ask for pardon and seek acquittal. The Chancellor of the Empire acceded to the demand and sought the Indemnity; and thus the rights and dignity of the Reichstag have been maintained.

Austro-Hungary.

The elections have place taken in Hungary, and, contrary to expectation, the government of Count Tisza has sustained a severe defeat. For nearly forty years the Liberal party, by fair means or by foul, has retained a majority in the Hungarian Chamber, and there seemed no possibility of its losing the control of the government. The only way open to its opponents of thwarting it was by systematic obstruction, by making use of the standing orders of the House. So gocd (or bad) a use of this means was made that for two years all the efforts of various governments to legislate had been rendered nugatory. Count Tisza determined to break down this outrageous abuse of parliamentary forms and appealed to the country. The voters seem to prefer liberty to order, and he

has been defeated. The Liberals are now in a minority, and of course the government has resigned; but the election has opened up graver questions than that of parliamentary procedure. The Independence party, led by M. Kossuth, son of the celebrated Hungarian patriot, forms in the new Parliament the strongest group. This party has for its aim the abolition of the Compact made in 1867, a Compact which forms the groundwork and basis of the Empire and Kingdom. For while Austria and Hungary each has distinct Parliaments and distinct Cabinets, they have a common economic system, that is to say, there is no customs line drawn between the two parts of the Dual Monarchy, and there is a common ministry for the management of foreign affairs of the army and navy, and of financial affairs so far as involved in this arrangement. The whole of this arrangement it has long been the object of the now most numerous group in the Chamber to abolish, and merely to leave the personal bond with Austria. The Emperor of Austria will be the King of Hungary; in all other respects Austria and Hungary are to be distinct. The result of the election, therefore, is to open up the question of organic reconstruction. How it will be solved must be a matter of interest to students of the many movements for Home Rule.

France.

M. Combes—the representative of the modern spirit, as he called himself—has disappeared at last, overthrown by an assembly which he had disgusted by the mean and degrading methods he had sanctioned in order that he might retain the power to drive into the street defenceless monks and nuns. He celebrated, however, the last week of his retention of office by the suppression of some four hundred religious houses. He departs detested even by those who are but little better than himself. It is not often that retribution has fallen so swiftly on the evil-doer. The forty-first ministry since the establishment of the Third Republic has been formed, with M. Rouvier as Prime Minister. It is, in the main, of the same character as its predecessor, and has the same intentions with respect to the Church, although it may be less offensive in its methods. The new Prime Minister was a follower of Gambetta, and has already been minister six times. M. Delcassé has been retained as Foreign

Minister—an office which he has filled for five years and a half, and in which he has undoubtedly served his country and Europe well. M. Étienne, conspicuous for his activity in colonial affairs, has been made Minister of the Interior. A noted Anti-Clerical has been made Minister of Worship. There are seven new members, while four formed part of the preceding Cabinet. It comprises representatives of no fewer than six groups and yet there is not a single representative of the groups which drove M. Combes out of office. This indicates that the Rouvier ministry will rely upon what is called the *Bloc*, the same men who supported M. Combes, and will have to carry out the same programme.

The experience which, during the past two years, France has had of Free Masonry and its odious influences gave some little reason to hope that the proposal to separate Church and State would be, if not abandoned, at all events postponed. This hope, if ever entertained, must be abandoned. The Bill for the separation has been introduced, and although some of the more obnoxious clauses of M. Combes' Bill have been omitted, it makes the separation of Church and State definite and conclusive. The Concordat is to be abolished, and all State aid and subsidies are to be withheld. The Church is to be organized in many civil corporations, and to these the church property is to be transferred. Pensions are to be given to the clergy. Liberty also is to be given, but this liberty in its exercise must be subordinate to what the state officials look upon as public order. These are the conditions under which the Church will enter upon a new era in France.

The designs for the peaceful penetration of Morocco are being prosecuted. The Sultan does not altogether relish, however, the having his territories penetrated in any way soever, being possessed with the quite common notion that he would like to do with his own as he pleases. He seemed to be upon the point of using violence to keep the French Envoy out. He has, however, chosen a wiser plan. The French Envoy is to be received, but the Sultan, seeing himself obliged to place limitations upon his own power, has preferred to share it with his own subjects than to transfer it to a foreign state. He has accordingly summoned two of the chief men from each coast town and a larger number from the inland towns to discuss the situation. The result will be a long delay, and in the

end a refusal of French demands, not made by the Sultan himself, but by the whole people, with the accession of popularity to the Sultan. Moreover, should any reforms be thought desirable by those Moorish representatives, it is their intention to ask Germany to undertake the task. Such is the perversity of the Moorish heart.

Italy.

In Italy the question of religious education has been raised, although in no very acute form. According to the law of 1859 religious instruction is obligatory in elementary schools. The law of 1877 makes no mention of religious instruction, but enacts that instruction must be given "in the first notions of the duties incumbent on a man and a citizen." Is the later enactment meant to modify and supersede the first? And if it did, did it forbid religious instruction in the schools? These questions have been referred to the Council of State. In other respects Italy seems to be prosperous and quiet; the only question in any degree urgent being the relations with Austria. A fire is smouldering which may perchance burst into a blaze. The opposition to the King's Civil List, a reduction of the amount granted to him being demanded by the Socialists, entirely collapsed, and the full amount was confirmed to him with the full approval of all parties except a very small section of the Extreme Left.

The Near East.

In the Near East the prospect of the maintenance of peace is very doubtful. The reforms have made so little progress that the bands of the revolutionists who have been waiting and watching will, it is feared, get beyond control. The reverses in the Far East cannot fail to weaken the influence of Russia over both the Turk and the Bulgarian. The German, also, has shown signs that he intends to have a share in any steps which may be taken.

Spain.

Spain seems to delight in changing its Cabinets—last month it had a new one, and this month also. The reason for these changes does not seem to be of sufficient importance to be discussed.

New Books.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Dr. Osler.

The importance of this little book* is quite out of proportion to its size. It is a revelation of the frankly agnostic spirit of modern non-Catholic Christianity. Dr. Osler, the author—we need not speak of his fame, for the whole world now knows that he is, perhaps, the greatest of contemporary scientific physicians—is, to all appearances, an extraordinarily devout Christian. He writes with evident honesty; he would repudiate the idea that he is mocking at a sacred doctrine; his aim is decidedly not satire, but sincerity; in fact, he would probably class himself as an apologist for the particular Christian belief he is discussing.

And yet, if he be a Christian and an apologist, he is the truest agnostic we have read in many a day.

He is dealing with a belief that is as essential to practical Christianity, as the belief in the existence of God is essential to speculative theology, for he treats of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. And the manner of his conducting the investigation, rather than the outcome of it, is, we say, a revelation. Of course we have known that actual faith in immortality has long since vanished among scientific non-Catholics. But Dr. Osler rises in an assembly of the "intellectuals," as he calls them, and states and re-states and reiterates the sad fact of modern unbelief in a doctrine that really makes or unmakes Christians, and no one rebukes him, all agree with him; we read that his essay was listened to with deep interest, but with no apparent dissent.

When St. Paul, seizing an opportunity to speak to the "intellectuals" of his day, chose this same subject of immortality, there can be no doubt that he considered its acceptance the just criterion of a Christian; it was, in his mind, the characteristic doctrine of the then new religion; and when his hearers, after maintaining as long as they could the polite and scholarly interest that befits "intellectuals," finally decided that Paul was a babbler, we can hardly imagine that the

* *Science and Immortality.* By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Apostle answered that, if they could not see the proof for immortality, they might take their Christianity with or without immortality.

Yet here is a modern lecturer, a devout Christian, addressing an assembly of "Christians," and the lecturer and the assembly both decide that they will have their Christianity without the improbable doctrine.

Dr. Osler is not a satirist; but he commences this lecture with a thrust that rivals Dean Swift's, which he quotes:

> "He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad,
> And show'd, by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much."

Miss Ingersoll, says the lecturer, gave of the wealth she had to endow a lectureship on Immortality at Harvard College, and showed, "by one satiric touch," that no other community needed it so much as Harvard—and the likes of Harvard; and Christian Harvard chuckles at the mention of its reputation for unbelief.

Now the purpose of "the scientific observer," the lecturer declares—and, of course, "the scientific observer" is the same man with the lecturer—is to "free his mind, as far as possible, from the bonds of education and environment, so as to make an impartial study of the problem"; and his method is to run over pretty much all literature, ancient and modern, pagan, Jewish, and Christian, poetic and pragmatic (and Dr. Osler knows literature); hold a kind of general review of all witnesses *pro* and *contra*, and then decide whether an "impartial study" leads to belief or unbelief. Literature, sacred and profane, are, by this method, at par as witnesses. What used to be called "revelation" had better now be called "literature"; and "sacred" means only "biblical." Interpreter there is none; judge or jury there is none; the advocate is judge and jury and all; and, naturally, what should the verdict be but the reflex of the advocate's mind? Plato and Stephen Phillips, Aristotle and John Milton, St. Paul and Sir Thomas Browne, the Acts of the Apostles and Richard Burton, Tennyson, Job, Frederick Myers, Erasmus, Esdras, John Bunyan, Montaigne, Omar Khayyam, Dean Swift, and

Cicero; they are a goodly, if various, crowd of witnesses, and the attorney for the prosecution—for that is the character of the author, though he calls himself a judge—knows how to make them all tell the same tale; and then he stands back and says: "Behold, the world never believed, and can never believe in immortality."

Of course there are those who still have a genuine belief in immortality. Dr. Osler calls them the "Teresians," after St. Teresa; why they should not be called "Paulians," after St. Paul, or "Christians," after Christ, does not appear. Then there are those who have a professional but unreal belief in Christianity, these—appropriately enough—are the "Laodiceans," and most men are Laodiceans, neither "hot nor cold, but lukewarm." And finally, there are the "Gallionians"; (see how valuable it is to know your Bible, you could not so nicely classify the three groups, unless you knew these references); and the Gallionians, the agnostics, are the "intellectuals," the class to which the lecturer and his hearers belong. What made them Gallionians? The answer is: Modern science, which "dispenses with the soul"; but, if the soul is dispensed with, how can they be even Gallionians? Biology, which tells us that "man is the one far-off event towards which the whole creation has moved, the crowning glory of organic life, the end product of a ceaseless evolution which has gone on for æons"; and biblical criticism, which has "weakened the belief in revelation, and so indirectly in immortality." Thus has Christian doctrine become agnostic, and thus is open agnosticism become, to use the doctor's words, the "end-product" of the system that started as biblical Christianity.

Finally, though the author is no preacher, he closes with the traditional "let us therefore" of the preacher. And his word of practical advice to the young men of Harvard, and to the intellectuals of the world is this: "After a careful review of the literature of the subject, can an impartial observer say that the uncertainty has been rendered less uncertain, the confusion less confounded? I think not. . . . Knowing nothing of an immortality of the spirit, science has put on an immortality of the flesh. . . . Science minimizes to the vanishing point the importance of individual man," (there are those who say that the superiority of Christianity over pagan-

ism is precisely in the *magnifying* of the importance of the individual man). However, we must not run away from our agnosticism; "the man of science cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state, and, however distressing such a negative attitude of mind, he will ask to be left, like Pyrrho, reserving his judgment, but still inquiring. . . . The man of science is in a sad quandary to-day. As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with a good grace. The wine-press of doubt each one of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man may deliver his brother or make agreement with another for him. . . . On the question before us some of you will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei.*"

Cheerful prospect, indeed! Hopeful outcome to the wanderings of a soul! To end with the guessing and hoping of Cicero and Plato, when one has begun with the dogmatic certainty of St. Paul and of Christ. We have expressed wonder, in passing, that the intellectuals imagine this is Christianity. We wonder, now, whether they imagine such doubtful doctrine and such hopeless questioning can be a foundation of any religion whatsoever.

The little book, again we say, serves an important purpose. It is a crystallized statement of much that had been in solution, as it were, heretofore; it makes us know where the majority of modern scientists stand with regard to the only matters that they themselves consider more important than science itself.

BIBLE STUDIES.
By Dr. Mullany.

This pamphlet* contains biographical studies of the three most important personages of the Old Testament, Abraham, Joseph, and Moses. They are written in an excellent style, interestingly, vividly, and with an evident realization of the dramatic quality that attaches to the person of each of these patriarchs. We do not mean that Father Mullany has profaned the sacredness of his subject by an endeavor after "fine writing" or rhetorical display; on the contrary he writes very simply. The

* *Bible Studies.* By Rev. John F. Mullany, L.L.D. Syracuse, N. Y.: The Mason Press.

studies will be, therefore, valuable to beginners in Bible History, as well as interesting to the scholar. We wish that the now popular classes in Bible History could have a dozen or a score more of such interesting and entertaining pamphlets placed in their hands.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE.
By Chamberlain.

In the present state of turmoil over Bible teaching and interpretation, we Catholics often wonder how the Protestant Sunday-School teachers continue their work, especially perhaps among children. For it is so evident that there is an almost universal denial by non-Catholics of the miraculous and supernatural element in both the Old and the New Testaments, that we are anxious to know whether the children of Protestants are being taught the rationalism that is in vogue among their elders; and if so, how they can be taught to develop or to retain any respect for a Bible that needs so much explaining away, so much interpretation, and so much apology. We have a few of our questions answered by the present volume.* And we notice that while there is not a little disguising of ultra-modern biblical theories, in their presentation to children, there is a rather more general bluntness and honesty in giving out to them the conclusions of rationalistic study.

The most prominent—and evidently the most purposeful—omission is that of any reference to the inspiration of the Bible. The children are taught many things that are equally hard to learn, but no attempt is made to give them any idea of what is the special character of the sacred book they are studying. It is put plainly upon a level with any other collection of books, historical, fictional, poetical, allegorical, or ethical.

The bothersome question of inspiration out of the way, the rest is comparatively easy. Genesis, Exodus, and the other "historical" books, are plainly labelled "books of history and story"; and the children's questionings may easily be put to rest by the admission of the fictional character of the book, at any time when the historical character may be difficult to uphold.

* *An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children.* By Georgia Louise Chamberlain. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

Thus the story of creation is "an artistic reproduction of an old national tradition," put into poetic form to be attractive, the narratives of the miracles with which the Old Testament is crowded are called "wonder stories," which gathered around the persons of the great men of the Bible, as in the case of Elijah and Elisha, the very patent difficulties from ethics, for instance, in the story of Jacob, are avoided, though any child who reads the text must feel them; to avoid the difficulty in the story of Jonah, the plain statement is made that "many Jonah stories" were in existence, of which this one has survived, and this one, presumably, is as incredible as the other "wonder-stories" which have perished; and the author remarks rather naïvely in this connection: "If a question arises as to the truth of the story of the great fish, call attention to the fact that this is only one of the miracles of the book" (as if that would mend matters); and then the writer continues with the usual explanation, "the story was doubtless a current one well known to the author of the book," and "he is concerned only with its possibilities as a medium through which he may teach the great religious truth he has in mind." We can scarcely imagine the child who can be made to grasp that truth. The child-mind is simple and will have only a few bothersome questions: "Is the story true, and if not, why is it written down in this book as if it were true; and if this story is not true, why is any of the marvelous stories true?" The adept in biblical apologetic may explain these matters possibly to adults, but certainly not to children.

Unfortunately, too, almost criminally we Catholics must think, the volume, when it comes to the New Testament, entirely avoids the most important question in the New Testament—the personality of Jesus Christ. The inference is, of course, that the children are to regard him as a mere man; but if so, some word of explanation ought to be given as to how the Christian world (including of course Baptists, for whom the book was written) was so long deceived in this important matter, and so long given to the gross idolatry, if such it be, of worshipping a man.

These are samples of the all-too-evident objections to a book of this kind. The fact is the Bible cannot be honestly and profitably taught to children. The Bible is essentially a book for adult minds; and even among adults, happy is the

one who can read his Bible intelligently and with a serene mind and peaceful conscience nowadays. The wonder is that such "enlightened" teachers as those of the University of Chicago should still cling to the fetich idea that the Bible must be made the groundwork of religious teaching even for children. This idea is a survival of the old thought. We predict it will not long endure. Soon, Protestant children will get their ethical and religious teaching from less cumbersome and less difficult text-books.

ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED.
By Temple.

The Athanasian Creed * is again in this present day in the Anglican Church, what it has often been in the past history of that communion, a storm-centre of controversy. A determined effort has been in progress for the elimination of this robust *Symbolum* from the public offices to the church. Its Trinitarian terminology is too crude, its eschatology too brutal, its general spirit too bigoted, according to the charges of modern liberal Anglicans. So they wish it removed, and instead of hearing it proclaimed in public worship thirteen times a year, they desire that it shall be flung into the waste-cellar of theology, there to moulder with the forgotten heresies which it was written to counteract. Naturally the conservatives are rising in opposition. One of them, the Reverend Henry Temple, a man who seems to have kept his lips pure from the unwholesome stream of modern learning, some time ago delivered in York Cathedral four lectures in vigorous remonstrance. The lectures are entitled: "The Obscurity and Severity of the Athanasian Creed"; "The Athanasian Doctrine of the Trinity"; "The Eschatology of the Athanasian Creed"; and "Excuses for and Palliations of the Sin of Unbelief." Dr. Temple's effort will not count for much, we fear. It is based upon too old-fashioned a foundation. For although he has collected a formidable mass of Scripture testimony in favor of Athanasian theology, he must not expect to move modern men thereby, until he first prove the credibility of the records which he quotes. It is amazing to find that Dr. Temple is apparently in a condition of absolute unconsciousness that the battlefield of Christian apologetic

* *Trinity in Unity:* Four Lectures on Certain Aspects of the Athanasian Creed. By Henry Temple, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

is no longer where it used to be. He performs right valiantly on the site of the firing-line of half a century ago; but he hurts not his enemies, who are not now in front of him, but are entrenched in his rear, across his line of communications, laughing all the while at his fusilade into blank space. That is to say Dr. Temple must validate Scripture, not merely quote it, if he is to have the slightest influence with his fellow-Anglicans who have gone over to Belial in such numbers, we fear, that *Athanasius contra mundum* is a phrase with a decidedly up-to-date significance. From all that we can see of the controversy, the Athanasian Creed, in matter and form, in letter and spirit, is doomed.

SPIRITISM.

By J. G. Raupert.

There are few phenomena in the history of science more remarkable than the change which has occurred, in the last twenty years, in the attitude of scientific men towards spiritism. It was once almost universal, and even to-day it is not unknown, that hard-headed students of empirical method should scoff at the pretentions of spiritists, and should make merry over the evoking of "spooks." That any shred of this whole baggage of humbug and delusion, as it was considered, should ever be recognized as a proper field of serious investigation, used to be ridiculed. Things are far different now. The very foremost men in physical and psychological science have looked into spiritism, have been amazed and confounded by what they have observed, and are now in considerable number subjecting these mysterious happenings to profouud and anxious scrutiny. When men like William James, of Harvard, Professor Hyslop, of Columbia, Sir Oliver Lodge of Birmingham, Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thallium, and all but the discoverer of the Röntgen rays, Alfred Russel Wallace, forever to be associated with Darwin in the history of the evolution theory, and other men, almost if not quite as eminent, come out before the world confessing that they began their examination of spiritism convinced sceptics, but that they have been beaten by the facts of the case into a belief in spirits who do actually communicate with the living, then it is time to deal with the subject soberly and scientifically, and to endeavor to assign it a proper place in the scheme of human experience.

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert* has written a serious volume on the subject which is worthy to be read and pondered. Mr. Raupert is a Catholic, and, unless we mistake, a member of the Psychical Research Society. At all events he has had himself a great deal of experience with professional spiritists. He writes, therefore, as one acquainted with the facts, and as a firm believer in the church. The main point of his book lies in a warning against the grave dangers of dabbling in spiritism. He is not alone in giving such a warning. All investigators declare their astonishment at the knavery, cunning, falsehood, and general low moral standards of the spirits who communicate through mediums. Not that all spirits are thus depraved. Frequently the communications are on lofty matters and imply a very pure morality. But no one, we think, questions that a great majority of the unseen agents in these manifestations are of a contemptible and degraded character. And furthermore the physical consequences to those who have given themselves up to spirit-control, have often been disastrous. Many mediums have undergone a hideous depravation of character, and still others have become insane. The common sense conclusion to draw from all this, at least, as a general rule, is that people should abstain from spiritism. The dangers are certainly grave; and thus far we are not adequately safeguarded against them. It seems morally certain that sometime in the future science will be able to speak with decision on these matters. For the present the subjeet is shrouded in mystery, and Mr. Raupert has done a service in warning the curious to avoid it. Mr. Raupert himself, we may add in conclusion, does not hold that the mediumistic manifestations are due to the spirits of departed human beings, but seems to be of opinion that they are chiefly the work of the legions of darkness.

THE INDEX.
By Joseph Hilgers, S.J.

The Jesuit, Joseph Hilgers, has written a large volume† of six hundred pages on the Index of Forbidden Books as it exists in the Catholic Church. The Index may be studied in two ways, speculatively and historically; speculatively by an examination

* *Modern Spiritism;* A Critical Examination of its Phenomena, Character, and Teaching in the Light of the Known Facts. By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Der Index der Verbotenen Bücher;* In seiner neuen Fassung dargelegt und rechtlich-historisch Gewürdigt. Von Joseph Hilgers, S.J. St. Louis: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

of the nature of book-censorship, the binding-force of its laws, dispensation from them, etc.; and historically by following the course of condemnations from beginning to end. Father Hilgers, as the sub-title of his work indicates, has endeavored to embrace both methods. Consequently, although Leo XIII.'s *Officiorum ac Munerum* inspired the book, and occupies a large share of its pages, we may expect in addition an historical account of the intensely interesting subject with which it deals. In this expectation we shall be partly satisfied and partly disappointed. Our author does give some attention to the history of the Index, but far from enough. It is true that we cannot justly look for a complete account of all Index-lists and Index-processes in a work so limited in size. The work of the Index, since Paul IV. published the first papal catalogue of prohibited books, in 1559, down to the latest condemnation under Pius X., is indeed too enormous to be comprised within the covers of one moderate volume. But we cannot help regretting that Father Hilgers did not give a little space to one extremely important feature of his subject; and that is, how the various proclamations of the Index were received by the Catholic States of Europe. It is charged, for example, that the vice-king of Naples would not allow Paul IV.'s Index to be published in his domains; nor the governor of Milan in his. And we sometimes hear it said that Count Cosimo, of Tuscany, ordered a commission to investigate the results of the Index, and they reported to the effect that it had ruined the book-trade of Florence, causing a loss of 100,000 gold ducats within a short time, and that it had been the means of reducing to ashes innumerable copies of the classics in France and Germany. Several instances of this kind are thrown against us from time to time; and we regret that Father Hilgers did not provide us with an answer. He writes his book in order that the Index may be *gewürdigt*, justly estimated, and he should, we think, have devoted especial attention to such difficulties as we have mentioned.

Other omissions we might notice, for example, whether excommunication *latæ sententiæ* was ever proclaimed against those who should retain any proscribed book; why Sixtus V.'s Index was never published; the question of vernacular Bibles; the reason for the extraordinarily severe condemnation of Erasmus in Paul IV.'s Index; to mention only a few of many

burning questions. Some of these Father Hilgers has treated, but hardly, we should say, as their importance warrants.

Our author does well to insist upon the mitigation of ancient severity, which appears in Leo XIII.'s edition of the Index. For whereas in some of the earlier Index-lists those authors alone whose *opera omnia* were condemned numbered a thousand, to say nothing of the far more numerous proscriptions of single books, Leo's catalogue, counting all species of condemnation, contains only a few more than four thousand names. The late Pope removed a large number of books from the Index, and if he retained several, like Lord Bacon's *De Augmento Scientiarum*, Vass's edition of *Ignatius Martyr*, Descarte's *Meditations*, Locke's *Human Understanding*, Pascal's *Pensées*, Oliver Goldsmith's *History of England*, Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, Ranke's *Popes*, Balzac's novels, and Whately's *Logic*, he doubtless had reasons of his own for doing so.

On the theological side of his subject, Father Hilgers takes a rigidly conservative view. The old question whether or not even Catholic scholars may read prohibited books without ecclesiastical authorization, he answers with a stern No! *Epikeia* in such cases is to be used circumspectly, he adds. Altogether this volume is valuable and significant. It is true that neither historically nor theologically is it likely to be the last word on the subject of the Index; still Catholic students will do well to read and study it, and even non-Catholic scholars, we dare say, would find it unusually interesting.

HURRELL FROUDE.
By Miss Guiney.

Hurrell Froude as assuredly deserves a biography,* as the great movement of which he was a part merits to be remembered in history. It will be recalled that Froude was one of the early Tractarians, that he gave his influence whole-heartedly to the agitation for a return to the Catholic *ethos* which Anglicanism had miserably lost, that he was a friend, yes, the dearest of friends, to Newman, and that he died untimely before he could see his principles in all their consequences, or be confronted with the solemn issue to which they would have inevitably led him. He was a brilliant youth, one of that fascinating

* *Hurrell Froude: Memoranda and Comments.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. London: Methuen & Co.

group of Oriel men, Newman, Keble, Isaac Williams, Mozley, who in the early thirties felt their hearts burning within them while they talked of ancient Catholicity, which must be restored to England, and dreamed of a new *Ecclesia Anglicana* which should wear laurels of sanctity and scholarship not unworthy of the old. Hurrell Froude was one of the most lovable of the group. He was ardent, boyish, fearless, caught up with enthusiasm, and as eager as a soldier to fight for his cause. Newman is outspoken in acknowledging his debt to him. In the *Apologia* he says: "It is difficult for me to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and, in the same degree, to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence."

It is this "lost Pleiad of the Oxford Movement," in Miss Guiney's happy phrase, whose biography we have here presented to us. It is a work of unusually distinguished merit. In the first place, Miss Guiney allows Hurrell Froude to tell his own story. Her own words are probably no more than one in ten, compared with his. And in the case of such a character as Froude this method is eminently the best. For he was not a public man, he occupies no conspicuous place in what goes by the name of history; he was only a brave and gifted soul that lived with high thoughts, and in a narrow sphere tried valiantly to instil his ideas into the minds of others. He has of course a place in history, because his ideals became the principles of a great reform, and the men whom he influenced, the leaders of a mighty movement. But Hurrell Froude himself remains apart, as one of whom written chronicle can tell us little, and who, therefore, if revealed at all, must be revealed by his own word. And so it is with an admirable sense of fitness that Miss Guiney holds her own pen in reserve, and puts together passages from her subject's letters and papers which illustrate the qualities of his noble character, and tell the story of his brief career. And a second feature of this book which calls for praise is that in the pages which the biographer has written herself, the style is splendid. The lover of good English may be assured beforehand that this volume will refresh and comfort him. The second half of

the book is taken up with judgments of Hurrell Froude, written by many men of many minds—Newman, James Anthony Froude—Hurrell's brother,—R. W. Church, J. B. Mozley, R. H. Hutton, Cardinal Wiseman, and numerous others. This compilation makes a valuable chapter in the history of the Oxford Movement. Altogether we have here a volume for which we owe the author gratitude. We wish for it a wide circulation.

FATHER JUDGE.

The life of Father Judge, S.J., who died a missionary in Alaska, is a simple and uplifting narrative* of priestly heroism. It tells of a young Jesuit who asked for an appointment to the Yukon mission, labored there with cheerful joy and abundant fruit, and died after a brief career in his bleak apostolate, loved by every one who knew him, and venerated even by non-Catholics for his single-minded fidelity to duty. Books of this sort do great good in revealing lives so given up to God, so contemptuous of danger and of ease, so rugged and robust, and so well fitted to give to our age a new stimulus to faith, and a new inspiration to charity.

THE HEBREW PROPHETS.
By Selfe.

Why are the Hebrew prophets so neglected in our religious literature? There are few questions which a student of Scripture finds it harder to answer. It would not be believed, unless the fact was so patent, that those glorious precursors of the Kingdom of God could be so unused and abandoned. They are the true heralds of the Gospel. They are the highest proof, yes, almost the only proof, that a special Providence watched over the Hebrew people. Their spiritual teaching is pure and evangelic. Their passion for undefiled religion stands out a miracle in the history of men. Their sublime eloquence, their enraptured fervor, their far-seeing vision, their castigation of evil, their hope for the final victory of good, make up a literature that no other people have ever equalled or can ever hope to equal. And yet who reads the prophets? Who studies them? Who pays any attention to the historical situation in which they lived and wrote? We trust that this irreparable loss will

* *An American Missionary: Rev. William H. Judge, S.J.* By a Priest of St. Sulpice. Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

soon be made good in Catholic literature, and that we shall soon have historical, critical, and devotional studies on the prophets of which we need not be ashamed.

An admirable little handbook to the prophetic Scriptures has just been written from an Anglican standpoint by Miss Rose E. Selfe.* Although intended for young people, it will serve even their elders as a good introductory manual. A brief sketch is given of each prophet and of his times, a summary of his doctrine follows, and finally some of the more striking passages are quoted. The tone of the work is wholesomely conservative, but there is a rational concession to the conclusions of criticism. Thus the author admits that Isaias xl. to lxvi. is the work of an unknown prophet who wrote during the Babylonian exile. Likewise she accepts the date 169 or 170 B. C. for Daniel; and inclines to the opinion that Jonah is an allegory or parable. These positions of course are now commonplaces of criticism, and are almost certain to stand unchallenged. The explanations and summaries are brief but pointed, and the spiritual considerations are highly creditable to the piety of the author.

ANCIENT JERUSALEM.
By Bevan.

The inner history of Judaism, from the time of the restoration after the exile to the reign of Herod the Great, is of the utmost importance for the development of Israel's religion. In that period it was that the Hebraism of the prophets passed over into the Hebraism of the Scribes, and the law of Moses was expanded into the perfected priestly code which was spun out by fanatical exegesis until it applied to every least action of human life. And for a second reason is this epoch important; for it was then that the Messianic hope of Israel took a clear and definite form, and produced a varied and curious literature. There is still a great deal of research to be done before this era in Jewish history is completely made known to us, and every solid addition to our rather scant literature on that time helps to fill a real need. We are glad to welcome Mr. Edwyn Bevan's small volume† as a very useful handbook to the study of those centuries. It is not a comprehensive work; but a

* *The Work of the Prophets.* By Rose E. Selfe. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Jerusalem Under the High Priests.* Five Lectures on the Period between Nehemiah and the New Testament. By Edwyn Bevan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

scholar, who knows a period of history deeply and scientifically, can put a great deal of information into a small book. And beyond doubt, Mr. Bevan's acquaintance with his subject is thorough and methodical. We only regret that he did not add a little bibliographical detail to his interesting pages.

STUDIES.
By W. S. Lilly.

Mr. Lilly's latest volume * is a collection of nine essays which have already appeared either in periodical publications, or (as is the case with two of the present papers) in previous works of the author which are now out of print. The ground covered is extensive, and the skill and versatility displayed are of the unusual order that we expect from Mr. Lilly. Some of the subjects treated are: "What was Shakespeare's Religion?" "A French Shakespeare (Balzac)"; "A Nineteenth Century Savonarola (Lamennais)"; "Cardinal Wiseman's Life and Work"; and "Concerning Ghost Stories." As to Shakespeare's religion, Mr. Lilly acknowledges, of course, that we can give no definite verdict, but thinks the probability respectable that the dramatist died a Catholic. Of Lamennais Mr. Lilly writes with considerable sympathy; of Cardinal Newman with veneration; and of Cardinal Manning with some disparagement. But whatever the topic, or whatever the attitude toward it, Mr. Lilly's work is always interesting and instructive reading.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
By Best.

In honor of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee the Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, of the London Oratory, has written a book entitled *Rosa Mystica*,† which Herder has brought out in sumptuous style. It is a very beautiful volume, and many of its illustrations are finely done. But beyond this our praise, we regret to say, cannot go. Father Best's text is such as we are unable conscientiously to commend. It contains nothing fresh, original, or thoughtful that we have discovered; its considerations on the various feasts and mysteries connected with the Virgin Mother are not above the level of any common sodality manual; its occasional references to history are grotesquely false; its theology is often repulsively

* *Studies in Religion and Literature.* By W. S. Lilly. St. Louis: B. Herder.
† *Rosa Mystica.* By Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. St. Louis: B. Herder.

extravagant; and its general method and spirit make it impossible for intelligent people to read it with either profit or patience. We regret to be obliged to speak harshly of a work which proceeded from an admirable motive and cost considerable pains; but a reviewer owes a duty to truth before he can pay court to flattery. And besides this, we regard it as high time to protest against any additions to that already extensive literature which would tell us that we must deny our reason before we can become devout.

PUBLIC SPEAKING. We earnestly advise every one that desires to speak in public with effectiveness and ease to read and study this little work,* which is, we understand, the composition of an Irish priest. It is, all things considered, the most suggestive volume on the difficult problem which it discusses that we remember ever to have read. The author's aim is to get back to nature, and to open the springs of expression which exist in almost every worthy man's breast, though they are often frozen over with cold formulas and icy substitutes for living individuality. System is a curse of our age. We have systematized primary education until our children forget to be natural; we have systematized rhetoric until a student writes down no word of speech or sermon until he looks up some appropriate rule; we have even systematized devotion, until some directors seem to deny that a soul can approach the All-Holy except it take the one particular route written down in some celestial guide-book or other. Personality, direct power, native strength, rot away under such a treatment; and the end of it can be nothing else than intellectual, social, and spiritual mediocrity.

The author of the excellent manual which we are now commending feels and expresses this vigorously, and, as we remarked, he throws the student back from dead regulations into his own mind, there to conceive something worth saying, and to arouse a personal and warm enthusiasm for saying it. This is the right method, the only right method, for learning anything that calls for utterance, whether the utterance be to one's self, one's fellow-man, or God. The author's own style,

* *On Public Speaking: What Eloquence is and How to Acquire It.* By a Public Speaker. Dublin: James Duffy & Co.

in the development of this idea, is extraordinarily fine. He is a man of clear thinking and of apt word. Even from the point of view of pure English, his work gives one sincere delight. But, as we have intimated, his pages put before us a lesson that is wider than any matter of mere style, that goes beyond his formal subject of eloquence, and embraces precepts and suggestions which are in a high degree valuable for the general cultivation of both intellect and character.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out two compilations,* which are fitted to serve a good purpose in advanced English classes. One volume is a selection of short stories of American authorship; the other consists of excerpts from American literary criticism. In such works there must always be matter for dissatisfaction, since no two men will agree on what ought to be put into the collection and what ought to be left out. So if the present editors have not discriminated always just as we should have done, we have not therefore any good reason for quarrelling with them. The short stories include Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat"; an exquisite piece of humor by H. C. Bunner; and several others. Among the critical selections are R. H. Dana on Pope; Emerson on Shakespeare; Poe on the Poetic Principle; Lowell on Thoreau; E. P. Whipple on Thackeray; W. D. Howells on Tolstoy; and Henry James on Sainte–Beuve. Finally we have an essay by that Southern cavalier, Sidney Lanier, from which we are going to quote a few sentences. The essay is on the English novel, and Lanier has just been speaking of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne. Of their works he says: "I cannot leave this matter without recording in the plainest terms that, if I had my way with these classic books, I would blot them from the face of the earth. One who studies the tortuous behaviors of men in history soon ceases to wonder at any human inconsistency; but so far as I can marvel, I do daily, that we regulate by law the sale of gunpowder, the storage of nitro-glycerine, the administration of poison—all of which can hurt but our bodies—but are

* *American Literary Criticism.* Selected and edited by William Morton Payne. *American Short Stories.* Selected and edited by Charles Sears Baldwin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co,

absolutely careless of these things, so-called classic books, which wind their infinite insidiousness about the souls of our young children, and either strangle them, or cover them with irremovable slime under our very eyes, working in a security of fame and so-called classicism that is more effectual for this purpose than the security of the dark." Brave words which we cordially second. It is a strange and dreadful delusion, though common enough with our critics and schoolmasters, that if cleverness only manages to be recognized as classic, it is to be exempted from the eternal laws of decency and purity.

TRIXY.
By E. S. Phelps.

From a humanitarian point of view it is edifying, but from a literary point of view it is perilous to write a novel on the pathos of vivisection. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has written such a story,* and clever artist as she is, we are not prepared to say that she has avoided many an ignominous descent into the bathetic.

The young man in the plot is an experimental physiologist, and of course with the young woman in the case he is prodigiously in love. They are all but betrothed when the dreadful revelation comes. He is a vivisectionist, and, moreover, for months past he has been making experiments in brain-action upon a dear dog which the heroine herself had lost two years before, and had mourned as forever departed. The scene that ensues is very harrowing. He pleads the necessity of science; she is firm. He protests that he did not know it was her dog; she averts her face. In despair he finally cries out that, if she will only have him, he will give up his researches forever and become a practitioner; with bleeding heart she shows him the door. With infinite propriety he dies a few days afterward from an infection brought on by his experiments. The heroine then marries a young lawyer who previously in the story had brought action against the vivisectionists for stealing dogs, and had made during the trial an impassioned plea for the puppies, which brought handkerchiefs to the faces of all the young ladies in the court. After all this we need not wonder if Mrs. Ward speaks of a "poodle *who* sat like a statuette"; or talks of "the God of little lost dogs."

* *Trixy.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It was the old fashion for every student to have a "commonplace book." Now a commonplace book was always supposed not to be what it almost always was—a book of commonplaces—and when it was not that, it was generally something equally bad—a collection of odds and ends of literature that had been hackneyed into disrepute. But once in a long, long while there happened a man who had patience enough, and conviction enough of the worth of the idea, to build up a commonplace book that would stand reading. Such is the present volume.* Mr. de Normandie has written nothing but the introduction, and that is only a page or two. The authors of the other 404 pages of the book are King Soloman, David, Isaias, and the other prophets, Job, St. Paul, and others of the sacred writers, whose paragraphs are given alternately with words from Plato, Confucius, Cicero, Euripides, Socrates, and others of the wise ones of ancient heathendom.

The main, practical purpose of the book, the compiler says, is to furnish family reading of the serious kind. An excellent idea. If we had the space just here we might give a page to a little pious exhortation on this matter; not having the space we recommend the reader to Mr. de Normandie's book. Call it what you will, "commonplace book," as the grandfathers did, or "anthology," as we say now, it represents a good idea, and gives the idea a good expression.

It seems that F. Rougé is the Pfarrer Kneipp of the South. He has established a "water cure", on the principles of the master and has, moreover, written, like his master, a volume describing the good results of this method of nature-cure.† Like Pfarrer Kneipp's book, too, this one is distinguished by an almost childlike simplicity of style, by an unabashed straightforwardness of utterance, by a vigorous contempt for doctors, medicines, and drugs, and by a perfect confidence—based, as he declares, upon actual results—of being able to cure, or to relieve, every disease under the sun, from headache and toothache to consumption, paralysis, and heart disease. One-third of the book is given to the

* *The Beauty of Wisdom.* By James de Normandie, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *New Orleans Kneipp Water Cure.* By Rev. F. Rougé. New York: Joseph Schaefer.

description of cures actually wrought. The large number of persons in this country who have come to believe in the water cure, and the still larger number who have been driven to disbelieve in drugs, will find this book as interesting as was Father Kneipp's *My Water Cure.*

The English Catholic Truth Society has published four volumes* on spiritual subjects by Father Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, of whom many in America retain a pleasant memory from his visit to this country two years ago. They are very helpful little books and highly to be recommended. While they are primarily intended for the sick of body and afflicted of mind, they are well fitted for general spiritual reading. They are full of Scripture, are written with exquisite feeling, and are expressed in a clear, simple, and winning style. The Oratory spirit, that is to say, St. Philip's spirit, is in them; the spirit of peace, of holy joy, of quiet courage, and of genial recognition of God's presence and God's love. No one can read them without pleasure and profit, and we take pleasure in bespeaking a welcome for them.

Mr. Ernest De Witt Burton has composed an admirable manual for Sunday-Schools on the Gospel of St. Mark.† The text is given first; to this is subjoined a brief commentary; and at the end of each section is a list of questions for the children's written themes, or oral recitations. The work is excellently done, and the use of it, we feel sure, would be greatly to the advantage of both teacher and pupil. Perhaps there are two or three points in Mr. Burton's expositions and questionaries to which some would take exception; for example, the suggestion of a purely natural distemper in the demoniacs; and a possible inclination to diminish somewhat the dogmatic force of Peter's confession. But looking at the work as a whole it is devoutly and carefully done. Something similar is needed for Catholic Sunday-Schools, and we trust will not be too long delayed.

* *A Hundred Readings:* Intended Chiefly for the Sick. *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate. Ib.* Second Series. *The Yoke of Christ:* Readings Intended Chiefly for the Sick. By Rev. Robert Eaton. London: Catholic Truth Society.

† *Studies in the Gospel According to St. Mark.* For the Use of Classes in Secondary Schools, and in the Secondary Division of the Sunday-School. By Ernest De Witt Burton. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (7 Jan.): Gives a very interesting review of a recent work by the distinguished Scripture student, Dr. Bonaccorsi, who states that the decree of Trent, with regard to the authenticity of the Vulgate, aimed only at the setting up of an official, authorized version; and who also states that the Hexateuch contains, together with history, some elements more or less legendary that were current in the popular traditions; and to discern these two elements is the office of the critics working by means of their scientific studies, and of the Church giving her infallible decision with regard to facts connected with faith.——An article, purporting to be the account of a conversation in a monastery around the year 2000, indicates how the difficulties raised by science and history with regard to the teachings of the Church may be answered in the light of advanced learning. Among the interesting lines we quote the following: "So far as I know, there is for us no revealed system of chronology." "There is the hypothesis, now contemplated with equanimity by Catholics, that while the whole of Genesis is inspired, and every part of it is the word of God, yet God in sundry places of the book is not giving us history, guaranteed as such, but Jewish traditions, quoted as traditions, the reader being left to his own sagacity to estimate their historical value." "I cannot tell when Adam lived. His date is to me simply an unknown figure. Consequently I laugh to scorn any taunt leveled against me, as a Christian believer, about women found to have been combing their hair 'six thousand years before Eve awoke in Eden.'"

(14 Jan.): An interesting account of the open-air preaching done in Edinburgh by the Jesuit, Fr. Power. He undertook this work independently—despite the fact that it seemed at variance with all tradition and brought down some ridicule on him—and now that he has been most successful his efforts are thoroughly appreciated. He walks through the streets hatless and ringing a bell and gathering a crowd of two or three thousand people, says

The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. Were there a dozen clerics with the same personal force and energy as Fr. Power, working in that smitten field, the problem of the regeneration of the slums would be in a fair way to be solved!——The Abbot of Downside begins and carries through four numbers of the *Tablet* a series of articles on Inspiration; and in the course of his writing makes the following statements: "The teaching which is commonly known as 'verbal inspiration,' and which brings all the elements of a book under the influence of the divine inspiration, is the teaching of the Fathers and the Scholastics, and it remained practically unchallenged up to the sixteenth century. . . . That the common teaching of the Fathers and the Scholastics on a matter so intimately connected with faith and morals as the nature and extent of inspiration, should have been put aside by any school of theologians claiming to be orthodox, is certainly a most remarkable episode in the history of theology. The new theory which limited the effect of inspiration to the 'res et sententiæ' of Scripture, is traced by Vigouroux and Mazzella to Suarez; another writer of weight attributes it to Bellarmine. . . . For its purpose it may have been successful, but it was none the less a departure from a clear traditional teaching, and in the course of years it has thrown our scriptural teaching into confusion, and it has issued in errors which are now condemned by the Holy See. . . . When we are assured that every element in the composition of the sacred books is inspired, and that the way of escape from difficulties by the door of theories of limited inspiration has been closed by the church, we are in a position to enter on the further question which is now of such importance, viz., that of the characteristics of an inspired writing. The term 'Inspiration' is sufficiently defined by the Councils of the Church and by Aquinas; what is needed is a description of the effects of inspiration upon the written book, and this can be reached not by a philosophical examination of the nature of inspiration, but by an examination of the inspired literary product. For three centuries this examination

has been checked; with the publication of the 'Providentissimus Deus' it has again become possible, because the subject of investigation is once again clearly and strictly defined."

(21 Jan.): "Let us retain the traditional teaching of the Fathers and the Schoolmen—that the inspiration of the Scriptures extends even to the very words—and let us accept the full consequences of the fact that there are varieties and defects of style in the Sacred Scripture. We then have at least this much light thrown on the question: "A divine writing, just as any purely human composition, may contain grammatical blunders and errors of taste, and may exhibit all grades of beauty and dignity of style and their opposites. . . . The book will exhibit the results of the writer's education, the effect of the conditions under which he wrote, his haste of temper, his field of experience, his care and diligence of composition, the sources from which he has drawn his information, the natural consequences of writing in a foreign tongue. . . . Taking the facts as we find them, we see at once that verbal inspiration dare not involve verbal accuracy, not even when the inspired writer is dealing with the most sublime mysteries, or the most majestic incident in the history of God's revelation; not even when he seems to be relating the very words of Christ or of the Father. On the contrary, we see that the inspired writer writes according to his knowledge and his own feeling and to his own experience; that he writes his narrative with a view to his immediate purpose; that his narrative of events, just as his literary style, bears the marks of his personal character, of his present temper, reveals the deficiencies of his less careful, or the excellencies of his fuller, inquiry, and indicates the character of the witness from whom he has heard the story, and the circumstances and conditions of the people for whom he is narrating it. These characteristics not only are compatible with inspiration, but they fall under it; in short, they are inspired."

(28 Jan.): "The school of theologians previously referred to was meeting the rationalists by rationalizing; it is

now discredited and its recent developments condemned by the 'Providentissimus Deus.' . . . The Catholic student's position is simple. The church, which has given him the canon and declared its inspiration, goes no farther in defining the characteristics of an inspired book than this, that it is free from error. . . . As we have no ground for saying beforehand what kind of things may be found in an inspired book, so neither can we say how they shall be expressed, whether with perfect literary form, or in style which is plain and vulgar; whether in the form of history, or allegory, or poetry, or drama; whether in the exact terms of science, or in the vague language of the people; whether history shall be wrapped in allegory, or allegory clothed in seeming history; whether the history that is recorded shall always be political, scientific, chronological, or only illustrative of some higher theme."——In this issue of the *Tablet*, Fr. Lescher, O.P., continues a controversy in which Fr. Thurston, S.J., is being opposed by some of the Dominican Fathers; and takes occasion to defend against Fr. Thurston the authenticity of an indulgence of 60,000 years, which had been called "preposterous" by the learned Jesuit.

(4 Feb.): The Abbot of Downside, continuing his papers, goes on to say that the theory of so-called "verbal inspiration" is the one which allows the greatest freedom in the interpretation of the sacred text. He shows how St. Thomas went against the common opinion of the Fathers and embraced a non-literal explanation of Genesis, "because he thought it to be more in accord with science than was the common opinion of the Fathers." If a book containing St. Augustine's tracts on Genesis and Aquinas' treatise on the Power of God, were to be put for the first time in the hands of any layman, or indeed of any student of theology familiar with the ordinary text-books of to-day, it is doubtful if he would regard the volume as being any less revolutionary than Driver's *Commentary on Genesis.*

Dublin Review (Jan.): Mgr. Barnes writes on the importance

of the information to be gathered out of the pages of Papias with regard to the origin of the Gospels. He argues that the Presbyter John, referred to in these writings, must be the Apostle John, "For he, and he alone, had a right to speak and to criticise" as the person quoted by Papias wrote and criticised. On the theory that the Presbyter really is St. John: "His remarks fit in perfectly. He is explaining how St. Mark came to be wrong in these points." "The criticism fits in also with the well-known circumstance that in the Gospel according to St. Mark, John does, as a matter of fact, differ from, and apparently try to correct, the Synoptics in several points of chronology and order."——Fr. Pope, O.P., writes of the yeoman service rendered by the Palestine Exploration Fund in surveying the Holy Land; and says that orthodox criticism has nothing to fear from the witness of modern excavations.

Le Correspondant (25 Dec.): Maurice Barrès begins a series of articles on the history of an Alsatian in the German army, *Au Service de l'Allemagne.*——There are interesting articles on "La Délation dans l'Armée en 1793"; "La Reforme de l'Academie de France à Rome"; "Sainte-Beuve et sa Methode Litteraire"; and "Le Comte de la Forest, an ambassador of Napoleon."

(10 Jan): There is a charming character-sketch of the ideal life companion by Count Renaud de Joyeuse, under the title, "Portrait de ma Fiancée," and the subtitle, "A Midsummer Afternoon's Revery."

The Month (February): Passes judgment on the prerogatives of science. Whilst admitting fully the results obtained by physical science, and recognizing that it may in the future make signal advances, the writer, Rev. John Gerard, takes exception to some of the pretensions made, in behalf of science, both in and outside its proper province. The author shows the inconsistent meanings attached in popular treatises to the term "Science."——Rev. J. A. Cunningham gives some details illustrating the generous treatment which the Catholics of the British army in India receive from the government.——Rev. Herbert Thurston contributes an inter-

esting article on "Japan and Christianity"; he confines himself in this number to the history of the introduction of Christianity into Japan.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 Jan.): As a result of a long sojourn in Japan, Th. Gollier gives an interesting account of "The Japanese People." While capable of imitating and assimilating the work and thoughts of others, as may be seen in the growth of universities and schools, the Japanese have little or no originality. The chief exemplars in philosophy are Haeckel, Spencer, Mill, Strauss, and Vogt. In religion the Jap follows Buddha or Confucius, which fact has made Japan a fertile ground for the sowing of the atheistic and materialistic tendencies of modern philosophy. His immorality is one of the great obstacles to Christianizing the country. "Suppress the sixth and ninth commandments," say the missionaries to Japan, "and the conversion of the Japanese to Catholicism will be only a question of time."——Georges Lechalas contributes an article on the two well known blind mutes. Helen Keller, the American, and Marie Heurtin, a French mademoiselle, reviewing their early life and instruction and their success in intellectual education.

La Quinzaine (16 Jan.): Georges Goyau opens this number with the first installment of "Febronianism and Josephism." Febronianism, as a doctrine concerning the Church, was spread abroad by Nicolas Hontheim. It was condemned by three popes. Hontheim retracted his views, but his doctrine continued to flourish. Maria Theresa and Joseph II. adopted and developed the principles of Hontheim, and applied them to the State.——Under "Seventeen months of Pontificate" Borgo Nuovo relates the facts that have occurred thus far in the reign of Pius X., and gives us his estimate of the Holy Father.——Victor de Clercg tells of the rise and success of the trusts in the United States. He does not think that France need fear that the trusts will invade her territory. (1 Feb.): A French officer discusses the effect produced in the mentality of the German army by the introduction of men from the bourgeois class into the ranks of

the officers.——M. Georges Goyau sketches the trend of Febronianism as it developed under Joseph II.——M. Dauphin Meunier, apropos of a recent publication, analyzes the mechanism of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.——M. Le Roy relates some impressions received in a visit to China.——M. de Borsau continues his story dealing with the socialistic problem.

Études (5 Jan.): Georges Longhaye contributes an article on Saint-Beuve, apropos of the centenary of that great litterateur. The article closes with different estimates of Saint Beuve—of his life and works, manifesting the value of his life to literature, together with its distinctive effects in religious faith and certitude.

(20 Jan.): "The Congress of Ratisbonne and Catholic Influence in Germany" is an instructive article written by Léon Sœhnlein. He tells of the purpose of the Congress, viz., to unite the Catholics of Germany in mutual help and protection.

La Revue Apologétique (16 Jan.): Seasonable tribute to the jubilee of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is paid in two articles, one a fine panegyric by Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J., the other a sketch of the dogma's historic development by Guillaume Simenon.——With great earnestness, Canon Memaine attacks Père Lagrange's article on the Messianic prophecies of Daniel (*Revue Biblique*, October, 1904). He declares that the article of the biblical commissioner is stupefying, and supports the assertion with extensive argument.——M. Xavier Moisant, pursuing his theme of the dispositions for faith, maintains that scientific and philosophic study of natural mysteries by producing in us a sense of the limitation imposed upon our intellects, begets an attitude favorable to faith.——M. E. de Premartin relates further of his personal experiences in the uncanny regions of spiritism.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): The writer of the essay entitled *The Christian Society* examines the general character of the Gospel contents, to find proof that they witness to the establishment of a society by our Lord. ——The decision of the House of Lords regarding

the Scots' Church is discussed, with a view to pointing out some of its momentous consequences.——The recent work of Dr. Illingworth, *Reason and Revelation*, is examined. The writer of *The Science of Pastoral Theology*, advocating a larger place for pastoral theology in ecclesiastical training, offers some suggestions as to how the study should be pursued on its abstract and practical sides.

Revue Bénédictine (Jan): For some time past it has been admitted that the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, chapter xvi., were written by a hand different from that which wrote the rest of the Gospel. Dom Chapman, in an interesting article, expresses as his opinion that the author of these twelve verses of St. Mark's is Aristion, well known as the informant of Papias, and also that this same Aristion is likewise the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, commonly ascribed to St. Paul.—— Reviewing a recent work on contemporaneous Catholic exegesis, Dom Bastian summarizes the principles which should govern the Catholic exegete and critic in his scriptural labors. Dom René Ancel contributes an historical paper drawn from original sources on the politics of Cardinal Carafa, with reference to his attitude in the Siennese question.

Razón y Fe (Feb.): P. Murillo continues his criticism of the writer who, in the *Biblische Studien*, undertook to expose the principles of the modern school of Scriptural exegesis.

Rivista Internazionale (Jan.): S. Talamo presents another installment of his paper showing that the ideas of the Christian Fathers, if well studied, will be seen to contain a more or less direct reproof of the institution of slavery, even in modern times.

Civiltà Cattolica (21 Jan.): Reviews the work of an anonymous theologian who, in the pages of the *Rivista delle Riviste per il Clero*, attacked the thesis that all the dogmas of the Church are of Apostolic origin. The present reply gives the opinion which has always prevailed among theologians, and which affirms that all the Christian revelation was confided to the Apostles. We

may hope, continues the writer, that future time will make us better acquainted with a point of Catholicism now much discussed, namely, the mysterious union between God and inspired men in the composition of the Sacred Books. Any one who is scandalized at these words, is ignorant of the A. B. C. of the economy of the Christian revelation, willed by God. If we cannot bind men down with our conceptions, and determine *a priori* what they must have done, and determine from this what they can have done, much less can we undertake to do so with regard to God.

(4 Feb.): Reviews the recent work in which Doctor Bonaccorsi discusses the publications of Harnack and Loisy.——An account is given of the letter sent to the Holy Father by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook, England, thanking and congratulating him, because of his efforts to revive the old traditional music of the Church—to which music this community has always been devoted. The Pope replied with an autograph letter of some length, which is now most reverently preserved in the convent.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuse (Jan.–Feb): The Abbé Loisy considers the synoptic narrative of the Baptist's message to our Lord, inquiring if he was indeed the Messiah.——Pierre de Nalhac, writing of Madame de Pompadour's "conversion," gives high praise to P. de Sacy, the Jesuit, for his refusal to admit the courtesan to the sacraments unless she abandoned her royal paramour.——M. Turmel describes the predestination controversy of the ninth century.

La Rassegna Nazionale (1 Jan.): L. de Feis declares that the following reasons convince him that the Holy House of Loreto is not the genuine home of the Holy Family. 1. For two hundred years after the alleged miraculous translation, there is no record to show that the legend existed; 2. The Papal letters make no mention of the miracle of translation; 3. Only in the second half of the fifteenth century did the story of the Holy House begin to spread, and the popes of that period are careful not to sanction it. 4. Although it is said that a

commission appointed by Benedict XIV. went to Nazareth and found that the measurements of the foundation of the original house of St. Joseph exactly corresponded to the dimensions of the Lorettine shrine, we have no proof that such measurements were taken, and even if we had, they would avail nothing, for during the Middle Ages it was not uncommon to build oratories after the precise measurements of the holy places in Palestine. 5. We possess several accounts of pilgrimages to the Holy Land, written long after the supposed miracle, which tell us distinctly that the Holy House still existed in Nazareth. One such account written by the monk Suriano, 1480–1514, rejects the pretensions of the Loreto shrine as false.

Die Kultur (Jan.): This number contains a paper by Dr. Richard Kralik on the relation of the Church to the problems of the age. He believes that there is a decided movement towards Catholicism. The one great obstacle to this movement is a lamentable ignorance of the Church's teachings on the part of those outside her pale—due, in no small measure, to the indifference of Catholics themselves.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE was presented recently to the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, of Boston, in a most attractive character-study by the Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S.J. The lecture was diversified with incident and anecdote illustrating More's life as revealed in various stages of his career. He was always a devout Christian; and we find him as a young barrister, diversifying his legal practice by giving a series of lectures on St. Augustine's *City of God*, in the Church of the Carthusians.

In his young manhood, Thomas More felt a strong attraction to the Franciscan Order; but in long and prayerful reflection, he realized that his vocation was in the world. When later he thought of marriage, his choice was decided rather by his discovery of the young lady's affection for him than by his for her, as in his heart his preference was for her younger sister. But this marriage with Jane Colte, eldest daughter of Mr. Colte, of Essex, was happy enough to reward him for his chivalrous unselfishness. The fruit of it was three daughters and a son. Bereaved early of this good wife, More married again, this time a widow, Mistress Alice Middleton, who, though taking good care of his children and proving a thrifty housewife, was a shallow and worldly woman of somewhat shrewish temper, and utterly unable to appreciate her high-minded husband. More's father lived well into his son's distinguished career; and the former was always a model of filial piety. As a middle-aged man, passing his father's residence on his way to court, he would always stop and kneel for the latter's blessing. He was a fearless, incorruptible judge; and although, as Master of Requests, he gave ample time even to the humblest of his clients, he was so devoted to his work and so expeditious, that on a day when the next case being called, the astounding answer was returned, "there is no next case."

The pressure of business and the blandishments of royalty never interfered with his religious duties. He heard Mass daily; and, when he had a particularly difficult case on hand, prepared himself for his decision by confession and Communion.

King Henry VIII. became very fond of this great jurist, who was also a sociable and genial companion, and delighted to visit More in the midst of his family, and make merry with them at table. He even admired the boldness with which More would take the people's side against the king, when justice called that way. But More was not blind to the change gradually taking place in the king's character, and his own promotion to the office which Wolsey resigned for conscience' sake, filled him with foreboding.

He also had enemies to lay snares for him. The king was trying to secure a divorce from the virtuous Catharine of Aragon, in order that he might marry Anne Boleyn. More was asked for an opinion on the evidence presented to sustain the king's contention that his marriage to Catharine was

invalid. The chancellor declared the evidence in his opinion insufficient, but left the decision to Rome. Foreseeing the end to which Henry's policy was hastening, More, in 1532, resigned the chancellorship and retired, a poor man, to his home at Chelsea. In 1533 Henry, who had found an obsequious ecclesiastical backer in the time-serving Cranmer, was married to Anne Boleyn. More was invited to the marriage, money being sent him for a suitable outfit. He declined the invitation and returned the money; thus making an implacable enemy of Anne Boleyn. The king, who had not lost all affection for his once cherished friend, made further attempts to win him over, while, coincidently, More's enemies sought to compass his ruin.

In 1534, the king was declared Head of the Church. More refused to recognize any Head of the Church save the Pope; although gladly giving his fealty to the king in all other aspects. The brave man was declared guilty of high treason and imprisoned in the Tower. Not the least of his trials during a peculiarly harsh imprisonment were the importunities of his family to compromise with his conscience. It was quite in character with his wife, that she should take grievously to heart the loss of her market-money, and have no patience with what she regarded as idle scruples. It was a sorer trial to More that his virtuous, learned, and most beloved daughter Margaret, now the wife of John Roper, should try to show him a form of adhesion to the new oath of supremacy by which he could at once placate the king and save his conscience. But he was inflexible withal, and Margaret's mind was presently cleared of its delusions. On July 6, 1535, More was beheaded on Tower Hill, going joyfully to his martyrdom. Father Gasson briefly reviewed More's literary work and his part in the English Renaissance, accounting him, in the classic purity of his English, a worthy fore-runner of the greatest writers of Elizabeth's time. But the lecturer's highest praise was for the moral and spiritual beauty of the martyred chancellor's life; and the example which he has left for men of the world to follow.

The recent volume completed and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., contains the narratives of forty martyrs declared blessed by Pope Leo XIII. Considerable space is given to the testimony of the learned Erasmus regarding the domestic life of England's greatest chancellor. According to Erasmus Blessed Thomas More was careful to have all his children from their earliest years thoroughly imbued, first with chaste and holy morals, and then with polite letters. Even in these days, when the higher education of women is so much to the fore, we marvel at the learning of his daughters.

"A year ago," continues Erasmus (To Beza, 1521), "it occurred to More to send me a specimen of their progress in study. He bade them all write to me, each one without any help, neither the subject being suggested nor the language corrected. (Of course they wrote in Latin. Erasmus did not understand English.) . . . When they had done so, he closed the letters and sent them to me without changing a syllable. Believe me, dear Beza, I was never more surprised; there was nothing whatever either silly or girlish in what was said, and the style was such you could feel they were making daily progress. . . . In that house you will find none idle, no one busied in feminine trifles. Titus Livius is ever in their hands. They

have advanced so far that they can read such authors and understand them without a translation, unless there occurs some such word as would perhaps perplex myself. His wife, who excels in good sense and experience rather than in learning, governs the little company with wonderful tact, assigning to each a task and requiring its performance, allowing no one to be idle or to be occupied in trifles."

When absent from home, as so often happened, owing to his duties at court, More still superintended the education of his children. He expected each of them to write him a Latin letter almost every day, and he wrote the most delightful replies, which were naturally prized as great treasures, and some of which Stapleton has handed down to us. He says the originals were almost worn to pieces, so frequently had they been read. One of them is headed "Thomas More to his whole school," another "Thomas More to his dearest children, and to Margaret Giggs, whom he numbers amongst his own." In one of them he writes (Stapleton, p. 229):

"If I did not love you so much, I should be really envious of your happiness in having so many and such excellent tutors. But I think you have no longer any need of Mr. Nicholas, since you have learnt whatever he had to teach you about astronomy. I hear you are so far advanced in that science that you can not only point out the polar star or the dog star, or any of the constellations, but are able also—which requires a skilful and profound astrologer—among all these leading heavenly bodies, to distinguish the sun from the moon! Go forward, then, in that new and admirable science by which you ascend to the stars. But while you gaze on them assiduously, consider that this holy time of Lent warns you, and that beautiful and holy poem of Boethius keeps singing in your ears, to raise your mind also to heaven, lest the soul look downwards to the earth, after the manner of brutes, while the body looks upwards. Farewell, my dearest. From court, the 23d of March."

In one of his letters to his beloved eldest daughter he writes:

"I beg you, Margaret, tell me about the progress you are making in your studies. For, I assure you that, rather than allow my children to be idle and slothful, I would make a sacrifice of wealth, and bid adieu to other cares and business, to attend to my children and my family, amongst whom none is more dear to me than yourself, my beloved daughter."

He was, at the same time, most anxious that their progress in learning should not make them vainglorious, and writes to one of their tutors (Stapleton, p. 228):

"That this plague of vainglory may be banished far from my children, I do desire you, my dear Gunnell, and their mother and all their friends, would sing this song to them, and repeat it, and beat it into their heads, that vainglory is a thing despicable and to be spit upon; and that there is nothing more sublime than that humble modesty so often praised by Christ; and this your prudent charity will so enforce as to teach virtue rather than reprove vice, and make them love good advice instead of hating it. To this purpose nothing will more conduce than to read to them the lessons of the ancient fathers, who they know cannot be angry with them, and, as they honor them for their sanctity, they must needs be much moved by their authority."

His tenderness was equal to his wisdom. What could be more charming than this reply to a daughter's request?

"You ask, my dear Margaret, for money with too much bashfulness and timidity, since you are asking from a father who is eager to give; and since you have written to me a letter such that I would not only repay each line of it with a golden philippine, as Alexander did the verses of Cherilos, but if my means were as great as my desire, I would reward each syllable with two gold unciæ. As it is, I send only what you have asked, but would have added more, only that as I am eager to give, so am I desirous to be asked and coaxed by my daughter, especially by you, whom virtue and learning have made so dear to my soul. So the sooner you spend this money well, as you are wont to do, and the sooner you ask for more, the more you will be sure of pleasing your father."

* * *

That Dutch Calvinists should in a measure help to make a Jesuit saint is a strange incident now being brought to public notice in the ecclesiastical process through which the canonization of Father Isaac Jogues, the first Jesuit missionary to enter the State of New York and the first priest to visit Manhattan Island, is to be effected.

Captured in 1642 by the Mohawks, who were the allies of the Dutch, after the most barbarous torture Father Jogues was ransomed from the savages by Arendt Van Curler, the Dutch Calvinist governor of Fort Orange, now Albany, for one hundred gold pieces. He was sent down the Hudson to New Amsterdam, where he was kindly received by the local minister, Domi-

nie John Megapolensis, and the director-general, William Kieft. They not only clothed and kept him until he recovered from the effects of his tortures, but sent him back to France with a safe conduct, on board the next ship that sailed.

The romantic and fascinating story of Father Jogues's Indian captivity, heroism, and final martyrdom has been studied anew, and many curious facts have been discovered and brought out by the ecclesiastical court of investigation now sitting in Quebec. Another court will be convened in Paris by the cardinal archbishop for the accommodation of the French witnesses, Father Jogues having been a native of Orleans.

One of the witnesses who recently appeared before the court at Quebec to give his testimony in the process of beatification, the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., will lecture on the career of Father Jogues throughout New York State. Members of the Holland Society and others of Dutch descent, delegations from the historical societies, and others interested in this chapter of the state's early records, have accepted invitations to be present.

The process for the beatification of two other subjects is now under way. They are Mother Seton, who founded the Sisters of Charity, and Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia. Prelates, returning from recent visits to Rome, say that the greatest interest is being manifested there over the progress of the official investigation into the sanctity of Father Jogues, who will probably be New York's first saint.

* * *

Dr. Charles H. McCarthy, professor of history in the Catholic University

of America, has lately written a letter in praise of the book by Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, A.M., entitled *Essentials of American History*. Of special value is his account of the early explorers, notably the pioneers from France whose method of acquiring supremacy in America is thus concisely described by an excerpt from Parkman: Peaceful, benign, beneficent were the weapons of this conquest. France aimed to subdue not by the sword but by the cross; not to overwhelm and crush the nations. She invaded but to convert, to civilize, and to embrace them among her children.

Dr. McCarthy praises this book for stating clearly the fact that hand in hand with the work of the explorer went the labors of the missionary. A few well-written pages describe the efforts of these spiritual heroes. The roving character of the Indian tribes suggests the magnitude of the task undertaken by the Jesuits, and even if in this instance they failed to attain complete success, they established, by deeds of heroism unsurpassed in history, a standard of character and of devotion to duty that will not soon pass into forgetfulness. The encouraging beginnings, as well as the causes of the decline of the California missions, recieve for the first time in a school history anything like adequate treatment.

Without a tolerably complete account of the events preceding the formation of the Constitution, the story of our national development is not easy to write, and, as we may perceive by his distribution of emphasis, this difficulty Mr. Lawler appears fully to recognize.

* * *

Lord Rosebery, formally opening a new Carnegie Library in Scotland the other day, humorously told his audience a few excellent home truths. The reading of a good book, he said, was an end in itself, since it made for refreshment and inspiration, but a gluttony of books was just as bad as a surfeit of anything else. The man of vigorous life among men would beat the man of books always and at everything in this world. Reading was only a partial aid to that knowledge of life which makes the perfection of mankind. They should have their hours of study, but should not for their hours of study neglect their hours of action. Lord Rosebery found that there were two classes of books—the books borrowed from friends and returned, and the books borrowed but not returned. The non-returning of books had, in his opinion, ended more friendships and terminated more affections than any other cause of which he was cognizant. The man who borrowed one volume from a set of volumes and never returned it was a man who should be treated like vermin—trapped, or shot at sight, or made to endure any other of the punishments which might fairly be inflicted upon the last and vilest of mankind. All of which is good fun—and good sense. M. C. M.

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